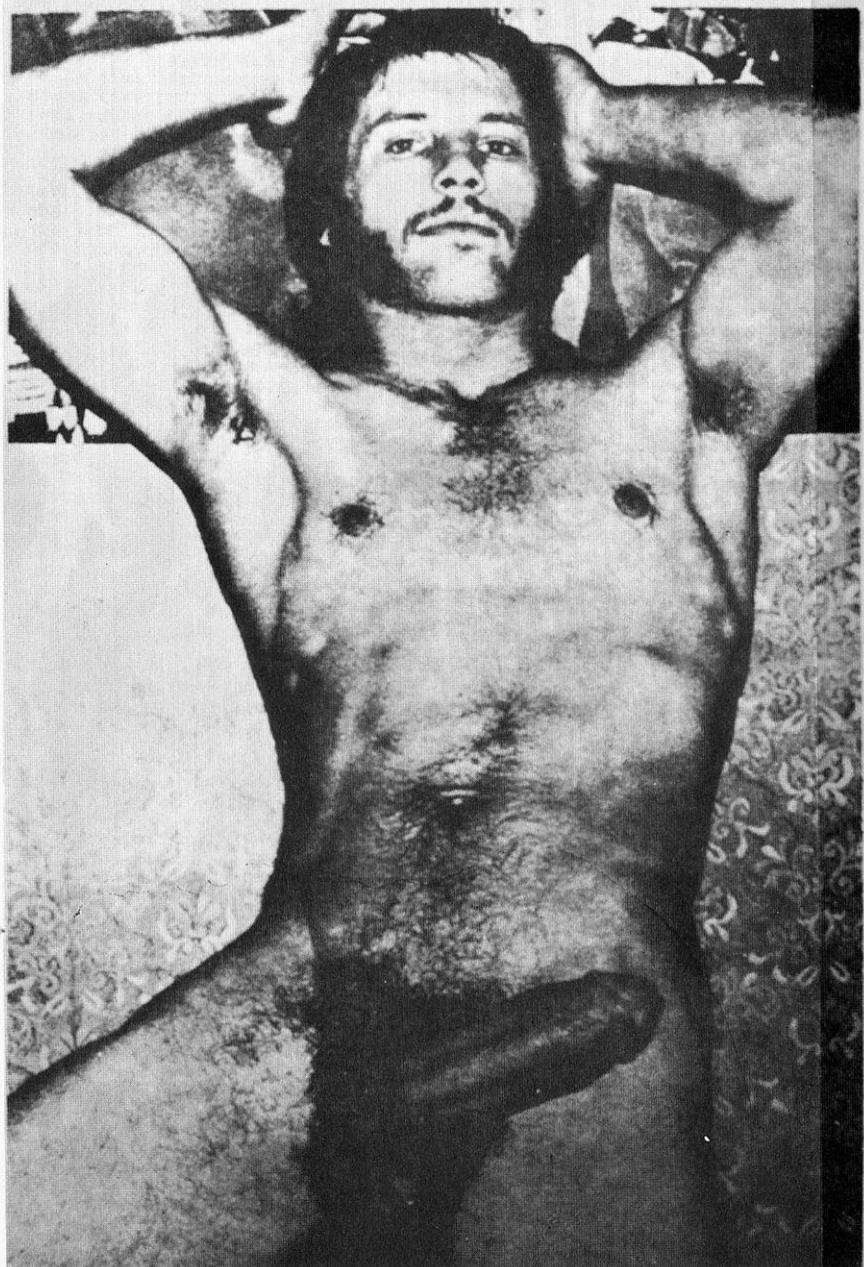


80 Cents **STRAIGHT to HELL**



TIMES SQUARE STUDIO

The MANHATTAN REVIEW of UNNATURAL ACTS
No. 25

MEAT

How Men
Look Act
Walk Talk
Dress Undress
Taste & Smell
True Homosexual Experiences
from S.T.H.

Volume 1

Edited by Boyd McDonald

4th Printing 1994

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Introduction

By Charley Shively

Meat is an unprecedented piece of literature. The fate of this book (like the lives of those who live it) now hangs in balance. The experience here is against the grain both of those who have power and those after what they call "gay power" or even "gay culture." Both sets of power brokers try either to ignore or to exterminate the experiences contained herein.

Whether *Meat* has a future remains to be seen. In the meantime, enunciating the experiences, publishing them, celebrating them just for what they are in short, creating a literature of "pure sex" ("Man Caught with Sailor") is in itself an act of revolution.

Meat is an anthology of writings from the first forty-seven (with particular emphasis on the early and now unobtainable) issues of *Straight to Hell*—also known as *The Manhattan Review of Unnatural Acts*. (Other titles used over the years: *U.S. Chronicle of Crimes against Nature*, *The American Journal of Dick Licking*, *New York Review of Cocksucking*, *American Journal of Cocksucking and Current Events*, *Homosexual Experiences*, *Boyd's Magazine*, *Archives of the American Academy of Homosexual Research*, *New York Review of Unnatural Acts*, and *American Journal of Debauchery: Revenge Therapy*.) Boyd McDonald began the magazine nearly ten years ago and continues to edit it out of transient furnished rooms in Manhattan. One story about the beginning is that Boyd deep within the slumber of drinking (his 25th Harvard Class Reunion Report lists him as "Lost") suddenly awoke to find Myra Breckenridge talking about cut an uncut cock.

Supported by Welfare (SSI), *Straight to Hell* arose to arouse queers everywhere out of their underwear. As a reader wrote from San Francisco, "Who would ever dream that fantastic jerk - off material & consciousness raising stuff could be found in the same rag." How many rags even try to answer that dream besides *STH*, one might place *Fag Rag* (which I'm part of) or *Gay Sunshine*. Appropriately enough, *Meat* is a happy collaboration between Boyd McDonald and Winston Leyland, editor of *Gay Sunshine* Press one on the East Coast, the other on the West Coast. Leyland has judiciously (or should I say juicily) selected and edited material from *STH* for this anthology.

Boyd McDonald himself is neither a "founder" nor a "spokesperson" how straight and obnoxious those terms, how humiliating that faggots would aspire to such emptiness. How tiring and heterosexual to be constantly laying claims to "founding" something "foundation," "establishment": the antithesis of change. The Carnegie Foundation might be praised for the many tea rooms it inadvertently provided in libraries across the country. But please, enough of foundations. Nor do we need spokespersons; we can speak (or suck or lick) for ourselves. Spokespersonship itself is inherently against the people speaking.

STH and *Meat* contain a lot of McDonald's witty wry writing. Less obvious is his genius as an editor in goading, pushing, fishing, pulling, begging, getting faggots to speak for themselves. Boyd's interviews, of course, show how well he draws people out, but the many selections from readers seldom reveal how Boyd's prodding has brought forward wonderful stories. A correspondent writes about having a "good time" and Boyd shoots back with a letter

requesting more specific details about when, what, where, how, etc. One writer responds, "I love having you there to communicate with, even though we've never met. It's a very civilizing relationship, don't you think?" ("Fag Calls Homosexuals Queens").

The founders, leaders and spokespersons more often than not are embarrassed by what faggots do; they don't want us to be seen or heard. John Rechy lays out the terms of the struggle in an interview with Rosa VonPraunheim (*Army of Lovers*). Rechy says that what people call the perverse elements of homosexuality are the most enriching. And instead of celebrating, we tend to denigrate these special elements that make our experience unique and good. He warns that some homosexuals "are so opposed to promiscuity or hustling or any of the things that I have experienced or write about ... that they will actually cooperate with the police.... That's where the so-called gay movement is running far afield, because it seems to be an apology and a trying to render us acceptable ... trying to fit us into a place where we don't fit."

Boyd never bends to make our unique and good experience conform to the demands of literary critics—the thought police of the establishment. "It does not matter," he writes, "what we or anyone else thinks about the experiences printed—only what the participants think about them" ("The Dangerous Country"). Virtually everything written about queers addresses itself not to the participants—except insofar as it tells them to clean up their act—but to parents, police, teachers, judges, border guards and other moral guardians of heterosexual values. You are indeed in "Dangerous Country" when you not only start listening to participants but even more begin cheering them on and participating yourself. *STH* does not address itself to the needs of sensibilities of straight people: they can go to hell, straight to hell.

Many things in *STH* and *Meat* are, from the viewpoint of the middle class, their worst fears made flesh. Instead of being awed and fearing priests, police, officers, sailors, marines, teachers, cardinals, jocks, soldiers, students and other "respectables"—we want to bring them to bed with us. All the capitalist toilet training gets flushed away in many golden showers. *STH* and *Meat* do not just invert middle-class values; more profoundly, they enunciate cocksucker values. *Meat* may be the most moral book ever assembled: a morality of participants in which being "good" is giving a good blow or rim job, being "good" is being hot and hard, being "good" is letting it all come out: sweat, shit, piss, spit, cum; being "good" is being able to take it all, take it all the way. As a truckdriver ("Interview") says to Boyd: "I believe Nature evolved all the physical and mental sensations to be enjoyed, not to be repressed. If it doesn't hurt anyone and you both want to do it, do it." And if you're going to do it, you *should* do it well. At eighteen, a student ("Collegiate Frolics") actually learns something in college: "I learned a lot about cocksucking that night but I also faced up to something else: I liked to suck; I would suck every time I got the Chance; therefore I might as well get good at it."

Many faggots now accept cocksucking as clean and are relatively comfortable with it, but they hesitate running their tongues another two inches or so along the perineum (neither the English nor the Latin have a word for it, we take it directly from the Greek *perinaion*) into the asshole. *Meat* might help us all along this trail more easily. The ass is indeed fundamental to our sexuality (in early English "fundament" and "butt" are synonymous) here is the "foundation" of our sexuality terrifying and threatening to middle-class values. To the straight imagination anything to do with shit is dreadful and humiliating (although still intriguing). Story after story

in *Meat* expresses the sheer joy and exuberance the wild pleasure in licking assholes, eating shit, drinking piss taking it all. Here is ecstasy, excitement and thoroughness of the sexual passion in search of pleasure. One writer exclaims triumphantly for us all, "I will never get enough hot salty piss or cock. I will always be glad that I am gay and a cocksucker and piss drinker" ("Piss-Drinking").

Meat contains many writings by working-class and Third World faggots. And, while professional and middle-class writers also articulate their viewpoints, their expression does not serve to elevate themselves but to merge all homosexuals into a common camp. Boyd's interview with a truck driver brings out the connections between smell and class:

"I like the taste of a hard-working stud. I like the smell of his work clothes and the salty taste of sweat on his skin. It's really a turn-on to stick your nose in a fly and get a good whiff of groin and smell and lick a guy's armpits and asshole ... guys who go to work clean but soak down their bodies in hard-earned sweat during the day" ("Interview"). And in the numerous articles detailing sex between different ethnic groups Puerto Rican, Italian, Irish, Black, Japanese, Chinese, Caucasian, Turkish, Jewish, German, English, Native American and many others real contact occurs enmeshed in the many contradictions around us. (For instance, "Slave's Descendant Whips White Ass.") Boyd McDonald himself gives an important review ("The War against White Trash") of Dick Gregory's up from Nigger quite relevant to *Meat*: "America, says Gregory, 'forced Black folks to despise their Blackness. Black folks in America have always shown respect toward those in authority rather than respecting each other.'"

Throughout *Meat* a poignant theme recurs: "The truth is the biggest turn-on." "This is true." "Every word of this is true ..." "As I think back on those days today it all seems unbelievable but it happened." "This story is not only true but is going on right now." "Here is my true story of .." "I would like to submit a true story that happened to me, so help me." "Here is a vignette, a true one." Having spent our whole lives dissimulating and now finding a forum for speech, we are all aghast at the freedom, the possibility. In a society such as ours where people hide what they call their vices, "It would be dangerous to be frank," says Sade's Bedroom Philosopher; "Hypocrisy and lying are enjoined upon us by society." So if you are a postal inspector, psychiatrist, district attorney, censor, border guard, parent, priest or other authority relax, you have nothing to worry about, everything we say is fiction, lies.

But if you are one of us, you are already part of the wonderful show and tell of *Meat*. We live loosely; we know nothing lasts because there will always be something more. We embody our dreams. Listen to us in motion, emotion: "As they finished pissing in my mouth, they untied me and said they'd see me tomorrow." "Unfortunately the steward was based in England and the sailor was bound for a ship so no futures were promised." "My only regrets are that he moved out west shortly after that and I never saw him again." "This was our last day at sea so I couldn't get together with him again." "We went on like this for a while and then he said he had to get back to work." "I've seen him a couple of times since but haven't had a chance to get together again." "We left the ship shortly thereafter." "We were soon shipped out & I have not seen him since." "We got together 5 times after that and then he took a job out in the state of Washington." "... His crew have now moved on to some other construction site." "We said 'bye to each other like two people devoid of romantic illusions but with a genuine appreciation for beauty and virtuosity." "We agreed to do it again but so far we've never connected." "I had to leave that day."

Here is adhesiveness, it is not previously fashion'd, it is apropos; Do you know what it is as you pass to be loved by strangers? Do you know the talk of those turning eye balls? . . . Allons! the road is before us! It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well—be not detain'd! . . . Camerado, I give you my hand!

(Walt Whitman, "Song of the Open Road")

[Editor's Note: Boyd McDonald died in his mid-sixties in New York City, Fall 1993. The preceding essay, although written originally for the first printing of this book, presents a superb summary of his skills and commitments. This new printing of *Meat* is dedicated to his memory.]

Charley Shively is coordinator of Boston's gay lib paper, Fag Rag. He teaches in the American Studies Program at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. He is editor of two anthologies on the gay life /work of Walt Whitman: *Calamus Lovers and Drum Beats* (Gay Sunshine Press, 1987 & 1989).

The Dangerous Country

The truth is the biggest turn-on. Knowing that it not only can but did happen. We print true homosexual experiences. The proper study of homosexuality is homosexuals.

We want the homosexuals who write about their experiences for us to do just that write about their experiences and not copy any other publication, including STH.

It does not matter what we or anyone else thinks about the experiences printed only what the participants think about them. The only kind of dirty experience happens when one of the participants is unwilling. Cops and "fag" bakers have dirty verbal sex with unwilling homosexual partners.

The truth cannot be pornographic. It has a purity of its own and a right to be told. In the long run of history it cannot usually be warped to suit the fancy and fantasy of the majority.

We do not attack anyone we only counterattack those who attack us. We are innocent and can thus afford to use any truthful word, having no need to cover guilt. Those who are guilty, or feel guilty, cannot use our kind of words but must speak in terms like "at this point in time," "it operative statement," "protective reaction strike," to hide their basic evil in pretense and pomposity.

We have nothing to hide or be ashamed of. The truth favors homosexuals; that is why Playboy and the "straight" press use fantasy instead. But we will move forward as long as it is possible in this dangerous country under the banner.

-Boyd McDonald

Meat was originally printed before the current gay health crisis and includes some sex practices which would not be advisable today. Readers are urged to read and follow the AIDS Risk Reduction Guidelines for Healthier Sex printed on page 192.

Youths Remove Jockey Shorts, Sit on Coach's Face

CHICAGO — Gary, one of the boys on a youth team that I coached, used to come over quite a lot. We wrestled on the bed a lot with hands all over each other. Then he usually laid down on his stomach with his arms and legs outstretched. I was to find out where he was ticklish. When we first started this game he wore his clothes, usually a T-shirt, jeans or shorts, and white socks. I started at his neck and quickly worked my hands down to his ass, working my fingers all over and especially in his crack. He always began squirming slowly & moved his ass up to meet my hands. I worked lower feeling his balls a bit. I moved to the insides of his legs down to his feet. I worked them slowly & also smelled and kissed them. Working up his legs again, I fingered his balls a lot. Finally moved to his dick. I rubbed the base all the way to the head. His dick got hard as hell and Gary kept moaning softly as I continued to rub, first slowly, then quickly. After about 5 minutes, we changed positions on the bed. He always liked to be on the bottom better. But not his friend Dean, who was also on the team. Sand haired and blue eyes. He was thin like Gary but much more aggressive in sex.

One day they came over and as we were watching TV in my room, Gary and I started wrestling and grabbing each other. Dean sat there till Gary called for help. Then Dean quickly jumped on the bed and joined in. While Gary jumped on my chest and held my arms, Dean grabbed my groin and started fingered my nuts and dick. Dean said "Let's make him say Uncle." While Gary held on (and I sure didn't object much) Dean started rubbing up and back through my pants. My dick was swelling. At first he used 1 hand to rub and 1 to play with my balls. Then he moved both hands to my dick and started rubbing for keeps. Soon, while Gary was still holding me down, I started to come. "Uncle" I yelled as I continued to spurt. That led to a lot of sucking, smelling and kissing feet, ass licking, and fucking.

Another time Dean brought over a boy called Joey. We had another little game. All three took off only our shoes and got on the bed. Joey had a nice bod, average sized, blue eyes + medium length blond hair covering his ears. Anyway on the shout of "Go" I had to take off Dean's pants and underwear (sic) and stick one finger up his ass all the way. They had to do the same to me, but both had to finger me all the way. Whoever got fingered first had to be a slave to the other. Pants started flying and soon both Dean and I both had our top pants completely off, but just as I started to rip off his Jockey shorts, Joey pulled mine down & sat on my chest. Dean quickly recovered, wet a finger & zoomed it in my asshole—all the way up in one surge. He twisted it a bit & laughed. He pulled it out & jumped on my shoulders, sticking his finger in my mouth, telling me to suck it. At the same time Joey worked his larger finger right up my ass. "Did we win?" they shouted. "You sure did. I guess I'm your slave." Both stripped down to Jockey shorts and white socks. They laid me down on a double bed and tied up my hands. Soon I had to smell their feet. Both had sweaty feet with a nice odor since the played ball before they came over. After that they took their socks off and made me sniff and kiss and lick their toes. Then Dean and Joe took off their Jockey shorts, turned them inside out, and Dean fixed his inside my mouth while Joe fixed his over my nose. Then they quickly turned me over onto my stomach and slapped my ass a couple times each & told me to get it up. I raised my ass & they both put in a finger all the way in & began twisting. Soon they both added another finger and my hole was really stretched. They played around 10 minutes with my hole before turning me over again. They removed their Jockey shorts from my mouth and nose, and while Joey tied up my balls and dick with string, Dean spread out his ass and sat down on my face with a knee on each side of my head. He made me lick his asshole, then tongue it for about

5 minutes. They nodded to each other and switched positions. While I had to eat Joey's ass and lick it up and down, as he liked it that way, Dean was taping up my dick and balls with white athletic tape. Once I was all wrapped up, they made me kneel and lick and suck their balls only. Then they tied my feet and laid me back on the bed. Dean straddled my face & made me suck him. He quickly pulled out of my mouth and came all over my face and then spread it around all over. Joey quickly took his place and also made me suck him. Then they tied me to the bed while they went downstairs to eat & grab a coke. After 20 minutes they returned. They turned me on my stomach, untied my feet and gave me a good 10-minute fuck each. Then they took me to the bathtub and made me get on all fours while they gave me a coke up the ass. When they got down to 1/4 of the bottle they poured the rest of it on my taped cock and balls & then made me lie on my back in the tub. They both aimed their dicks and pissed on my face and whole body. They saved some piss each for my mouth. As they finished pissing in my mouth, they untied me and said they'd see me tomorrow.

"He Asked Me to Take Off My Belt . . . "

CONNECTICUT — I'm divorced with some of my children living with me, which makes for rather limited action at home. Thanksgiving day my boys had gone to Massachusetts, at my insistence, to be with their mother. Becoming bored by afternoon, I decided to go to a porn movie (straight) so I had a few drinks and left. By the time I arrived I was aching to take a piss and went directly to the men's room. A nice-looking young guy was standing at the other urinal. I took a quick look and saw that he had finished pissing and was stroking a nice tan cock slowly back and forth. I was so afraid he would think I was there just to use the facilities I tried to stop pissing but couldn't. Finally I stared at his meat and put my hand down by my side with the palm cupped up in an inviting gesture. He turned a little toward me and I slid my hand around his smooth cut cock. I stroked it back and forth. He was dressed in a suit as was I. Not too expensive and probably the only one he had. He looked Spanish with that tan skin and soft black hair, about 5' 11" and 150 lbs., 'lean, with wide shoulders. I finally finished pissing. I turned to him and moving toward him lowered my mouth to his beautiful cock. It was about 7 or 8 inches long and not too big around but it was magnificently hard; almost like a granite shaft. He had obviously been aroused by the film and his mind was completely subjugated to the heat in his groin. He was straight and had gone to the men's room to jerk off. Now he couldn't wait to get his rocks off and any way was all right by him. I ran my tongue around the head of his cock and then slipped it into my mouth, stopping just behind the head, and licked and stroked it some more with my tongue. His cock jerked and he leaned back against the wall and softly moaned as I took his shaft down my throat. I licked and sucked on his cock about four more times and then went all the way down and swallowed his cock. I held his cock in my throat and kept making swallowing motions so that my throat muscles would ripple along the head and part of his cock shaft. He moaned louder. Finally, with a great deal of effort, he pulled back and slowly drew his cock from my mouth. With a gasp as he pulled free, he quickly unbuckled his belt and opened his pants and shoved them down below his thighs. He was black-haired with lovely, smooth, golden skin. He also unbuttoned his shirt and was slowly letting his hand drift over his belly and lovely brown nipples. I quickly knelt in front of him and took his cock in my mouth. I alternated between taking it all the way down and letting it out of my mouth to run my lips over the underside of his shaft. His balls had drawn up tight. I kept deepthroating him and licking his cockhead. My hands were curved around his ass and I let him guide that lovely cock into my eager lips and mouth. My hands played softly over his hairless ass. He started moaning and thrusting and I could feel his cockhead beginning to swell. My entire being was

tuned to attending to his cock as I continued to suck and look at his beautiful, almost hairless body. Suddenly he started to shoot and I couldn't believe how much he had. He just kept shooting. It was medium thick and I kept it going down my throat. Finally I drew back and let his cock rest on my tongue as it kept shooting lumps and more lumps of sweet, sweet come. I got up and thanked him as he attempted to put himself back together. I have rarely seen anyone so completely enslaved to a hard on as he was. I wasn't sure he was going to be able to get dressed and leave the theatre on his own power. He seemed off in a world of ecstasy. I gradually began stroking his stomach and nipples and brought him back to the reality of our rather vulnerable position.

On the way home I was driving on 1-95 when I saw a single-car accident on the median of the highway. The driver was wandering around the car. I quickly pulled over and went across to help him. He was dazed and confused. He was just wandering around muttering and moaning about his car and what had happened. He almost wandered onto the highway a couple of times in front of oncoming traffic and I had to lead him back. Finally I told him I would take him to a police station; I was afraid if I left him there he would be killed. In my car he said he had been to a party where he had smoked too much and drank too much. He started crying. I pulled off the road. He kept smashing his fists against his legs. I pulled him to me across the seat and tried to calm him down. I was getting aroused by all this tumultuousness and by this beautiful young man. I held his head in my hands against my chest, wondering how I could be sitting there with a hard on. He got his hands free and began beating his legs again. I put my hands down to stop him and could feel that he too had a hard on. His cock was standing straight up toward his belt buckle. I decided that sex would have a calming effect. I let my hands glide all over his body. Finally he unzipped his pants and slipped them down and off his ankles. He had a cock about 8 inches long and cut. I started working on his nipples and stomach before I finally went down on him, working his cock down my throat. He kept arching his back and sinking his shaft farther clown my throat, all the while agonizing about his car. He asked me to pinch his nipples. He was absolutely beautiful, with every muscle outlined in the moonlight. He asked me to put my fingers in his asshole. His ass was smooth and moist not juicy, not dry just moist. I worked my fingers in his asshole as I sucked his cock. He asked me to take off my belt and give him a few hits. I have never gotten into that and was surprised. However, I did as he asked. I started belting his stomach as he jerked his cock. I started calling him names like "cock-sucker" and "motherfucker" and anything else I could think of. I let the belt lash across his thighs, belly and even across his balls and cock and the hand that was jerking it off. He continued to ask for more as he jacked off with fury and I lashed him also in a fury. The sweat was pouring off both of us. When he yelled "I'm coming" I quickly lowered my mouth over his cock. It started spouting loads of thick cream. He did quite well at the police station and I took him home to find my two sons had decided to return early from Massachusetts. I sneaked him quietly into my bedroom. I undressed his beautiful body. I remembered how his asshole had felt on my fingertips and started rubbing my cock back and forth on his hole. He said, "No, no, you'll hurt me," but when he fell asleep I slowly eased the head of my cock in. He woke up and said, "You'll hurt me with that big cock," but I'd just wait and ease a few more inches in. His hole was clean and tight, but not too tight; sort of like a really snug cunt. He kept falling asleep and waking up. He was still a little drunk. Finally he stopped protesting and asked me to shove it to him as he beat his meat. After we both came, we fell asleep. I awoke about an hour later and quietly got him dressed and sneaked him out of the house as the sun started coming up. I took him to the train and went home and took the boys out for breakfast. I was so exhausted I couldn't even have boiled eggs.

Canadian "Cock Heaven"

CANADA — Last week I went to a nearby pisshouse and got me five cocks, three assholes and a couple of drinks of piss, plus cum from all cocks. Went into the place and there were two guys at the urinal both with a beautiful hard-on but both cut. They each wanted to be sucked but neither sucked so all 1 did was sink to my knees, open my mouth and eat one and then the other. They both shot in a hurry and left right after. Just one load from each. I hung around and soon a guy went into a stall. I went where he could see me rub my crotch. He opened the door and asked me if wanted anything. His uncut long skinned cock was hard as a rock; moist shiny skin over its head, so this cocksucker got on his knees again. He got me in the booth locked the door and stripped. Beautiful tits, hairy armpits, sweaty and luscious brown hole; salty balls and that slimy-headed cheesy cock. All got slurped on and cleaned. It was terrific and he seemed to enjoy it. He shot two warm creamy loads into my mouth without going soft. I asked him to piss for me and he managed to shoot a little. When he got dressed he left the stall with his soft cock in his hand and went to the urinal to piss. Of course I drank all. He hardened up again and this cum-slurper loved it. Another guy came in during the piss scene so I was offered long uncut slimy meat. Got it in my mouth, let the piss roll out with the skin covering the cock crack. The guy got a little stiff; the other was ready to come again. I quit drinking piss and wrapped my lips around his drooling, sticky cock head and took his final load. Now the long thin cock wanted attention and also wanted a taste of mine. He pulled my head up to his, licked my nose clean and rubbing our stormy cocks together finger fucked each other. Sure didn't take much for me to come and he got it all and then fucked my throat with that cheesy cock of his till I got his fuck down, real big load too.

I began to think the place was Cock Heaven when a big, crewcut blond guy came in. I thought he was fuzz and pretended to shake the piss from my cock. I went to the wash basin and rinsed off my hands. He looked over his shoulder and when I reached for a cigarette, asked me if I could spare one. I took one out and since he held both hands at his crotch with his body pressed tight against the urinal, I put it between his lips and then lit a match but held it so he had to move to light the cigarette. I was sure I saw a hard-on so stood back and started to talk to him. He must have known I knew he wasn't pissing but it wasn't till I opened my fly and reached in and pretended to scratch my balls that he pulled away from the urinal and did the same thing except that he had a good 8- inch hard cock in his hand and his balls were hard. I said that when I got horny my balls always got itchy and he said same for him and turned away from the urinal toward me and said he was sure horny. Our bodies met and he was terrific. I'm sure he hadn't been sucked off for weeks and his cock seemed to explode the minute I started to suck him off. He asked me to keep some cum in my mouth and I did and we kissed it back and forth. He hugged like a bear with his sticky cock against my stomach— still rock-hard and horny. Oh, you fuckin' little cockteaser, I love it. Please suck my balls baby. Coming from him I had to. Nice golf balls and a nice big sac to carry them in. Another hot suck and another big load of cum before I kissed his cock and put it away.

My Jockey's Hung Like His Horse

Let's call this easy rider Bob. He has long since retired. He got too heavy. They tell me he runs a steak house out near Santa Anita Race Track and is married. I lived for many years within a stone's throw of Santa Anita Race Track. It was a Saturday afternoon haunt of mine. I loved to bet on the horses. I would handicap my picks before going to the track. One night I

went to a party in Hollywood. All the gayest people in town attended. It ended up in an orgy. Of all people, I met Bob at this party. I didn't think he would be at such a party. Neither of us participated. It didn't suit me but he said he didn't feel above such orgies but the fellows were all swishes. Many of them worked in the film studios.

Bob and I left together and went to an eating place. He had to diet so he drank orange juice. He lived near the track so he drove me home. On the way he started rubbing his cock. I finally reached over and massaged it. Then I invited him to my place. Bob was little in stature but his meat resembled the horses he rode.

For him it was a one-way deal. Greedily I encompassed the huge plum-like head and really gorged myself. What a lot of hot stuff he carried. I don't know why but there is a thrill about the first time you go down on a man. They are trying to show you what a load they have. The guy that's giving the blow job is really working like mad. I knew I'd like it again many 'times so I wanted to satisfy him.

We finally had a complete party although I merely jerked off. Bob was then 28 and had to be the complete male. That's oh by me. Here I had blown one of the leading jockeys at the track. I told him I spent Saturdays at the races. At first he couldn't believe a gay person would like anything like that. We devised a system. If he thought the horse he was on had the ghost of a chance, I'd go to the stable area to watch the boys mount their horses. He'd nod his head just barely. There was a rule against any signaling by the boys. Often he'd call me on Friday night and give me the rundown.

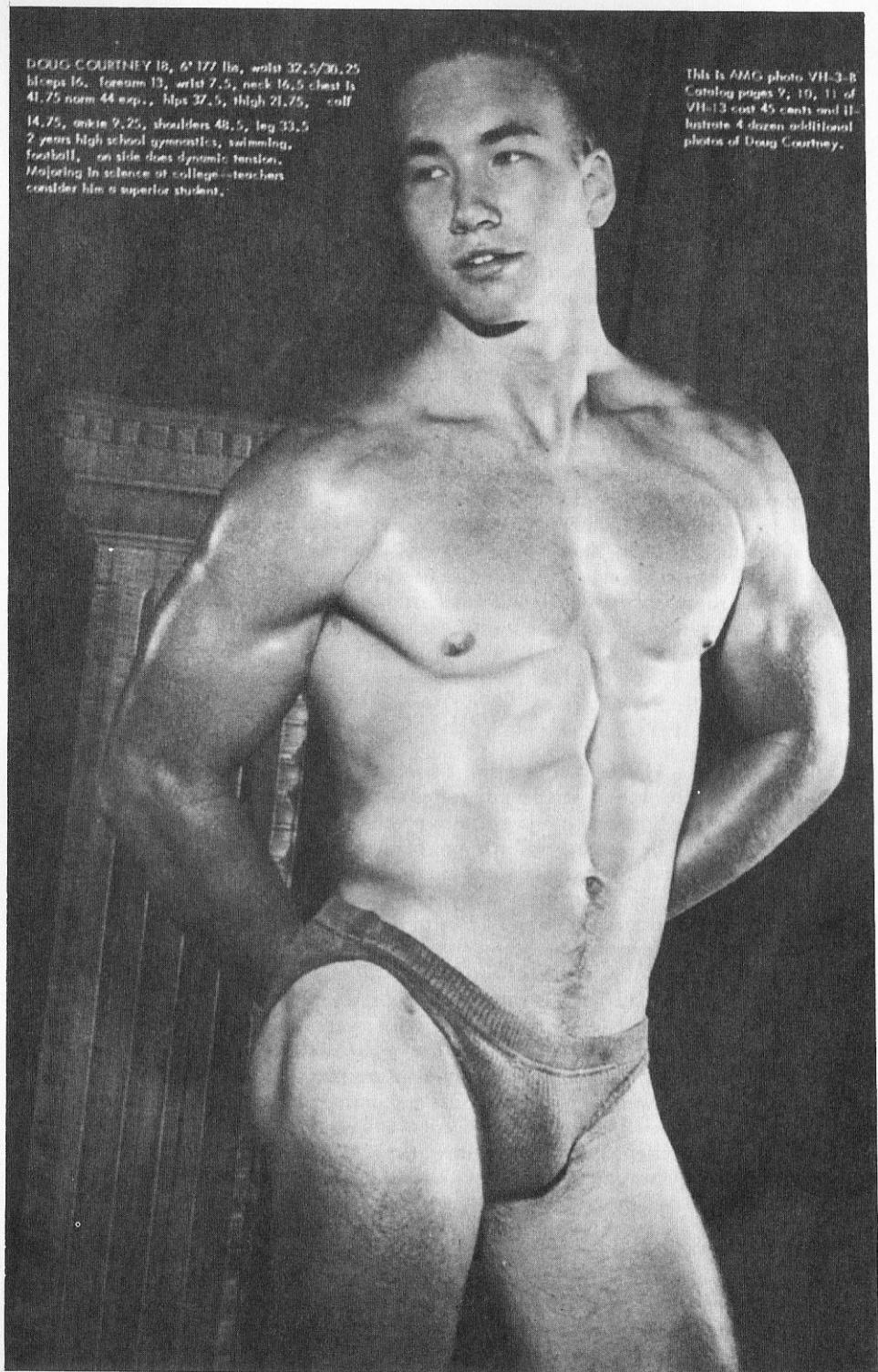
Blond Ass

CANADA — Had a real hot one Tuesday. Was just pulling out of the driveway after lunch when a guy called to me and I saw it was a blond I'd had before whose asshole is a chasm of blond hair scented the way assholes should be sweat and a tinge of shit. He asked for a ride to his boarding house. I got the talk around to sex as fast as possible. He said he was sure the fuckin' doctor was giving him saltpeter because he couldn't work up a hard-on. I told him I'd like to see if I could help him out and he said O.K. so I drove back home.

His whole body is made for eating so first I took off his shoes and socks while he sat in the den. He shoved one foot, then the other in my mouth. I took off his shirt which was soaked with sweat under each of his hairy armpits. It felt good to suck his big heavy-breasted nipples and sniff that BA). My mouth moved from nipples to armpits and my hand was undoing his belt. He got rid of his pants and underpants and there he was a big muscular hunk of sex. His cock always gets me. It was already starting to stiffen. I gave him a slow, slow, sloppy kiss on the cheeks of his ass and got a long sniff and suck and kiss and taste of his shit hole. Oh God, it was terrific, and he loved it as much as I did. When I got out of his ass he was horny as hell and soon shot his wad. He thanked me and said he felt better than he had in a long time. I made him some coffee. He made no attempt to dress. So I sucked his ass and armpits and licked the horny slit in the head of his cock as he shoved it in and out of my mouth got another wad of cum out of him.

DOUG COURTNEY 18, 6'177 lbs., waist 32.5/36.25
biceps 16, forearm 13, wrist 7.5, neck 16.5, chest 41.75, norm 44 exp., hips 37.5, thigh 21.75, calf 14.75, ankle 9.25, shoulders 48.5, leg 33.5
2 years high school gymastics, swimming, football, on side does dynamic tension.
Majoring in science at college—teachers consider him a superior student.

This is AMG photo VH-3-B
Catalog pages 9, 10, 11 of
VH-3 cost 45 cents and il-
lustrate 4 dozen additional
photos of Doug Courtney.



Doug Courtney. Photo: AMG

Vatican Guard's Extreme Erection

NEBRASKA — I was on St. Peter's rooftop when a Vatican Guard in maroon suit with golden crosses in his lapels asked me inside Michelangelo's dome to see a certain view out of a window. I saw that he had an extreme erection. Then I got hard too and he blew me. Further, he asked that I come back the second day, which I did.

General's Cum Cake

CONNECTICUT — General X came to review the troops. The company got a good many demerits and were denied leave for 30 days and given lots of extra work. The men were pissed off at the General. Before he left he was invited to dinner by the Company C.O.

When it came to icing the cake for the General's banquet one of the GI's stole the icing and went into the storeroom. Somebody looked into the storeroom and there was this guy stripped and jacking off. He shot his wad right into the frosting.

Three or four more guys went into the storeroom and jacked one another off into the frosting. Word got around and soon there were 20 guys who either jacked off or were jacked off (in the presence of others teams of two, for instance) right into the frosting. They mixed the frosting up and the cook trimmed the cake. The cooks and KP's really enjoyed their share of the cake too. Everybody, including the General, swallowed a lot of cum that day.

Beach Boy

CONNECTICUT — I was 18. I enjoyed going to the beach with George because he liked to mess around too and we liked peeking at the big guys with long dongs in the bath-house. We used to jerk each other off talking about the big pricks with bushy hair we saw. One day I noticed this older guy, 25, going into his locker and leaving the door open. I walked by to take a peek. He still had his pants on. My bathing trunks bulged with excitement. I counted to 20 slowly and walked by his door again. He was sitting stark naked and what a big cock hanging between his legs. He was lighting a cigarette so I asked him if he had an extra.

I couldn't take my eyes away from his dick. It was the biggest I'd ever seen. The problem was how to get at it. The water's cold today," I said, trying to excuse my loitering. He stood up. As he reached for his trunks the door partly closed and if stepped inside and sat where he had been sitting.

He turned facing me, his cock at my mouth level. If only he'd say "Suck it" or "Wanna play with it?" like some of the others had. He just stood there and I sat watching his cock extend itself longer and longer. Finally it reached its full size and stood out at a right angle to his belly. It was the prettiest I'd ever seen and I could control myself no longer. Opened my mouth and sucked in as much as I could get.

He reached down to play with my cock. I stepped out of my trunks. "Jesus, kid, you got a big cock," he said, and began sucking on it. He pushed me against the wall and put his big prick between my legs. He bit my ear and said, "Christ, kid, you're beautiful." He fucked between my legs. When I felt his load running down my legs I reached down and smeared it on my hand and licked his cum off my hand. It was sweet.

When I returned to George he got hot as hell listening to my story and so I took care of him.

Sailor in Heat

At the baths in Philadelphia, this one guy stood up against the wall for one fuck, two, three, I was number 4. My cock slid in part way and I felt a hand on my balls from back behind. I turned around and there was a guy lying on a cot, naked, sporting a 9-inch hard on, and wearing a sailor cap.

"You guys don't know how to fuck," the sailor said. "You're supposed to *ram* your cock in like a man." He kept talking about what a big man he was and how he only fucked ass because his girl was in Dayton for a week.

I really had me a good fuck and then watched the sailor fuck the guy. "You fucking queer," he'd say, "you take all the cock you can get don't you? Want a real man to fuck you? Fuck you, bitch, I'll bet you drink piss for breakfast too." He kept yelling about cocksuckers on the streets.

Now the next thing really happened, no shit. After the sailor shot his wad he kissed the guy on the neck and back. You could see the cum dripping out of his asshole from all the guys who'd fucked him. Sailor-boy started licking the cum off the guy's legs and before I knew it he was right in there eating the guy's asshole—rimming, sucking, licking, swallowing and moaning. He really dug sucking assholes. He sucked that ass longer than he had fucked and had nothing to say now about queers and cocksuckers. At least 5 guys stood around watching and jacking off. I was one of them. I even got my finger up the sailor's asshole a little and he never noticed (or cared).

The big "straight" tough sailor finished getting all the cum he could and then turned the guy around and kissed him—gently. Really kissed him like a buddy and stroked his balls and stiff cock. I'd seen enough and wanted more action so I left. This is true.

Black, Brown & Beautiful

WEST COAST — I'm a student-athlete, 18, tall, dark (I think of myself as Black but am actually "coffee & cream" brown due to some fancy fucking by my ancestors), Afro-American, Choctaw Indian, and French Canadian; and I'm supposedly handsome, sort of like a Tom of Finland stud. I'm smooth and even-complexioned. Above all I guess I'm healthy and rugged looking—don't tell anyone, but Butch is still my name to family and close friends. My good health and physique are natural: due partly to diet and heredity (strong working class), partly to growing up in Canada and working construction in Alaska, and partly to a good non-up tight psychological attitude.

I'm sort of a novice to the man/man scene, but I'm not a racist, sexist, ageist snob. I'm very oral and prefer to dominate, although I can finally cope with my old lady being on top occasionally. I find I'll throw an especially wild, heavy and controlled fuck if I've had a "work out" with a stud beforehand. I never thought of it this way before I read your paper but I guess it does amount to worship. Worship not only of a sexy bod, big cocks and long foreskins (which can be very dehumanizing and exploitative) but worship of the total masculine presence. That mysterious, virile umph of the male. Because I'm a strong believer in equality of all kinds I can also dig an aroused stud worshipping me.

It's really wild if - dude will pretend he's asleep and let me crawl under the covers, strip off his underwear and worship his crotch awhile. I just 'recently' got turned on to rimming (by a fantastic Mr. America contestant) and if the guy is reasonably clean I like to tease and tantalize

his bung-hole. Finally I really dig having him pump his hot creamy load in my mouth. I have a very thick dick of 8 plus nicely proportioned inches. I like most sports for health and recreation. support jock liberation strongly. Last year I lived on campus and "played on our intramural football team. I enjoyed those shower room scenes afterwards.

I've met some fascinating people with interesting rumors. My best friend is a sexy fucking Black stud who used to play football for UCLA. Also got a white buddy who played football for Notre Dame. I dig sex-athletes and they dig me.

Polish Muscle Stud

GEORGIA — A couple of years ago I was on a bowling team. We came in third in the league. The night of the awards dinner I went with my lover, real butch, from Boston. He had to leave early so I gave him a quick blow job in the car, then went back to the party at the bar.

Most of the wives had left. I was talking to the captain of the first place team, a big burly Polish crane operator. He was drinking beer and whiskey, the bar was warm and he began to sweat. His hair and armpits were real wet. After dancing with some women could see he had a hard on. He told me he needed a fuck but wasn't going to pay that cunt \$25. He'd jack off first.

Then he said he had to piss so we went to the men's room. I could smell his sweat real clear. It was wonderful. I took a piss first. Then he came to the piss bowl, unzipped his fly but it stuck. He pulled but nothing happened. He said, "Cocksucker!" I asked what's wrong. He said he pissed on himself. I told him to come home with me my clothes would fit him.

When we got to my place he sat on the couch, got his zipper open finally. He took off his jockeys and showed the biggest prick I ever saw. The jockeys were on the floor, piss-stained, with a few fart marks. I asked if he wanted to shower. He said not yet. For now he just wanted to sit bare assed. What a massive body he had muscles, hair, beads of sweat, everything a cocksucker would want. He started to rub himself, then said "Aren't you going to help me?" – I was shook and asked what do you mean. He said he knew I was a man lover. The second night of bowling five months ago he saw me blow two guys in the parking lot and wanted my services ever since.

I said OK, take a shower and we will make it. He said the shower comes later, get to work starting with his armpits. I licked his arms, chest, navel, took a few sucks on his cock. He said that comes later, lick my balls. He just moaned. Then he rolled over and raised his ass for me to suck. That even smelled better. While I was tonguing his asshole he pissed all over me. He said OK, now get to work on my prick. I was so happy to get my lips around that huge mass of meat he came in about 2 minutes. The crud on the head of his cock was heavenly. The smell, sweat, crud, mixed like sugar and salt, was so great I came all over myself.

He made me give him a shower. When he was ready to leave he said he wanted me to suck it one more time so I got down on my knees in the doorway. All of a sudden he pissed again in my mouth, all over my face and head. I looked up and there stood my lover. My Polish partner said to him, "You were right—he is good."

"Straight" Defined

In case anyone doesn't know exactly what "straight" means, recent American history has given some definitions.

Among cops a cop who is "on the take" or at least can be trusted not to report his buddies who are—that is, a crooked cop—is "straight."

When America is at war, and when it isn't, the war crowd is "straight" and those who consider it unmanly to bomb hospitals and orphanages are called "faggots" by he-men like the hard hats.

Charles Colson, a lawyer and the hoodiest of Nixon's hoods, was recommending a guy to carry out one of the White House's crimes. Colson called him "straight."

Air Force Guy Takes 37 Cocks Up Asshole in One Session

A.P.O. SAN FRANCISCO — I heard about this construction site with a lot of horny studs. I'm 24, 6' 1" tall, 165 lbs., white & love to get fucked ... gang fucked. Wore cutoffs and hung around the front gate at closing time. A dude eyed me and gave me the once over and invited me in. He was in his late 20s and was pretty rugged looking. Led me to a trailer and ripped my Levis off. My head was immediately kissing a desk top and my bare ass protruding over the desk. Talk about getting fucked rough! Heard the door open and more dudes walked in grabbing for their zippers. A big black dude with a thick 10 1/2 incher rammed me for 20 fucking minutes till the other guys told him to get out. I then proceeded to take on 37 dudes for the next seven hours. To get guys up for it quicker I started a line in front as well as in back and sucked off dudes. Got cream in my mouth and in my ass. My asshole was raw but well-fucked, and I'd like to go back for more.

Collegiate Frolics

NEW YORK CITY — I'm 18 and in my junior year of college. One night after doing some work in the public library I was on my way back to the university when I came upon a guy whose car was stalled on quiet street. He was about 25 and muscular and sweating over the engine. I asked him if I could help and he had me push the car while he worked the steering wheel. When the car started he said get in and I'll drive you home. We stopped for a light and he said where are you going and all I could say was that I was out for a walk. He looked at me funny first and then he said do you want some of-- this. I looked and his hand was tracing the outline of a bulge in his pants. I couldn't think of anything to say and his voice took on a coaxing tone: it's big, it's nice. I kept looking at the bulge but I still couldn't say anything. When the light changed he drove to a street of houses and stopped. Let's get in the back. I got in first and sat in the corner. He unbuckled his pants and stood over me with his dick in his hand. It *was* big and it *was* nice but all I could do was stare at it. He rubbed it over my lips a couple of times and then said open your mouth. When I did he slid the head in and then got impatient. Wider!

When I did as he said he began slamming it down my throat and pulling it out and sending it back in until he got a steady tempo and I put my hands on the cheeks of his ass and he started coming and only after I swallowed most of his cum did I revive and start to suck the few drops that were still coming out. He was still hard and after the last drops were out I wanted to continue but he said Whoa, gotta save some for the old lady. Before I got out of the car he said you know, kid, I think you like it but you've got a lot to learn. He named a bar near the school where I might find him if I would pretend not to know him. I was too chicken to go there so I didn't have any sex for another month, until I was able to cut out from a girl's party way

downtown and go to a meat rack I had heard about. I wasn't there long when a car pulled up driven by a good-looking guy about 30. He asked me if I'd like to take a ride and when I got in he said I'm looking for a blow job, have I got the right party. I said yes even though I had admitted to myself that last time though I ended with a mouthful of cum and pubic hair I really hadn't sucked but had been [jacked in the mouth. This time I'll blow, I promised myself, but after a little slobbering over the head of his dick he too got impatient but instead of fucking my mouth he began to instruct me until under his guidance he squirted his heavy load and this time I felt as though earned it.

I learned a lot about cocksucking that night but I also faced up to something else: I liked to suck; I would suck every time I got the chance; therefore I might as well get good at it.

I had heard there was a sexually active section of a park near my school. I could go there a couple of times a week without being missed by my friends so I decided to enroll in a crash-course on the blow job as an art form. Because my time was limited discouraged all offers to blow me and" concentrated on going into the bushes with all sorts of guys who wanted it sucked off. Different sizes, different shapes; for the rest of the year I didn't say no to anybody unless I found him unattractive and I found a lot of attractive boys.

The Joys of Fatherhood

NEW YORK STATE— It was late on a cold winter evening. I was driving home along deserted upper Liberty Avenue in Queens, where I lived then. I spotted this humpy looking stud (tight jeans, suede jacket) standing alone at a bus stop. I slowed the car down obviously so I'd have to stop for the traffic light right beside him. I stared at him and caught his eye. His gaze held mine a few moments while we studied each other. Then he shrugged his shoulders and moved his thumb by his waist in a slight hitchhiking gesture.

I unlocked the door and he got in, commenting that the buses were slow this time of night and he'd ride a few blocks anywhere just to get warmed up. It turned out he had been at the hospital earlier visiting his wife, who'd just had their 8th child. He was 32 but looked much younger. Dark wavy hair, good looking, broad shoulders, solid legs in those tight jeans with a real full looking package of goods filling out the groin.

He sure didn't waste any time. Said with his wife pregnant he hadn't been getting enough lately; that being with his wife had left him hot and horny and he was tired of jacking off. First he asked if I knew where he could pick up a broad and get laid. When I replied that I didn't he wanted to know if I'd ever made it with another guy. Well, that was right up my alley and he said he didn't care how he got it when he was this hot. When we got to my apartment he called up his sister, who was taking care of his seven other kids, and told her he was going to spend the night at a friend's house.

I got him a beer. He leaned back and relaxed on the couch, spreading his legs apart. He didn't object to anything as I undressed him, kissing down his chest, licking and sucking on his nipples, feeling up his cock and balls bulging in his jeans. I unzipped them, pulled his shorts down to release his thick hard cock and heavy hairy balls. Man, it was great getting my face down in his groin and kissing, licking, and sucking to my heart's content. He was really horny and it wasn't long before he pushed my mouth all the way down on his cock and shot a huge load of cum down my throat.

What happened next surprised me. He pulled me up and kissed me long and hard on the mouth. He liked to make out and didn't care whether it was with a girl or a guy. We both undressed completely, got in bed, and he was all over me. We had a wild time kissing, squeezing, feeling each other's bodies, making out like crazy. We didn't sleep at all. We'd 69 awhile; he wanted to fuck my ass, then he wanted me to fuck him.

Air Travel

PENNSYLVANIA — Amidst the other 126 vacant seats eastbound on a flight to my home town there was one person, dressed in blue and wearing a white cap, making positive identification of rank and sex. Even though I was the only other occupant I asked if the seat next was taken. He said please sit down. I was "dead heading" home (meaning no flight duties) and it was a flight that wasn't supposed to carry passengers. Just a "schedule run." They let this sailor on because his leave was up and his scheduled flight was overbooked.

A male steward leaned over us, setting a tray on the sailor's lap and simultaneously setting before my eyes the most beautiful basket I had ever seen in an obviously "no shorts" condition. I also was offered a tray as well as a napkin, which was put in position with a perfect grope.

15 minutes later and airborne we were treated to another view of this beautiful male in all its splendor with a zipper about 1/3 the way up. He leaned over me to ask the sailor whether he could take the tray. Beautiful smile. Promptly upon the steward's departure the sailor said, "I suspect the steward really wanted to ask more than he said." I naturally asked, "What do you mean?"

I wasn't ready for the answer. He said, "Did you see the outline of that guy's cock? And look what he did to me." Uncrossing his legs, this thing popped up from a down position and ran a good 7" down his leg. I had a real hard on now but with Jockey shorts on nothing showed. So I simply took his hand and placed it on my groin. Conversation went on for a few seconds about the steward while we sat slowly playing with each other's cocks through our 2ants, he moving mine around to get it free and me slowly jacking him off. All I could think of was what I was going to do as soon as the steward turned the cabin lights off.

The sailor had unzipped my pants when a voice said, "Turn around." We both turned and saw a full front view of a roaring hard on flat belly, and beautiful balls (golf size). There stood the steward in the row of seats behind us. He had heard everything we said.

The sailor moved first and had gobbled up about half of an 8" dick before I even had time to recover. I took advantage of the sailor's position (standing up and leaning over the back of his seat) and took all of the 7 1/2" of his cock I could jam down my throat.

This position didn't last long. The steward was trying to get to my cock, which was near impossible. So we all retired to a little space off the galley about half way down the aisle. The flight was 3 1/2 hours long, of which at least 2 hours was spent in sucking each other. Unfortunately the steward was based in England and the sailor was bound for a ship so no futures were promised.

Rhapsody in Brown

NEW YORK CITY — A few years ago, while browsing around the library in downtown San

Diego, I had to take a piss. As I entered the john a big, beautiful all-American football hero type, about 25, came out of one of the booths. I stood at the urinal looking at him out of the corner of my eye as he washed his hands. He didn't once look at me. He was "straight" and married and in any case I was sure I wouldn't have a chance with him.

As soon as he left I darted into the booth he'd vacated, hoping there might be a lingering smell of his shit and even a seat still warm from his sturdy young ass. I found not only the smell but the shit itself. He'd forgotten to flush. And what a treasure he had left behind. Three or four beautiful specimens floated in the bowl. It apparently had been a fairly dry, constipated shit, for all were fat, stiff, and ruggedly textured. The real prize was a great feast of turd—a nine-inch gastrointestinal triumph as thick as a man's wrist.

I knelt before the bowl, inhaling the rich brown fragrance and wondering if I should obey the impulse building up inside me. I'd always been a heavy rimmer and had lapped up more than one little lump of shit, but that had been just an inevitable part of eating ass and not an end in itself. Of course I'd had jerk-off fantasies of devouring great loads of it (what rimmer hasn't), but I had never done it. Now, here I was confronted with the most beautiful five-pound turd I'd ever clapped my eyes on, a sausage fit to star in any fantasy and one I knew to have been hatched from the asshole of the world's handsomest young stud.

Why not? I plucked it from the bowl, holding it with both hands to keep it from breaking. I lifted it to my nose. It smelled like rich, ripe limburger (horrid, but thrilling), yet had the consistency of cheddar. What is cheese anyway but milk turning to shit without benefit of a digestive tract?

I gave it a lick and found that it tasted better than it smelled. I've found since then that shit nearly always does.

I hesitated no longer. I shoved the fucking thing as far into my mouth as I could get it and sucked on it like a big brown cock, beating my meat like a madman. I wanted to completely engulf it and bit off a large chunk, flooding my mouth with the intense, bittersweet flavor. To my delight I found that while the water in the bowl had chilled the outside of the turd, it was still warm inside. As I chewed I discovered that it was filled with hard little bits of something which I soon identified as undigested peanuts. He hadn't chewed them carefully and they'd passed through his body virtually unchanged. I ate it greedily, sending lump after peanutty lump sliding scratchily down my throat. My only regret was that the donor of this feast wasn't there to wash it down with his piss.

I soon reached a terrific climax. I caught my cum in the cupped palm of my hand and drank it down. Believe me, there is no more delightful combination of flavors than the hot sweetness of cum with the rich bitterness of shit.

After I had finished all that nasty, wonderful mess and had recovered myself I was sorry that I hadn't made it last longer. But then I realized that I still had a lot of fun in store for me. There was still a clutch of virile turds left in the bowl. I tenderly fished them out, rolled them into my handkerchief, and stashed them in my briefcase. In the week to come I found all kinds of ways to eat the shit without bolting it right down. Once eaten its gone forever unless you want to filch it *third* hand out of your own asshole. Not an unreasonable recourse in moments of desperation or simple boredom.

I stored the turds in the refrigerator when I was not using them but within a week they were all gone. The last one I held in my mouth without chewing, letting it slowly dissolve. I had liquid shit trickling down my throat for nearly four hours. I must have had at least six orgasms.

I often think of that lovely young guy dropping solid gold out of his sweet, pink asshole every day, never knowing what joy it could, and at least once did, bring to a grateful shit-eater.

Homosexuals Are the Only True Radicals

NEW YORK CITY — America is in the worst shape in its history not simply because it is run by male heterosexuals but because their fear of homosexuality has led them more and more to associate violence with "straight" manhood, according to a leading political commentator, who asked that his name be withheld for fear of reprisals from Nixon's secret police.

He cited the craze for football and hockey; the respectability of the Mafia, the Nixon team, and other criminals as being as least sexually "straight," and above all the easy recruitment of troops to serve as fodder in Vietnam despite the fact that the only reason any of them could think of for going there was to prove their manhood. All these, he said, stow that American men are not so interested in heterosexuality as in demonstrating that they are not homosexual. The hard on, he pointed out, is the greatest evidence of sexual desire, and the fact that in homosexual scenes prisoners, cops, truck drivers, sailors, hard hats, and other sex symbols have hard-ons shows that biologically there is no such thing as a "straight." Thus, the majority of American males who choose to ward off homosexuality by living a "straight" life style do so mainly for social approval rather than sexual desire and any man who needs social approval ipso facto cannot look objectively at society and work for its reform.

Even the young longhaired peace-love types, the commentator pointed out, are at pains to appear "straight," dressing, as they do, in cowboy and athletic clothes and treating women in radical groups as their fathers would as servants. Only women and homosexuals, he said, can see the society clearly.

Clergyman in Heat

MASSACHUSETTS — Every word of this is true and only the beginning of a wild but deep love affair that was to be the greatest of my life. Father John— lover par excellence with a superb body and tool and a mouth that was rotten when he wanted it to he was almost a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde personality. I really loved the bastard for years.

Soon after leaving high school I became aware that a handsome young priest who lived in the rectory directly across the street from my house was interested in talking with me every chance we happened to meet. One very warm summer's afternoon he invited me into the rectory for a cold drink and took me into his own room, telling me that all the other occupants were away for the afternoon.

Father John was tall and a blue-eyed 25-year-old blond who had been an athlete in college and still had a slim and solid physique. He said we should make ourselves comfortable, it being such a hot day, and I saw him begin to remove his clothes until he had stripped everything off but his black silk sox and black garters.

He was positively handsome —a Greek god a grin spreading over his face as he suggested do

the same. As I stripped noticed that his cock was growing rigid, a tremendous uncut beauty that was quivering in its 8" of manly lust I was fascinated.

Nothing escaped his eager eyes as he watched me strip. He came over and said, "Let me take off your clothes. Let me be of help." His voice had changed to a husky tone. I felt his strong capable hands running over my naked body. As they approached my cock he said, "Oh, baby. I want that. I want that so bad."

He asked me if I ever fucked a guy and I told him no. This was the truth. I had been blown many times but I had never fucked a guy.

"I want you to fuck me, baby. I want that tool of yours in my crack. I need it. I've wanted you to fuck me ever since the first day I saw you. Please fuck me. Please, please."

Yes, I fucked him. I loved it-loved every fucking minute of it. This was my first real seduction-the most glorious experience of my young life. I shall always be grateful to Father John for opening his asshole to my cock and we became lovers for several years.

He never wanted me to play any other role than to dominate him and his body. He was perhaps the best fuck I ever had.

That summer day was the beginning of a series of experiences with a man who was not only a devoted believer in God but had the makings of the Devil in him as well (as he later on proved many, many times). Because of this I was stimulated to passions that were then unthinkable but his deepened my admiration for the wide variance of his talents. I like to think they brushed off on me.

Piss-Drinking

It was a cool night in August. I was at a leather-and-Levis bar in Detroit. It was crowded. I found out that a local cycle club was having a party so there were members from many cycle clubs all over the country there.

I sat down at the bar next to the entrance to the men's room. A real handsome young stud in leather sat down next to me and introduced himself as Bill. We talked awhile as we sipped our beers. In about 30 minutes Bill went to the john. I noticed his large cock through his pants so I followed him.

In the john Bill unzipped his pants and took out a cut cock that was at least 9". He stood trying to piss but nothing would come out, so I said, "Here, Bill, let me help you."

I got busy sucking on that hot, hard cock, and as I struggled to get all 9" down my throat he began fucking my mouth. In about 10 minutes I had my mouth full of cock and warm sperm. He shot at least five mouthfuls of sperm into my thirsty throat as he held my head with his hands.

After swallowing all his sperm, I tried to get back off his cock but he would not let go of my head. He smiled down at me and said, "Now, Cowboy cocksucker, I'm

going to wash that down into you all the way with my hot piss and you better drink it all and not waste a drop if you know what's good for you." Then he let go a salty spurt of piss into my mouth and stopped to let me get used to the new idea and taste of his salty piss. After I had swallowed his first spurt and he knew I would cooperate, he let go full-blast a long stream of piss into me, and I swallowed fast and just kept swallowing as he kept pissing into my mouth. When he was through he said, "Now, Cowboy, that wasn't so bad was it?"

I said, "No, not at all, and frankly, I wish you had more piss to give me." He said, "No, next you give me your piss." The next thing I knew Bill was kneeling in front of me taking out my cock. He smiled up at me and said, "Let it go, Cowboy. I'm ready."

As I was pissing down Bill's throat another guy tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I got some hot piss too, Cowboy-do you want to drink it?"

He got up and stood behind Bill and shoved his cock into my mouth. Now I was pissing into Bill's mouth as he kneeled before me and Rick was up on the shit stool in front of me pissing full force into my mouth.

I found out later that Bill and Rick were ages 20 and 21 and lovers from Canada.

That was my first experience with water sports and ever since I am always looking for cocks that have a load of piss for me to drink.

I will never get enough hot salty piss or cock. I will always be glad that I am gay and a cocksucker and piss drinker.

Piss is better than beer or any other drink.

Editor's note: It's all right to drink piss provided the pisser doesn't have a kidney infection. In fact piss keeps shipwrecked sailors alive, where sea water would kill them.

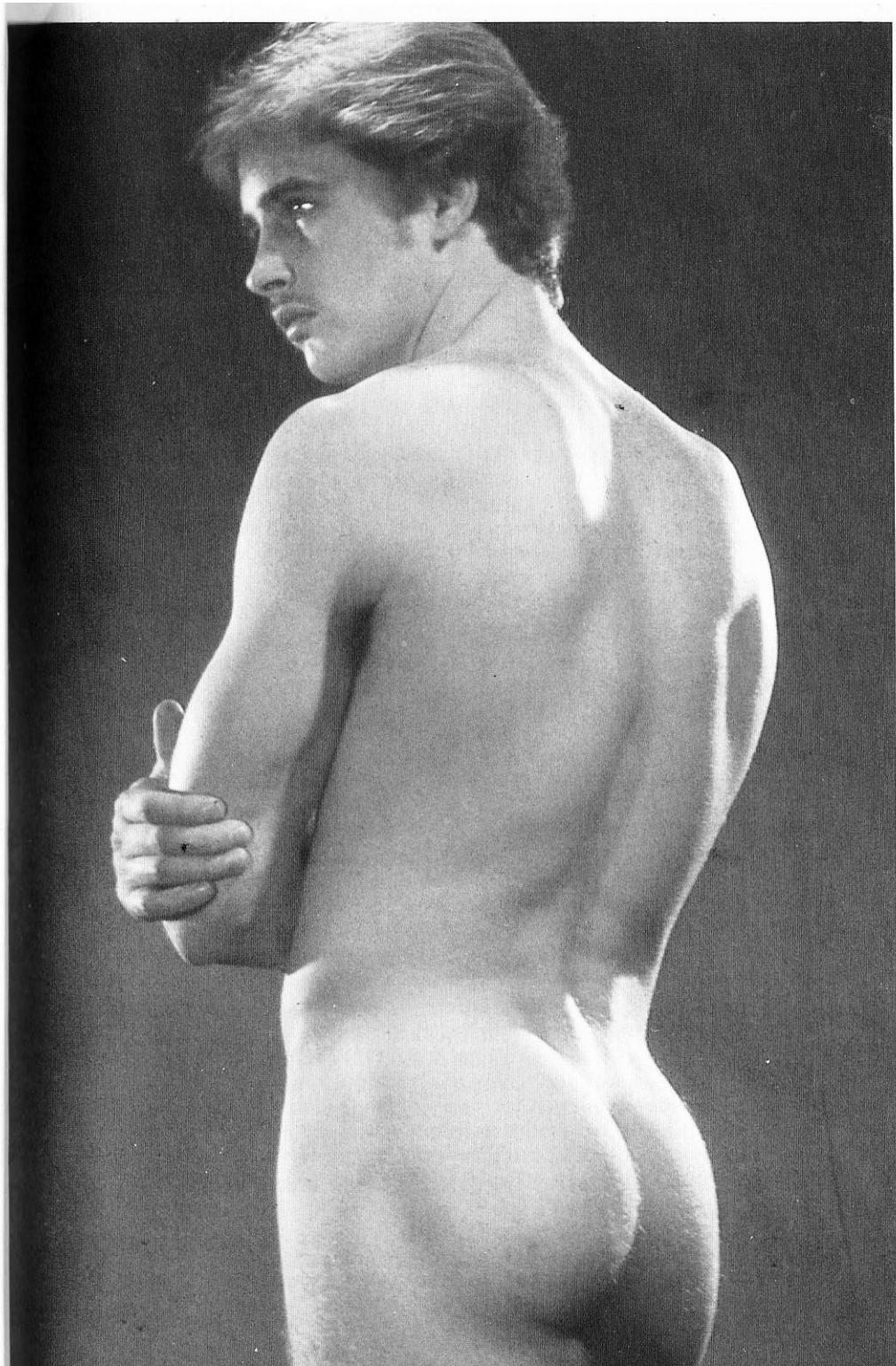


Photo: AMG

Ex-Sailor Ranks Marines Best for Sex

CALIFORNIA — I'd like to make a few comments on sex in the Marines. Granted, there are Marines who just enjoy getting their cocks sucked. However, how's about them that also enjoy sucking and those that throw their legs up after you've rimed them out good and pant, "Fuck me, man, fuck me."

For me it all goes back to a Marine M/Sgt. who swooped me up out of the park one afternoon and brought me out-but good. I'd been in on beau coup sucking and fucking before but that was plain animal stuff compared to the expertise and finesse this guy had.

The Marines also had a rifle range atop the cliff at the bare ass beach we hung out at. We had a real thing going there while it lasted. Seeing as how the Marines didn't venture down off their perch till daylight was waning we'd arrive late in the afternoon with beer. We always thought they had a lookout posted. No sooner did we get the beer buried in the cool, wet sand and get a low fire going than they began to trickle down for beer and sex.

Granted, most of them just enjoyed the beer and getting their cocks sucked but there were enough of them to sneak off down behind the rocks and do some sucking of their own, and not just with us either. Always bugged the hell out of me that the fuck scene was out; sand in the KY can be murderous.

Out in Honolulu a friend of mine held open house damn near every weekend. The guests were 1O-to-1 Marines-trade, bi, and/or otherwise. It's high treason for an ex-swab jockey to come up with but although the swabbies had the reputation of being all that sexy it was the Marines who always put their cock where *your* mouth or *your* ass was. If some dude says he's Navy I think so what but if he's USMC my interest is generated no end. Since they all wear civvies coming to the San Diego baths you're not sure. Wrapped in nothing but a towel you know even less. But from their short haircuts, you can bet that a lot of the hot, horny, hung studs there to get sucked or fuck themselves out are leathernecks.

Technology: Glory Hole Repairman

NEW JERSEY — Saturday I discovered they had covered my glory spot. So Sunday I opened it again. It must have been closed quite some time because it was very quiet on Sunday.

After I opened it I disposed of the scrap iron and my tools and came back. In two hours I got to blow three to climax and a few others until they panicked and ran. I got done once.

I also visited my Turnpike glory. Still open. A well-hung guy with moustache came in, cut, 30s, gave me a fantastic blow job but wouldn't let me do him. Some people.

Last Sunday I went to -- and some bastard had put a metal plate over my hole.

Yesterday I went back with tools. But it was already off again when I got there.

The family business was originally sheet metal and roofing and I can make a hole in *any* partition if I can have a few minutes without being molested. I can describe how to do it, telling the necessary tools that will cost the price of a couple of trips to the baths and the rewards can be much greater in proportion to time, money, and effort.

There is a good store north of Philadelphia that has a cruisy men's room; I made it more so. I put in a hole about 3" in diameter between the third and fourth booths. I did it then departed. Two hours later I returned to check and found it had been covered by a steel plate 4" in diameter, riveted on and painted. A week later I went back intending to pry it off but someone else as public spirited as I had already been there. It went like mad for a while and they put on a larger plate. Someone took it off too before I got to it. Then they put on a bigger cover which was "impossible" to remove. But I got it off and out of there and disposed of it. The glory hole still goes.

My glory at a mall near Philadelphia was very popular before they took the doors off the stalls.

I made three glories in the men's room of a department store downtown in Philadelphia. That place had so much action you had to make an appointment to get a space to stand in on the landing outside. It got so bad they locked it up. I had overdone it.

Going west, a Howard Johnson's on the Turnpike has a good glory that I built. They put an "impossible" cover on it and I removed it.

At one mall I did give up. They kept covering the glories and last time they *welded* them closed. That I can't repair.

The hole at another mall was crude. I fixed it.

One store men's room is good with a beautiful round hole, a classic, my best.

It helps to have a safe ally to assist in opening a new hole. One mall just opened up and I haven't been there yet. It's a coming attraction.

Ass Facial

NEW YORK STATE — Two summers ago a guy answered an ad of mine about water sports and dirty sex and lived near enough to come around for a session. He told me in the letter that he always wore a leather jacket, black pants, and boots.

When he arrived he was. He was blond, butch, and had a beautiful pair of full jutting ass cheeks which, after we'd had several beers, he asked if I wanted to smell before he took his pants off. He didn't have to ask, of course, since he knew by my letter that I was an asshole and shit lover before anything else. So I went right down there with my nose where my asshole would be and began sniffing

away at it like crazy. There was a beautiful shit odor on it, so strong I almost shot my cock. We went into the bathroom, where I sat on the toilet. He took his pants and shorts down and stuck his cock in my mouth and immediately began pissing down my throat.

While I swallowed it I felt around to his bare asshole and my finger met wet shit. He'd already let some out. I commented on it and he said he knew it and to lay down so he could shit the rest on me.

So I lay on the floor face up. He straddled my chest and shit a huge load of creamy, hot crap on my chest. I jerked my hot cock watching it come out.

He put one booted foot on my chest, squashing the warm wet shit. I was wildly excited but he knew I wanted more than that. So he straddled me ass toward my face, and sat right in the whole mess, rubbing his ass, balls, and cock in it, getting them thoroughly smeared with it.

I knew what was coming next and was not disappointed. Down came his shit-laden ass crack onto my face. I almost came without touching my cock when it hit me. He ground it around, smearing me totally. Then he sat back on his shit and gave me a second facial, and a third and a fourth. I can't remember how long it went on but I could have had it go on all night. I was not conscious of anything else but that beautiful ass and the stink of his shit. Finally he stood up and told me to suck him off. When I took his cock in my mouth it was shit-covered. So were his balls. But by then my mouth was thoroughly accustomed to the taste. ..

It took him ages to come but I didn't care. I wanted to go on tasting his piss and shit forever. When he finally came I swallowed come and shit together.

My only regrets are that he moved out west shortly after that and I never saw him again. Some lucky guy elsewhere is getting the same treatment, I'll bet. Whoever you are, I sure am jealous.

Father Knows Best

MASSACHUSETTS— Larry is one of my "stable." A very tasty one.

Three times I was there to rush his wife to the hospital as the moments drew closer for the birth of his children. Three times was he gratefully waiting for me when I returned at the end of the day-his cock hard, pink, bejeweled with a pearl drop, balls dangling gloriously, asshole aquiver with lips gently puckered, opening to the pink and tender channel, all seeking loving touches, moist kisses, and gentle caresses of the tongue.

Larry had a beautiful baby-skinned bod. Little wonder that his wife loved his warmth and had so long put up with his bisexual machinations. He was a very tender man, born to love and be loved.

His was a face to warm my heart, his eyes large blue globes, his mouth sexually inspiring, ravenous for my tongue which it sought and sucked into the moist inner sanctum and entwined with his smooth, undulating, darting tongue, beautifully

curved and tenderly sucking lips.

And his great passion reached down to the full beauty of cock which extended enticingly.

Spaghetti was on the stove and a tomato sauce of magnificent aroma. Steaks broiling in just a little Italian blended oil, which after dinner was to be utilized as a gravy for a beautiful piece of tube steak.

I knelt by his chair and taking a gentle hold of his cock began to lick the juice of the steak from the full length as his prick lengthened.

At the pink head, the little loose flesh began to strain and stretch back and down as this magnificent tool of this gorgeous hunk of man came to its full erect beauty. (It is small wonder that the Greek and Roman Empires, like the American, held their male gods in such adulation and so worshiped the male figure, for it is truly sublime in its beauty.)

Larry was smiling, handsomely, as he took off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt, while I removed his shoes and sox and pulled down his pants and jockey shorts, baring and feeling the exquisite softness of his beautiful buns. My fingers moved down the crevice and slid smoothly and silently up and down, the nails very lightly passing over the tender flesh surrounding the pink, sweet opening.

A slight pressure, and Larry turned, and in the spread of the crevice was the abyss, gently prodded now by my fingers.

My tongue found the opening, clean, soft, pink and sweet. As it began to press to insert and swirl about the roundness, adding rapid little licking movement, his balls could be felt to jump and as I again gave a gentle pressure, he turned and his cock, swelling to its full glory, gave a series of jumping movements, its head again adorned with a pearly drop in the piss hole.

From a tongue roving over the pink sac nudging two nervous balls, to the full roundness of the delectable tube steak, which it soon encompassed with relish and with strong sucking over its long length, with its accompanying lavish tongue scrub, a beautiful and very nutritious meal had almost reached its conclusion: but to top it off, the master touch to a meal of warm, tender, cock-licking delight, a dessert fit for a king: Crème de Cum a la Larry.

Jock Threesome

UPSTATE NY — When I was in college Upstate the downtown train station was one of the best places for cruising.

One night this hunky looking stud was standing outside the men's room: curly black hair, handsome, twenties, heavy build, heavy flannel jacket, dirty levis, dirty work boots.

For a big young jockey guy he was real nervous. It turned out he was new to the scene. He had come to the station with a friend of his. The two worked in a gas

station and after they closed his partner (who was married) wanted to pick up a "fag."

The guy I was talking to had gotten cold feet at the last minute and told his friend he'd wait outside the men's room. He'd never made it with another guy before but I calmed him down and he agreed to come back to my apartment. He wanted to wait for Tom because they'd only brought one car.

When Tom came out and Jack said he was going with me, Tom suggested I take on both of them. Tom was slimmer, not as handsome or well built, but I sure as hell wasn't going to turn down the opportunity to have two rugged guys at once.

"Pull down your pants," Tom told Jack as soon as we got back to my apartment, "and sit on the couch, dammit. How the hell do you expect the cocksucker to give you a blow job?"

Jack nervously pulled down his dirty Levis to let out a gorgeous, thick cock and heavy balls. I got right down and buried my face in Jack's groin.

While I was working on his cock, Tom felt and squeezed my ass, got my pants down, greased my asshole and worked his fingers into it. He knelt behind me and pressed the head of his cock against my asshole, then moved it up into me. When he felt the head of his cock slip into my asshole he grabbed me around the waist and shoved the whole length of his cock up my ass.

Man I was in heaven. Tom shoved that cock of his in' and out of me like a fucking stallion. By sheer luck, both of them unloaded their wads into me at the same time. Jack shot so much that at first I thought he was pissing instead of coming but I was glad to swallow every drop of it. I could feel Tom's cock squirting cum up my ass. That was the first time I'd ever gotten it from two guys at once and I loved it.

Tom had to go home to his wife but Jack stayed all night. He undressed completely and wow, was he ever built. And horny and cooperative. He just lay back and let me kiss and lick his whole body, asshole and everything, until that gorgeous cock of his was hard again. This time he wanted to fuck me.

After he'd shot his second load we lay in bed together until we fell asleep. For his first time, the guy was terrific just following his natural impulses.

I always went to Jack and Tom to get my tank filled and when one or the other-or both-were in the mood I'd get filled up again later in the evening back at my apartment.

10 Surfers Pissed on Me

CALIFORNIA—When I lived in Hermosa Beach I brought home a surfer-type one night. He was 25 and after I blew him he asked if he could bring his brothers over. Two nights later he showed up with two guys, one 23 and one 18, who had never been blown. They had just come from a gang bang where they claimed a girl had been screwed 112 times.

I said I sure would like a line up like that sometime and that's what started the whole thing. Over the next six months they brought 68 guys, some nice, some not so nice. I finally had to cool it. They came sometimes as many as 10 at a time and got too noisy and some of them lifted things. But it was great while it lasted.

One night I got in the bathtub and 10 of them pissed on me at the same time. After that they always wanted to piss on me.

One time I was laying on the floor with a guy fucking my mouth when another guy shit on my cock. I wasn't yet into that scene; it bothered me.

Another time when someone was straddling my head they branded my ass with a hot fork. This bothered me too although it didn't hurt much but later it turned me on. The brand showed below my bathing trunks and it must have spread the word because guys I had never seen before tried to make dates. I was really sorry when that scar disappeared.

As I remember those days now it all seems unbelievable but it happened.

Playing with Players

The biggest score of the month never got near the sports pages. Male cheerleaders who write sports stories can't be sniffing a guy's jock one day and exposing him as a "fag" the next. The score: 52 counts of "sexual abuse, sodomy, and various sexual acts" between seven boys aged 11 to 18, and coach B.F., 28. B.F. ., a football coach of the junior varsity at a N.Y. state high school, was arrested.

Evidently some of the little motherfuckers are "fuck and tell" types, and after enjoying their unorthodox post-practice pleasures with the coach, ratted on him, playing "victim" roles. Having sex with boys on the team is definitely breaking training rules, and though the kids had strictly Little League pricks, B.F. was unable to resist their hot little assholes-nor they him.

The reason boys go through the masochistic tortures of athleticism is to avoid being "queer." But often their desire to have fun outweighs their desire to have respect.

Some coaches, like some scoutmasters, are similarly torn by conflict. They get caught in a vicious circle. To show they're "straight" they enter a career that is the straightest, but also, at the same time, the most insanely erotic, with boys constantly pulling off their jock straps and jockey shorts.

Many jocks are America's true homosexuals. They show contempt for "broads" and "fags" and save their affection for each other. It's a negative love based on fear of bullying but a deep love nonetheless. Homosexuals have comparatively casual sex; these jocks *crave* each other.

- Boyd McDonald

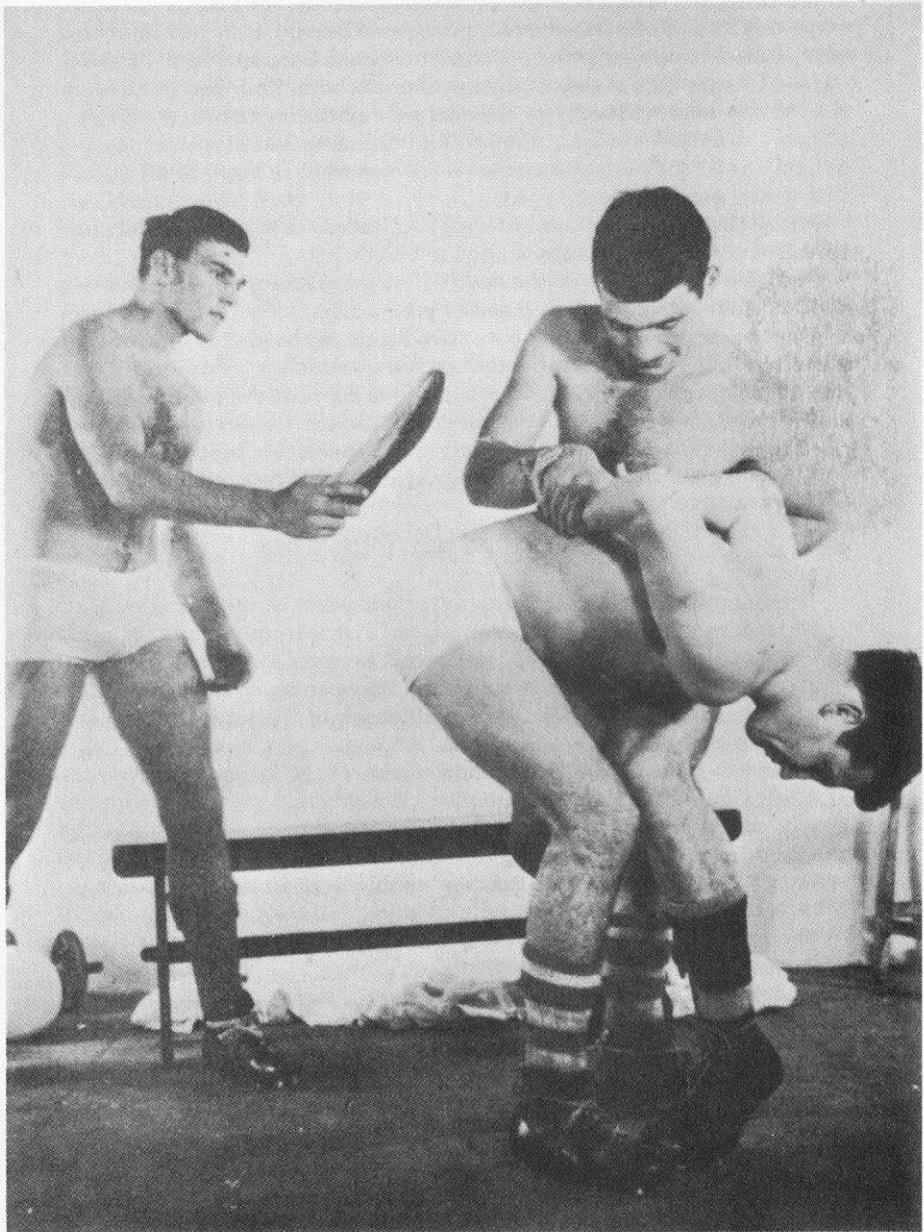


Photo: REVOLT

Jocksucker: I **The Halfback of Notre Dame**

FROM A WESTERN CAMPUS — When Notre Dame beat Alabama on New Year's and became No.1 it reminded me of a buddy who used to play ball at Notre Dame.

I first met Mike when I was driving to L.A. one hot day. I needed a short cool shower and a long hot blow job so I stopped off at U.C. Berkeley. I got a campus map and found the Harmon Gym Locker.

I located a busted locker and got into my jock strap, black nylon track shorts, and black and white running shoes. When I got to the john it was empty except for a skinny young guy at the urinals. When I got my shorts and jock down to take a leak I began getting a hard on. On the wall in front of me was SHOW HARD ON FOR BLOW JOB. Skinny stared greedily at my dick and licked his lips. I was so horny I considered letting him have it but he wasn't my type. So I headed for the track.

One of the joggers gave me the eye. The next time he came around the track I eyed him right back. Not bad. Big rugged dude. He was an older guy, 25-30, stocky with just a bit of a sexy beer gut. Lots of dirty blond hair everywhere except his head and a fine dark tan. A nice groin bulge being shoved back and forth between really spectacular thighs.

The next time around he grinned and dipped his head in greeting. After I ran a few laps he sat by me on a bench so close I could almost feel his body heat. I felt and saw his eyes stripping me. My dick started to stiffen. He watched it and let his own stretch in his shorts. He got up and grinned and looked back at me as he headed for the lockers.

I waited a respectable time. I was excited. My jock was sticky and soaked with sweat and cock juice. I finally followed him into the john. He'd stripped off his shorts completely and was standing there with his big butt jutting out of his jock in all its glory.

After I took a leak I saw him milking his big rod and looking at mine with this big, sexy, shit-eating grin on his face.

He eased over to me and was about to grab my big black dick when someone else came into the can. Shit. Jock went into one of the stalls and I pretended to take a leak until the intruder left. Then Jock opened his stall door and motioned me into the next booth.

I hoped to find a big glory hole but no such luck. I sat reading the graffiti-names, telephone numbers, and drawings. From the other side of the partition, the guy said, "Take off the shorts and leave the jock on, Like this." Then his whole hairy crotch appeared between wide-spread thighs under the partition. I bent down to get a better look and there was his sweaty jock hanging on his legs below his ass. For a moment I didn't do anything but stare. He was displaying everything. I'd never seen a blond with such a dark-skinned hairy crotch.

I was about to grab his dick and lick the juice off it when he stuck his face under the partition, mouth open. So I stripped off my shorts and pulled down my jock as he showed me and shoved my dick to him. Giving weird little moans, he started sniffing my jock and licking my nuts. Finally he started sucking on my dick like a God damn vacuum cleaner.

Afterward, he asked me what I was studying in college and if I participated in sports. I told him I was a real sports nut and had been in football, track, swimming, and so on. I asked what he did at U.C. He said he was a grad student now but used to play halfback at Notre Dame. (So that's where the scars on his face and knees were from.)

"Any fooling around on the team?" I asked him.

"Not that I know of," he said, "but there was plenty of weenie-waving and grab-ass."

"Yeah," I said, "and I bet yours was one of the most popular."

Jocksucker: II The Basketball Blow Jobs

CONNECTICUT — I was a 20-year-old who only shaved once a week and had had only one session-a real fiasco-with a woman. I had had plenty of men, however: since the age of 12 I had been sucking off my friends plus some strangers for trade.

I had tried in the Army to give up cock and was fairly successful (if you overlook the dozen or so tasty dicks I ate during the 22 months I served my country).

But when I went to the New London branch of the University of Connecticut, there were sailors all over the place, and as every cocksucker knows, most sailors enjoy getting sucked and many enjoy a stiff prick up their assholes. Plus there were a lot of juicy students.

Next to me in my dorm were four jocks. Two were on the varsity basketball team and the other two played on the dorm team. After the games I'd almost always go for a swim, which put me in the locker room when the team was showering and dressing. I got to see some beautiful studs.

Willie, one of the varsity players, had had some male sex and he spotted me checking out cock.

One Friday night he told me his roommates had gone home and invited me to keep him company in his room. He was facing me in the shower by the locker room, his legs spread, rotating a bar of soap around his balls. Pretty soon his beautiful cock pointed straight at me. He was smiling. He dropped his eyes to his hard cock and tickled its big pink head with his index finger. "It wants you to keep it company," he said.

But I was afraid and settled down with medieval history rather than Willie's cock.

But he walked into my room-stark naked-closed and locked the door behind him, grabbed me by the ears, pulled my head down to his cock and said, "Suck it." He forced his standard 6" all the way down my throat. He made his hard cock jerk two or three times in my throat. I'd never taken a cock in my throat before. I loved it. But I needed air and pulled away. Again I became afraid-afraid he might tell the other guys.

"You take care of me when I need a suck job and I won't tell a soul." He was standing in that becoming spread-leg pose of his, holding his cock and balls in both hands. "Unless," he said, in an insinuating voice, "you want me to."

"No, please, don't tell anybody," I said, and slipped submissively to my knees in front of him. He rested his cock on my head and pressed his balls against my forehead, then grabbed my hair and pulled my head back. The head of his cock poked into one of my eyes but with the other I looked up at that beautiful male-his blond pubic hair, his belly button, his smooth hard chest, his smile, his white teeth.

I swished my tongue around the head of his cock and gave a few sucks before he drew back. "Strip and get into bed," he said. He turned the light off. I loved the feel of him next to me in bed-warm and smooth and tough. He grabbed my shoulders and pushed me down to his groin. He shot the sweetest wad of cum I'd had in a long time.

I sucked him a few more times before his roommates returned Sunday night.

He'd been hinting around from the first that his roommates might go for some head but I always tried to talk him out of it. One Wednesday night Willie-slightly drunk-woke me up. "Get dressed. I got to see you." I walked out to his car with him and sucked him for a minute when a beam of light spotlighted us and I heard laughing. He'd set his roommates up too.

"Come on, don't make a fuss," Willie told me. "Suck them off. Do what they want and there won't be any trouble. Especially if you suck all of them." We went inside.

Willie pushed a bed into the middle of the room. Everybody stripped. Willie-the leader-spread himself out on the bed and said "Come and get it." I dropped all my inhibitions and surrendered to that delightful malady I'd been afflicted with ever since my teenage years: cocksucking. His roommates surrounded the bed to watch and I gave them a good show. Their commands spurred me on. They were amazed at the variety of sucks and licks I used on Willie's cock and balls. Willie's moans heated us all up more and he unloaded in record time: three minutes. I suspect it was the audience that made him hotter than usual because he was an exhibitionist.

"Jesus Christ," said Larry, whom I learned later had never had a blow job, "he's swallowing Willie's cum." I was busy trying to get every drop of his cum but I heard Tim explain that's why cocksuckers work so hard on a dick-they're crazy for cum.

"Fuck off, you got it all," Willie said. He pushed me away, got out of bed, and said, "Next." Before Willie's ass was out of bed Tim settled himself on his back and spread his legs on either side of me.

"Get me a couple of pillows, you guys-I want to watch this fruit eating my joint." Tim folded his arms behind his head and lay back to watch me eat his dick. He was the heaviest (and crudest) of the lot-a chunky good-looking Irishman with a matching cock. It was stubby and thick and uncut. I devoured it.

Suddenly I felt a big rough hand sliding over my ass. "He has a real smooth butt," Larry said. "Does anyone know what it feels like to throw a fuck up a queer ass?"

Willie said that when he was stationed in India he'd thrown a few into his mechanic's ass. "Not bad at all," he said, "real tight and better than fucking your fist when there isn't any cunt around."

"We agreed to fuck his mouth and I think that's all we should do," said Swede. "I've had a few blow jobs from queers and I know they can give you great head but I don't really go the ass route. That would be really queer."

"You were stationed in England so what would you know about going without cunt?" said Willie. "If a guy can get some relief from fucking a guy's ass what's wrong with it? It doesn't make you queer."

"It does if you keep doing it. There are plenty of cunts around. Besides, Larry hasn't even had his first queer blow job. You shouldn't go around encouraging him to fuck queer ass."

"For Christ sakes," said Tim, who had been lying neglected while I remained motionless, listening to the discussion of a possible gang-fuck of my ass. "Will you let the fruit finish blowing us all before you consider any other action?"

The Swede pushed my head down on Tim's cock. "Go to it, Buddy. Suck the juice out of his nuts for him."

What the Irishman lacked in length he more than made up for in amount of cum. When his nuts burst it was like no load I'd ever experienced before. After the first spurt the honey just poured into my mouth in a steady stream. Some did spill but when he finished shooting his fantastic wad I licked up the overflow.

"My God," Tim said, "I don't believe it. What a fucking feeling." As Tim rolled out of bed Swede said, "O.K., Larry; your turn." Larry still had his shorts on. When he pulled them off, unlike the others, he revealed a soft cock. He was a skinny guy with a skinny cock. "Hell," I thought, "a bust."

Larry asked Swede to shut off the lights until he got hard. "Believe it or not, I'm a little nervous." Swede switched off the lights. The others laughed.

I soon got his cock hard. He let out a loud "Wow." He grabbed my head and jammed me all the way down. I gagged. For the second time, I had a man's cock all the way down my throat.

Swede switched the lights back on and the guys watched their roommate- previously another laconic, good natured guy-go wild in my mouth. What I had thought to be a puny prick expanded down my throat into a long, slim 7'. He lifted his ass off the bed and jabbed his hard cock in and out of my throat. I gagged and

tried to pull away but he wouldn't let me. The others cheered him on.

He succeeded in wrapping his legs around my neck and rolled over, me along with him. He started a brutal fucking of my throat. He had no finesse, no rhythm, no nothing-just a haphazard slamming of his cock down my throat. It nearly wrecked me. Thank God he was hot because he came in a short time. His cum was thin and acrid and there wasn't much of it.

I moved away but he grabbed me by the hair and had me lick the last drops. The others watched as I licked the last drops of cum off Larry's iron-hard cock. It tasted like battery acid.

"You're still up," Swede told him. "You want to go another round?" "Yeah. That was great. But you go ahead, Swede; I'll wait till you finish." Larry dropped his long legs over the side of the bed and got up, his long cock still hard, swaying about as he moved.

"Thanks, Buddy," Swede said. "Only take a little advice. Don't try fucking his mouth next time like a cunt. You'll scrape your dick on his teeth. He's the cocksucker. You should just lie back and let him do the work."

He climbed upon the bed, lay back on the pillows, and said, "Okay, Smitty, chow down."

"You've sure changed your tone," Willie said. "A little while ago you said you might not even feed him your meat. What the fuck changed your mind?"

"Seeing how you guys loved your blow jobs. I told you I've been sucked off before. I enjoy a good sucking as much as the next guy maybe even more since I have so much more to offer than most guys." He delivered this directly to Willie, who, while he had nothing to be ashamed of, couldn't match the Swede's massive ram. Even to this day Swede's cock remains one of my all-time favorites. It had a good inch on Larry's long slim Polish sausage and was noticeably fatter than Tim's stubby cob. The skin was polished ivory. Willie's Nordic prick was beautiful, I'll admit, but Swede's was perfection. The head was the best part of all. When his foreskin rolled back it revealed a warm pink head-not the sore red of the other three. The head of Swede's cock had a huge slit and when I poked into it with my tongue it opened and admitted the tip. The skin of the cock head was smooth as satin. I wanted to worship it and his big balls and blond-haired thighs, his hard belly and every other part. As I hovered over it the distinct masculine smell of a real man's groin wafted up to me and my senses reeled.

Swede grabbed his big tool at the base and waved it back and forth just inches from my eyes and mouth.

"I threw a damper on some of your talk, Willie," said Swede, "because I happen to like Smitty. I was sorry to discover he's a cock sucker but I don't want you guys to hurt him just because he is."

I reverently lowered my head, opened my jaws, and rolled my tongue around the huge head of Swede's cock. I was in heaven. I was lost completely in my need to

please this perfect man. I completely forgot the on-lookers. All I heard was an occasional "My God" and "Look at him eat that cock." All I wanted was to please Swede so that he would let me suck on his cock again.

I even shot off a quick prayer that he'd lead a gang fuck up my ass. In my frenzy of sucking and ravaging his marvelous, monster cock I came. Then his cock went into spasms and while I vacuum-sucked he unloaded a torrent of hot, thick, sweet cum. It was like melting butter honey.

Finally the Swede pushed me away from his softening cock and without a word got up and walked over to his bed, lay down with his back to us and went to sleep.

Regretfully I faced three leering louts with hard-ons that could be attributed to the worship service of Swede they had just watched.

I got off the bed, dropped to my knees and gave each of them-one, two, three-a mechanical blow job.

Closet Queen Cop Gets His

NEW JERSEY — Any of your truck-hawks that used to suck ten cocks a night up at the Bruckner Traffic Circle around the Cross Roads Diner ought to be happy to know that that rotten cop from the Barkley Avenue Station did eventually get his lumps for his weird behavior towards the cocksuckers and truckers who used to stop for blow jobs before the expressway was built.

This cop and two buddies were in a shakedown business. They often took guys in the car in the cemetery and "made" them blow them, then took their money and told them to get lost.

Mr. Weird was so vocal towards the truckers that his fag-baiting was more like trucker-baiting. Jealous, I suppose. He would curse them out and the things he said, according to one guy I talked to, led one to think he was a closet truck hawk.

One night he was hiding in the bushes waiting for a victim and mistook a teenager getting out of a truck for a cocksucker finishing up work. When the cop pounced with his rotten language, calling the kid a cocksucker and a queer, and began his verbal attack on the trucker, the man saw red and battered the cop into the pavement and drove off after taking a piss on him. It turned out that he was the kid's father.

A small article in a small community paper in the Bronx reported it: policeman attacked by "gang," and so forth. The rotten bum had a chance to think things over with a wired jaw and a few teeth missing. I was really glad to hear what happened to him. I had tried to make a complaint about him before but they laughed me out of the station house. I had his badge number and all, but you know the cops. I understand after his jaw healed he was transferred; the cops had had other complaints about him. But where can you send a cop more remote than Throggs Neck?

Anyway, like so many other cops, he took his homosexual problem with him.

Hubby's Night Out with the Boys

NEW JERSEY — I went to the baths in New York Monday. I must say I made out very well. I got a couple of nice cut ones right off (although I prefer uncut), then a tall, skinny guy with a long, thin, uncut piece. Another cut one, who was very nice, blew me like a madman until I was ready to die.

I was resting on a bunk when a 100% genuine doll of a Chinese came in. I had his cute, short, thick, cut cock in my mouth within seconds. He had a short fuse—he came quickly, a rather heavy load of almost tasteless cum. He's married too, lives in New Jersey too, but doesn't want to get involved and wouldn't take my address. He spoke very little English but knew how to groan "Wow" very well. He's a rammer-jammer but his cock was short enough not to gag me. I could kiss any part of his body. He had little cock hair and none whatever elsewhere. Just beautiful skin. But he had a sparse, coarse beard.

He was a quick reloader because I'd stir him up again by kissing his neck, ears, nipples, navel, thighs, and he'd plead, "Go down again." I'm certain he came four times and possibly six in an hour. He was the most delightful sexpot I've ever had. He destroyed me. I had two spontaneous, unaided orgasms while blowing him.

Trucksuck

NEW JERSEY — I keep track in a book of truckers I've blown. I haven't the time for too much roadside cruising and many of the good places are no more thanks to highway improvements, interstates, and various complaints.

Since I started this bookkeeping in 1959 I have logged 212 different truckers, not counting repeats.

I list the date, city and state (painted on the side of the rig), cut or uncut, location, time, age, and type of action. If he's black he gets a circle. If he's homosexual he gets a special rating. I have had sex in 25 states, three Canadian provinces, and Mexico. Sex with truckers, that is, in roadside places. Other sex I've had in other places.

Here's how I reconstruct #97 and #98 from my record:

It was a rainy night the 23rd of April at 1: 15 a.m. on Route -- in Upstate New York. I was heading toward the City and pulled into a well-worn wide spot on the road. When I saw a truck coming from the South I gave him the usual signal. To my surprise (and delight) he pulled off on the opposite side of the road. I went over, squinting as usual to see the name on the door just in case he was a nasty one.

The right door opened and I looked up to see someone already in the passenger's seat waiting. I climbed up and was surprised to see someone in the driver's seat too. The first guy was already unzipped and waiting. I got down and started blowing his uncut piece, doing a good job. I'd look up at the other guy and from the glow of

the panel lights could see he was kind of uneasy. He sat with his eyes turned away.

The guy I was working on was really enjoying it and I started to rub the other's leg. I was more interested in him (the driver) because he was a tall dark-haired guy in Levis and a Levi shirt and seemed to have quite a heavy body smell.

The guy finally shot a load and as he buttoned up his pants said, "Give Dave a good blow job." Dave said no. "Aw, come on, Dave," his partner said, "if you're bashful I'll step out." He did-in the drizzle.

Dave relaxed and leaned back and I started sniffing around his groin. I could feel his tool awakening in his pants. I knew he was hot. I started to chew on his cock and balls and the other guy looked in and said, "Why not climb in back, Dave, and really let him do you."

Dave stretched out on the sleeper and I pulled his Levis down and unbuttoned his shirt and started to really swab the sweaty brine off his body, all the way from his legs to his armpits. He was really turned on. I pushed his legs up and ate his asshole. He asked me to stick it in a little 'but don't tell the other guy. So I did. His asshole wrung my wad out of me in no time. He loved it and no doubt had been fucked up his asshole before. Anyway I had just about come and he started to moan and breathe heavy and said he was going to shoot. I got the biggest, bitterest wad I've ever tasted. It was really something. I assume he'd been saving it. From the condition of his cheesy dong it was probably cooking in there between his legs for a long time.

So that truck rolled away two loads lighter. I often think of the taste of that tall slim body and wonder if they ever get it on together.

Number 101 was a real blast too. He was a horny young black stud from New Jersey who for some reason had his daughter's communion dress carefully laid out on the bunk.

Number 46, Rival Dog Food rig, was a young guy who was a real S type. He said he hated cocksuckers but needed it because his wife was eight months knocked up. After he shot his wad he pissed in my face thinking it was a turn off. I can never forget how he raved when I opened my mouth and asked for more.

I Slept with My Nose Up His Ass

NEW JERSEY — There are always the street people around Times Square. Hustlers, like movies, change prices. After 1 a.m. the prices go down and after bar closing time they drop to nil-the price of a bed and a sandwich.

Last Saturday night I had been down to a leather bar in the Village and was rather disgusted at the imitation men scowling at each other in their leather and chrome jewelry. I returned a friend to his hotel and had coffee at a Times Square coffee shop.

A beauty walked by. Obviously a black hustler. He was too good looking to be free, in that area. Tall and dark skinned. Dressed in an Air Force hooded jacket and tight grey cords and work boots.

Some time later I saw him in a doorway. But the cops were walking down the street and off he went. I followed but he disappeared.

Later I saw him again. This time our eyes met. I realized that the way I was dressed would never attract whores (leather jacket and Levis). But he was obviously cold and ready to settle for a place to sleep. He turned around and asked if I was looking for action. He said he was hungry and needed to sleep; he wouldn't want anything more.

I could tell he was West Indian by his accent. He said he was from Trinidad, was 26, and out of work. He apologized for being dirty; he had been helping a friend clean his store.

Whores can play any role they think will please the customer. His little boy lost attitude was pretty convincing. With his heavy jacket, there was no way to know what type of body he had.

After I drove him to my place in Jersey he took off his coat and for the first time I saw his figure. A real Mr. America. Muscles on muscles. He was wearing a funky grey T-shirt. He had a tiny waist, broad shoulders, long muscled arms and what a pair of buns. Wow, what an ass.

I told him I wanted to undress him. I wanted to sniff and smell those hot manly smells. I sat him down and started to unlace his boots. Again he apologized for being dirty. He wasn't really all that dirty but he felt he was. Off his boots came, then his pants and shirt. All that black meat standing there to be admired.

I wondered how far he would go. Would he be aggressive or just passive.

I was sort of disappointed he wasn't smelling like a basketball player in heat, but he was uncut and that wooly bunch between his legs was no fresh daisy patch. He said he had to take a piss and where was the toilet. I just knelt down and sucked on his tool. He repeated again that he had to piss. I said go on. He said, in your mouth? He started and soon you could see the professional whore. He began to let it come in dribbles and as he did I looked up and saw him posing and showing off in an arrogant way, doing what he had probably been asked to do before.

He pissed a load of very strong stuff but I swallowed every drop. Then he sprawled out on the bed and let me lick his whole body, from his feet to his armpits and over his face, but he would pull away when his mouth was touched.

I ate that beautiful ass like you would never believe. It was a hard ass with a pink slit that was just craving a cock, I knew. I could tell he was fuckable. I wondered how many times he had pretended to fight off his partner before giving in (extra price of course).

Two hours later he said he wanted to come. He said he could come better in his favorite position-me on my back and him over me fucking my mouth. I would love to have read his mind while he was doing it. He finally poured his cum out. I was

probably lucky; he must have faked it many times.

Afterward we went to the kitchen. The workout had raised that distinctive sweat smell that turns me on. I cooked him some food, then took him to bed. I stayed awake for awhile; who could sleep with something like that in bed next to you. I started to eat his ass again. I wonder if he was asleep.

I slept with my nose up his ass all night. In the morning he looked at me and smiled. "Are you thirsty again?" he asked. Was I. I downed it all. Scalding all the way down. Then I began to eat him again. He rolled over on his belly and spread his ass. I couldn't stand the idea of not at least trying to get him so I pushed my cock to his ass as he lay there. In it went. A slight muffled cry.

"Fuck me, fuck, fuck for Christ's sake," he begged. "Fuck me. I know you want my black ass. Give me your tool man, that's what you wanted in the first place."

He was glorying in his surrender now as before he had gloried in his arrogance.

It was a beautiful fuck. It wrung everything out of me.

Later as he dressed I gave him a new pair of socks. I wasn't going to let his beautiful pair get away. There were a lot of good JO hours left in that black whore's sweat socks.

When I dropped him off on Whore Street (Eighth Avenue and 42nd) he remarked how he hated that fucking street.

I sort of think he does.



Boscoe. Photo © Alan Boone 1979

Chicken

WISCONSIN — I had just gotten out of the Army and had a lot of time on my hands. I began to notice that our neighbor's two sons were visiting their garage almost every afternoon at about the same time. I had a feeling they were using the garage for sex; it was summer, and spending so much time in a hot garage aroused my suspicions.

One afternoon I was in the back yard watering the garden when the two boys made for the garage. I gave them a little time to get started and then went over and looked in the window facing the alley. There they were. The older brother had the younger one on the blanket, corn-holing him.

I watched for awhile and then tapped on the window. Were they ever surprised and scared. I motioned for them to let me in. Once inside I let them know that it looked like fun and I'd like to join them. They decided it was all right to let me. I told the older boy to go on with what he was doing and I'd watch to see how he was doing it.

He greased his brother's asshole with Crisco. They evidently would take a couple tablespoons of the shortening from their mother's kitchen every time they decided to fuck.

The older boy readied himself over his brother's ass and plunged in. A few minutes later he began to hump like hell and I knew he was about ready to shoot his wad. The muscles of his ass quivered and he was jizzing away.

Then it was my turn. They were both eager to see the size of my prick. When I dropped my pants and jockey shorts they both stared at it wide-eyed, as my prick was much longer and fatter than the older boy's weapon.

The younger boy began to get second thoughts about taking it up his asshole. But after I promised not to put it all up his ass and that I would take it out if it hurt him, he gave in. His brother even offered him encouragement to make the attempt to take care of me. He was quite interested in seeing my big cock go into action.

I smeared my prick with Crisco but it really wasn't needed, as the boy's ass hole was already a slippery runway of Crisco and cum. I had him get on all fours, dog-fashion. I spread the cheeks of his butt, aimed, and shoved it in. No sweat at all. I worked my shaft deeper and deeper into him until my nuts were banging against his ass. The older boy got down on his knees to get a better look at that big cock going into that rosebud asshole.

Only a few times did he ask me to take it out but I just slipped an arm under and around him and held him fast. I told him to close his eyes and take deep breaths as it wouldn't be much longer and I would be done.

This seemed to pacify him. But it took time; every time I was ready to unload he would ask me to stop, or take a little of it out, or stop thrusting so hard.

Finally, after 10-15 minutes of slushing away, I creamed in his ass. When I pulled out his ass was fire-red with streams of cock cream sliding out. He had to take one hell of a shit.

Military Redi-Whip

DETROIT — It was about 10 o'clock one warm night, about 82 degrees. Cowboy walked along the water front in a park in Windsor, Ontario, across from Detroit.

I finally got tired of walking, sat down on a bench, and lit up a smoke. A sailor in a clean white uniform came up and asked for a light. I smiled up at him. I couldn't help noticing the outline of a huge cock in his pants. He was a black guy.

I lit his cigarette and introduced myself as Cowboy Don and asked what his name was. He said Tommy. I asked him to sit down and talk. He sat so close his leg touched mine. I was pretty sure he was out looking for it too. I had never shacked up with a black before but his big dick had me hot to try it.

I asked Tommy if he had a hotel room. He did but he was sharing it with two other men from his ship; they were in Windsor on leave for two weeks. We went to his room anyway, bringing beer.

We lay back next to each other on one of the three beds in the room and had a smoke and a beer. I made the first move. I reached over and slid my hand under his waistband. I soon had his big black cock in my hand and he was taking my pants down. His cock was about 8" long and 4" around, with a long foreskin. I had to have it. I was wild with desire. I grabbed the base of his cock and took it into my mouth. Tommy got into a 69 position and we sucked hard on each other.

The door opened and in walked one of his mates but we kept right on sucking. I felt something cold in my asshole. It was a wild feeling, as though something was being shot up my ass. I had to let go of that beautiful black dick to see what was happening to my asshole. As I did so Tommy introduced me to Kenny. I asked Kenny what he was doing and he showed me a can of Redi-Whip. He said he wanted to fill my asshole with Redi-Whip, fuck me, then suck it all out.

Kenny was about 19, white, with a long slim cock about 10" by 3". I continued sucking on Tommy's cock while Kenny rammed his in and out my ass, whispering in my ear, "I'm going to make your ass love my cock. Man, you have a tight asshole. Oh, this is good ass."

I felt his cum spurt up my ass. Tommy soon shot too. His wad was thick, creamy, and tasted Oh, so good. I kept sucking on his cock until I'd drained it of every last drop of sperm.

As Kenny sucked the Redi-Whip out of my butt I took my mouth off Tommy's cock and said, "Tommy, how about it? Can you piss for me now?" His piss was very sweet, yet salty. I kept swallowing it, surprised that it did not taste different from a white's.

The third mate arrived and as soon as he saw what was going on he stripped and started caressing his cock. He got it hard soon and stuck it up Tommy's asshole. Steve was also black and also well hung-about 11" by 5". He was cut. Tommy yelled, "Hey, take it easy man." Steve pulled his cock out of Tommy's ass, dripping with pre-cum. I grabbed it and stuffed the thing into my mouth as I was laying under Tommy on my back, with Kenny under me with his tongue up my ass. I was unable to get all 11" inches of Steve's meat into my mouth. He began to fuck my mouth hard and in about 10 minutes shot his load.

Then he pissed full blast into my mouth and Tommy began to piss again and in one quick move I had two cocks in my mouth pissing hard. I swallowed as fast as I could, not wanting to miss a single drop of this delicious warm piss coming out of these two big black dicks. When Kenny stuck his prick in my butt and pissed I was climbing the walls in ecstasy, taking three loads of piss at one time.

We all lay back and took a beer and cigarette break before starting up again. I spent about nine hours with these three sailors. We fucked and sucked and slept for about four hours. I learned that black cock is just as much fun as white.

The Fall of Jockey Shorts

By Our Fashion Authority

Today's males, both "straight" and homosexual, with their nasty little multicolored bikini underwear of the cutesy poo-icky poo-peekaboo- fuck you too type, look less like men than male sluts. It's as though they were all waiting to audition for some interminable chorus line. In these little male G-strings, Today's male looks less like a man than a stripper with a pathologically convex Venus mound.

Today's little posing panties are not made of cotton, which "breathes," but of nasty synthetic stretch materials which lock in the sweat and smell of the genitalia with their various discharges.

Moreover the newer male panties, which originated in some of the nastier European countries such as France, present special laundering problems for the "straight's" wife, who, on the authority of TV commercials, spends a sizable portion of her time engaged in hot competition at the clothesline with her neighbor over who can get hubby's clothes cleaner. "Straight" men are justly famous for their dirty underwear, a badge of masculinity with its encrusted urine deposits and embarrassing fecal stains. Even without seeing them, in public toilets you can tell a "straight" from a fastidious homosexual by the ass-wiping sounds the "straights" make. They spread the shit around, while a good homosexual will silently stuff toilet paper in and out of his asshole, leaving no traces of the hole's original function. "Straights," by smearing traces of shit all along the cracks of their butts, have bacteria-infested cracks which have given rise to one of their favorite phrases, "brown nose." It is also one of their favorite activities. Sometimes-in fact most of the time--"straights" seem like herds of primitive tribes wandering around mindlessly sniffing each other's butts. If you smell a homosexual's ass hole you

will very rarely get your nose brown.

The relatively dirty "straight" asshole requires scratching, even in public. Such super-"straight" types as cops and firemen can often be seen in public scratching their butt-holes with one hand and picking their noses with the other. If they have a free hand they frequently wave a .vinyl American flag. The two former actions are symbols of virility; the third of patriotism. All are false symbols.

Military Police Stud

NEW JERSEY — Friday night I went to a bar near Fort Dix. It's far more interesting than the "gay" bars and is usually 95% male. In a "gay" bar you know everyone's a cocksucker but at this bar there is the mystery that only some might be. It's the difference between hunting in a game preserve and hunting in a wild forest.

Around one a.m. I see a nice face at the end of the U-shaped bar. In civvies and alone. Knowing the barkeep I tell her to give him a drink. Six beers later he still doesn't know where the beer's coming from. Near last call bell I tell her to tell him.

He comments on the convenient camper I'm driving: "Nice for picking up girls." I say yes if you like them; I don't. He says nothing to this but as we leave he wants to see the inside of it. He got in and no sooner was turned around to look it over than my clamps went on his leg and I got a feel of it. He just grinned and said want to do something about it?

He wanted to take his car but I said no, let's use this-I know a great place. As though I'd go off with a stranger in the night in *his* car. I soon had him in a clearing in the woods. He said he had to take a piss. He was quite surprised to find a mouth ready to swallow it. He said he couldn't piss if I didn't stop. I let him get started and then guzzled away. He said, O.K., if that's what you like it's your funeral. I drained that stud dry-he was a 24-year-old Military Police-and started some tongue licking that really turned him on.

Though he had changed into civvies he had left his G.I. boots and sox on and underwear he'd worn all day. Sitting in the patrol car all day had sure got a nice smell in his groin and ass. I licked and sniffed here and there and he really seemed to like the attention. I said I wish you were dressed in your M.P. outfit. He just laughed and said, you like that stuff huh? Maybe next time. His body was fairly hairless but he had quite a bit of cock and asshole and armpit hair. Little elsewhere. I got down between his legs and he pulled them up to show he wanted his asshole licked too. It was sweaty and dirty and I told him so and he said, Shut up and clean it with your mouth, you know you want to. If you drink piss you eat dirty ass.

I wanted to, as he said. In fact I wanted to get his pants off so I could really spread his legs and get at him, so the boots had to come off. I started to lick his boots as I unlaced them and he sat up and watched- I was blowing his mind by now but when I started sniffing his sox and boots and licking his feet and sucking on his toes he really flipped out.

Finally getting him flat on his ass with his legs up, I worked on his hole again. I got it wide open and blew my hot breath into it, really relaxing it. He'd fart the wind out and I'd blow it up again until his hole was loose and ready for anything.

He said he had to piss again so I drained him again. He was able to piss with a hard on-unusual. His tool wasn't all that big but it was hard as a fucking rock.

I stuffed my tongue up his asshole again until I began to taste shit. I had never eaten shit but I'd sucked plenty of dirty assholes. This guy was straining so hard to get more tongue up his hole he was starting to crap. I sucked a mouthful of shit out of his hole and gulped it down. I looked up at him and yelled, "Shit, you fucking bastard, go ahead give it to me." He was really turned on and started giving orders like you never heard. He held his legs back and I stuffed my tongue up his asshole and he really crapped. I swallowed it so fast I really don't know what it tasted like, except that it tasted strange, but he was yelling, Eat my fuckin' shit you cocksucker, over and over, and when he was done crapping I licked his balls up to the head of his dick and discovered he had started to come. I took him and he just lay there out of breath.

We lay down awhile. My nose was nuzzled in his armpit and I was getting high on the sweat smell. Finally he asked if I was O.K. I said why not. He said he didn't believe anyone could be a human latrine. I didn't either and said I never ate shit before. Finally he said he had had his cock sucked but usually got paid. I said I guessed he'd have to consider the beers the fee. He said he didn't want anything.

When I got ready to move out he said he wanted to fuck some more. He said to bend over and he climbed on and started to fuck and really was good at it. He said he had to piss and did I want to wash his load down. I said to piss up my ass. He finally managed and instead of letting me unload it he continued to fuck. I warned him not to but he insisted and soon the piss and shit were running down our legs. He got mad as hell and started to get nasty mouthed again. I wiped up on some old towels I have with me at all times and then he threw me on the ground and really laid me. We fucked for half an hour and finally he blasted off. I was sniffing his T-shirt all the time and got off right after he did.

18, Black, Ready Smile

PHILADELPHIA — On my way home from work I pass through a black area. On one corner there is usually a crowd of teenagers waiting for a bus. Usually they look sullen or unhappy-all but one. He was usually on the edge of the group and he smiled when I stopped for the light or just drove by. One day he waved. It was a small gesture, unnoticed by the others.

Several weeks went by and the signs of recognition-and encouragement- continued. One Wednesday I was late and he was standing by himself. I pulled to the curb and he came immediately to the car. I asked if he missed his bus. He smiled and said "I guess so." It was an odd answer.

(I learned later that he missed it on purpose as he had not seen me go by.) Well, he was rewarded with a ride to his home area, which was not too much out of my way.

Thereafter, he met me at a predetermined place the several days a week I was able to meet him and drive him home. Each time he would sit closer to me in the car. I patted his knee occasionally, to emphasize a point. When I left it there once he put his hand on top and squeezed my fingers.

He was 18, black, no Afro, very smooth skin, ready smile. He laughed easily. When he learned I was a bachelor he wanted to see my house. So he told his parents he was playing basketball and would not be home until late. We had, then, about four hours.

I gave him a beer and he sat next to me on a sofa, leaned up and kissed my cheek, and said, "I like you." It was too much for me. I grabbed him and kissed his lips. The drinks were forgotten as I pulled him on top of me on the couch. We kissed every part of each other's face. My hands were all over his back and I pulled his lovely buns down onto my groin. Our hard cocks-restricted by clothing-rubbed against each other.

He breathed hard and moaned and whispered, "I just got my pants all wet." I turned him over on his back, stripped him down to his beautiful, glistening skin, and saw a cock that made me gasp. Three-quarters of its head protruded through the foreskin: it was still hard. He had a small ring of cock hair, no hair under his arms. His groin was soaked with cum and I was delighted to see such a thick, heavy load of white juice. I lapped up his juice eagerly.

"I want to undress you," he said. My own cock was ready to burst too. We went to bed.

This was the beginning of a relationship that has lasted seven months now. I have met his family, as we worked out a deal whereby he works for me after school and on weekends. We have a great time together. He earns some money (while I get some work done around the house) and his parents are delighted with the arrangement. So much so that he stays over on weekends to "help out when I entertain."

Catholics Forced Him To Wear 2 Cock Straps

Conscientious Catholic cock-watchers were "outraged," writes the revered Lamparski (who has become so crucial to American culture that one no longer uses his first name, Richard)-outraged by the tight pants Burt Ward wore for his interpretation of Robin in the *Batman* TV series (*circa* 1965). To appease this fanatic sect, Burt tried to suppress his succulent meat under that most gorgeous of garments, a cock strap. But the Catholics continued to apply as much pressure to the show as Burt's jock applied to his prick. "Even after the network made him wear a second supporter," Lamparski writes, "the group complained that the costume was too revealing." But so was the group's concentration on this detail, at a time when their pressure would have been better applied to their own Cardinals' support of the Vietnam War. But traditionally it is sex, not war, that frightens these pious rowdies.

Americans who have been embarrassed by the destructive behavior of our recent Presidents are turning to books like Lamparski's *Whatever Became Of...?* for more

inspiring material from our recent past; "Nostalgia Camp," it's called.

Donna Reed now speaks "with contempt" and "disdain" of the "male mentalities and egos" which made her TV role "a complete male fantasy" of the housewife-as-waitress, the only kind of woman these gentlemen could dominate. Donna, bless her, was "co-chairperson" of "Another Mother for Peace" and her two sons were conscientious objectors to something more dangerous than Burt Ward's tight pants: the Vietnam War. Neil Hamilton's stardom brought him "the second biggest swimming pool in California," but he sank to the pits and wound up in a cheapie-not mentioned in this otherwise comprehensive work, but a favorite of cineastes as well as pederasts, two groups which oft-times seem as one-a cheapie in which, when he stood up to make an exit, the seat of his pants was clearly stuck in the crack of his keester. The image, at Neil's age then, was not unattractive, and the director did not retake.

Lita Grey was a pioneer pregnant teen-a type less novel today than when the celebrated chicken hawk, Charlie Chaplin, knocked the 14-year-old child up. Possibly as a result of that and similar experiences, Lira's friends now are "all homosexuals." At the time this work was first published in hard cover (1974), Lita was working on one of her own, about "her experiences in cheap nightclubs." Since even the most expensive ones are sleazy beyond words, Lira's monograph on the cheap ones promises to be a major publishing event. Beatrice Kay managed to become sophisticated without becoming sour (she says she "married some very nice men"), but Loretta Young was rancid underneath what Virginia Field called her "sickeningly sweet" persona. Nor was Loretta's co-religionist, Michael Whalen, very pleasant. A typical representative of the right wing of his race, he never married, lived with his Mom until she died resisted improvements in the Church and attributed his failure to achieve full stardom to the fact that he was anti-Communist. Virginia Baby not only contributed to the revisionist history of the aggressively demure Loretta Young but acted for all actresses, and all woman, when, at age 19, she grasped a convenient decanter and beaned Fatso Selznik, the producer, after he "made a pass" at her. Philip Dorn, the sucky Dutch actor, was equally inspiring; he "found Louis B. Mayer ridiculous and did not hesitate to return his unpleasant remarks." Had Jose Iturbi known as much about sex as he did about music, he would have gotten the director of one of his vehicles, *Two Girls and a Sailor* (1944), to change it to the more realistic *Two Sailors and a Girl*. For that is the ratio preferred by sailors and other men who give themselves a socially-acceptable excuse for being bareassed in bed with each other. For once the psychiatrists, who see hidden homosexuality in threesomes composed of two men and one woman, are right. But in the immortal words of Jacqueline Susann, once is not enough.

-Boyd McDonald

All-American Hitchhiker

MISSOURI — On my way home from a friend's a few weeks ago, about 1:30 in the morning Sunday, I picked up a young hitchhiker. He told me he'd been to a rock concert in Edwardsville, Illinois and came over to the Missouri side of the river with friends. He was good looking, 18, a student. Curly light brown hair, lean body. We

exchanged first names and not long after he asked me point blank, "Are you gay?" When I answered yes it didn't seem to disturb him but he let me know that he "only fools around with chicks." A few more miles and several choice remarks about my sucking a mean cock and the kid began to warm up. In fact without saying a word he unzipped his pants, raised his ass off the seat, and eased them down to his ankles. He spread his slim legs wide to display his groin. I Goddam near ran off the road gawking at that beautiful sight. My own cock was stiff, trying to push through my Levis.

The kid had a beautiful set of nuts, low-slung in a fuzzy sack. His cock was about 5", not very thick, and, unfortunately, cut. But it still looked tempting. Hell, I wanted it right away so I found a secluded spot and parked. I licked his tasty balls, sucked them into my mouth, then fondled them while I licked his dick. By the time my tongue reached its nice round head it was already dripping. Greedy cock sucker that I am, I sucked his whole fucking cock into my throat and sniffed his cock hair.

The fingers of my left hand began searching for his asshole. He eased forward in the seat and surrendered the crack of his ass. I began probing his tight hole. He loved it. I wet my finger and stuffed it into his hole. Now I had everything going at once: my lips sliding up and down on his stiff cock, a finger fucking his asshole, my other hand caressing his nuts. Finally the kid groaned, his nuts tightened up, and his asshole tugged at my finger. He unloaded spurt after spurt of come. I was in hog heaven.

As I drove home the kid turned his bare butt in my direction so I could finger-fuck his asshole.

At home he got bare ass right away and lay face-down on my bed. When I began to show a little affection he bristled and said he didn't "go for that shit." I guess he felt it wasn't "straight." But he didn't see anything wrong with my hands and lips roving over his beautiful butt. I knelt between his legs and massaged the cheeks of his ass, lifting and spreading them so I could gaze at his hairy crack. Jesus it looked inviting. I licked all along the crack, from his nuts up to the small of his back. He abandoned it completely to me, even raising his ass up to make his hole available for kissing and licking.

I let him know what a beautiful ass he had and almost fell out of bed when he said he'd let me fuck it. He rolled over, checked my cock, and said "It's pretty thick so you'll have to go easy." He said once he was going to let a guy in Texas fuck him but the guy's cock was too fat for him to take. I smeared his hole well with KY and raised his legs over my shoulders. He guided my prick to his hole and I began pressing against it. Hell, it must have taken five minutes to stuff the head of my cock in. With his super-tight hole clutching my knob, he told me to wait until he was ready for me to feed him the whole shaft. A few minutes later the kid flashed a silly grin and told me to "shove in slowly."

I fucked him slowly, nearly out of my mind from the heat and tightness of his asshole on my prick. I ground once and awhile to massage his hole well. His eyes were closed and he had a rather satisfied look.

His eyes popped open and he muttered, "Fuck me hard." I cupped his ass in my hands and spread it even wider to get at his hole better and rammed my dick in and out his ass full force. He reached down and massaged my balls. Unknowingly he'd really got me because nothing excites me more than to have a guy fondle my nuts while I'm screwing him. I kept ramming him, pulling out all except for my knob, then slamming in again. Christ, my load must have come from my toes. It was the best fuck I've had-and I've had quite a few. What a sweet ass he had.

When I blew him again he didn't hesitate, to show his pleasure and began pumping his cock into my mouth. In a few minutes he delivered another man-sized load. I could hardly believe that his second wad would be as heavy and creamy as the first but it was.

In a couple of hours I awoke to find his bare ass pressing against me. My cock started swelling again. I ran my hand over his sweet ass and eased down in bed, brushing my cheeks against his hot butt, kissed it awhile, then spread it and began licking his moist hole. He pushed his butt against my face. I got my tongue in his hole and knew he was ready.

My prick went in easier this time: his asshole remembered me. I felt free to give him a wild fuck this time and he fucked back. Man, did he ever fuck back. He loved it and I knew it and he didn't care if I knew it. By now all he wanted was prick and asshole pleasure and he felt at home enough with me to get it. I came again in his sweet, sucking hole and like a greedy ass-worshipping cocksucker I went right at his butt, spread it, and licked the tasty treat. The kid rolled over, spread wide, and raised his butt so I could stuff my well-schooled finger in it for more fucking after my dick went limp.

By teasing his piss-hole with my tongue, I goaded him into giving me a wild face fuck. He held my head and pumped his prick into my mouth like fury, his balls smashing against my chin-a cocksucker's delight. He pounded his dick into my mouth till I thought my jaws would break. His asshole was trying to pull my finger in even deeper. His head was tossed back, his eyes squeezed shut, his mouth hung open, he was groaning. He was a hot fucking dude.

After I drove him home-an 80-mile round trip which he was, of course, well worth-he asked for my phone number in case he finds himself on the Missouri side of the Mississippi River. I really like his beautiful asshole and all that creamy come I sucked out of this "straight" guy who goes for "chicks only."

Educated Tongue

NORTH CAROLINA — This is true. I went to a public meeting in April in my city and among other things the superintendent of schools made a big pitch about not wanting any homosexual teachers or "gay" influences and .was down on porn and permissiveness in general. But he made a special point about "gays." Four nights later I was in a well-used john sucking cock and enjoying some fun and in this son of a bitch walked. He had no glasses on so I guess he thought he was in disguise. He went into a booth, stripped down, started to jack off, and soon came out to the pissers to see the action. When he pulled out his prick I went back to

blowing this young guy with eight great inches and he-the superintendent of schools:-went down on another hard cock. God, but I wanted to either punch him or slap a label on his ass reading, "I smear homosexuals to cover my own cocksucking." He's the best example I've seen of what *Straight to Hell* is all about and why we have to expose this Goddam hypocrisy, The bastard sucked a wad of come out of the guy's cock swallowed it, and left in a hurry.



Photo: Sierra Domino

Warning: Don't Read This If Big Pricks Offend You

OHIO — When I lived in New York there were fantastic glory hole scenes in the men's room in the basement of the Empire Hotel at Broadway at 63rd.

This is a true story about what actually happened there one rainy afternoon. This is actually the way it really happened and when I think about it I still get excited.

This hard hat got off early because of the rain and he was not due home until later so he spent an hour at the glory of the Empire. I had been stationed in one of the booths about five minutes when he came in. He looked to see if there were any prospects in the other booths and took the booth next to mine. Luckily there was a big glory hole in our partition.

As soon as he got settled I leaned back and looked through it. First I saw his huge hands with sun-bleached blond hair on them. His nails were wide and pink. I could see enough of his legs to tell he was muscular and tan. They too had shiny blond hairs.

As he moved around his face came a little lower and he caught me looking at him through the hole. He was about 33 and the years had made a real man of him. He gave me a little nod and smile. I returned the smile. I looked right into his extremely light blue eyes with their white lashes and brows. He had longish blond hair which was straight and hung loosely.

I knew I had to move fast and his smile had encouraged me. I could feel my cock swelling and moving upward. I leaned back and spread my legs apart to display my hard cock. He moved closer to the hole to see it.

I had to see what he was up to. I bent forward and met his eyes. He looked into mine with his pale blue eyes and brought his lips down to the hole and made kissing sounds. I put my mouth to the hole and let my lips touch his. His big tongue pushed into my mouth. It was so big I thought I might gag but the sensation was so pleasant and giving I was soon sucking it and enjoying it.

He pulled away and whispered to me to stand up and put my asshole at the opening.

When I did so I felt one of the greatest feelings of my life. He sucked my asshole so powerfully it felt like he was going to suck my guts out through the hole. His tongue was really educated and experienced. After he released my asshole I felt something going slowly up my hole. I was not sure what it was but I didn't resist because it felt good. I soon realized it was not his cock but his big finger, going in and out, in and out.

It made me want him to fuck me. This was unusual because I don't like to be fucked. But I wanted it bad now and I wanted it to feel like his finger up my ass felt.

I just wanted to know he had his cock up inside me.

He slid his finger out of my hole and I felt a solid push against my ass. I knew I was

about to get his cock in my hole. It was the feeling of a velvet rock against my hole at first. He kept pushing and pushing and pushed me away from the partition. He whispered hoarsely, "Brace yourself against the other wall so I can push my cock in."

I did and when he got his cock in my opening I felt a splitting pain and lunged forward. My God, it hurt. With the pain my desire to take his cock up my hole left.

I turned around to look and almost gasped at the sight. Sticking through the glory hole was the longest, fattest cock I've ever seen in my life. It was more than a foot long and so fat it filled the big glory hole. The head of his dick was as big as my fist. He had been circumcised and the scar was two inches wide.

I put both my hands around it, cupping it; one hand alone could not grasp it.

He later told me fucking a man in the ass was what he liked best. He'd found two men who were able to take his massive cock up their ass and was constantly looking for another.

I assured him I couldn't take it. He said what he liked second best was to get it up the ass himself. He asked me to screw him through the glory hole.

He put his butt against the partition, making his hole available in the center of the glory hole, and I started poking my prick into it. He withdrew and asked me to put some spit on my prick to make it easier.

But I did even better. I wanted to give him the same pleasure he'd given me stuffing his tongue in and out of my asshole. Up to now this never interested me. In fact, it repelled me. But now his asshole actually tasted sweet to me and I enjoyed loosening up his hole with spit.

I got my seven inches (not much compared to his but enough for a good time) into his hole and we automatically fell into a beautiful rhythm. The low moans coming from his booth told me he liked it too.

After awhile I felt his hole twitch and I distinctly felt it pull on my prick. Then I realized what was happening. As I was fucking his ass he was beating his magnificent cock and now he had reached a climax which I could feel in his asshole spasms. I felt my juice rising up through my cock and squirting up his tail pipe. When I drew my cock out of his hole the suction was so great there was a loud slurping sound ending with a pop.

He really knew how to take it up his hole. What a pity he could find so few able to take his cock.

S&M: Hard & Eager *"By the Unknown Hand"*

This one was approximately 5' 11", 19 years old, 150 pounds, blond wavy hair, blue-green eyes, fair complexion, nice build, heavy thighs, tightly fitted plaid

pants, a bulge at the right side of the fly, white teeth, and a smile of innocence.

He is completely naked. He has beautiful skin. Almost hairless body. High ass. Large thighs. Well-developed chest, rosy nipples. Flat belly. I am amazed at the size of his pecker and sac. His sac hung loose with two large nuts, the skin almost shiny. Faint curly blond hair at the base of his cock. The cock was limp but even so measured approximately 4" x 2". Its cut head was a light pink, the flange like a mushroom head. I lowered him in place on the table. I put the leather boots on his feet laced in his ankles and lower legs to prevent irritation marks on his skin' laced boxing gloves on his hands for the same reason. The gloves and boots fasten to the X-shaped table, putting him in a spread-eagled position, and helpless. I placed his head in the sling and blindfolded him with pads and tape.

He couldn't see but could realize he was naked and tied. He moved his head in the sling. He tried to pull his arms and legs free. I said, "Did your old man ever spank you?" "Sure. Lots of times." "How?" "Turn me over his knees and whack me." "Bare assed?" "No Sir." "What did he use?" "His hand." "Did it hurt?" "Sure." "Has he spanked you lately?" "No, Sir, not since I was 17. He slapped me a couple times across the face."

"Do you like girls?" "Sure. I mean yes, Sir." "You like kissing girls?" "Sometimes." "You ever had sex with girls?" "No Sir." "Do you get real sexy?" "Sometimes Sir." "What do you do when you get a bone on?" "Usually try to think of something else, Sir."

"Have you ever had your dick sucked on?" "No Sir." "Why not?" "Heck, I don't know. You mean by a cocksucker, Sir? Heck, I whack it off and that takes care of it."

I picked up a leather belt and wrapped the buckle end around my clenched fist. I slapped the belt down across his butt. He let out a loud moan. The belt left a long red stripe on his beautiful, fair butt skin. He tightened his ass muscles and gyrated his hips as I laid the strap on him raising red welts. He moaned, groaned, pleaded, yelled, screamed, and whimpered. "No more, please, no more." When his ass was scarlet I began on his full thighs. "No, please," he cried. I laid the belt down to let him rest. His cock was hard and pointed straight to the floor.

I took his hot cock in my mouth. His silky bag rubbed against my chin. I sucked hungrily. The skin of his cock was maddeningly smooth, the smell sweet yet masculine. The taste inflamed me-honey and sweetness so pure I couldn't have pulled away from his cock once I'd begun to taste it. I kept sucking his cock into my eager mouth. He groaned loudly. His cock touched the back of my throat: He cried out as he squirted out his sperm. It almost choked me before I could get it swallowed in gulps. It filled my throat.

Once I'd sucked him dry I was crazy with lust. I lapped all the slick from his cock and pulled my mouth away but it didn't go soft, only semi-soft. I sat on the stool, "How'd you like that, Tom?" He said he was so hot that the thought of a suck-off could cause him to chuck his cream in his pants. He lay there panting. "Maybe you'd like this belt caressing your backside again?" Tom moaned lowly, pleading

for no more strappings, his cock was fully hard again and eager.

Butt Meat

It is typical of our culture that, although it is perfectly acceptable to eat pig's ass (which is served under such titles as sugar-cured Virginia ham, smoked pork butt, and so on), it is strictly forbidden to eat a much filler grade of ham, the hams of the human male.

Great American Glory Hole

CALIFORNIA — I just now found the time to drop you a note and tell you about a great Glory Hole I found here in Pasadena. The place is called Oak Show. It shows sex movies but the best part is the john. It has a big hole so that you can sit and just suck and suck till you are full. I know, as I go there about once a week and suck till I either have them all or my jaws get sore.

Last week I went there about 3 p.m. and right to the john to take up my job of sucking cock. The fucken place was full so I had to wait and got one guy with a nice big cock at the pisser. He shot a nice load and left. The booth became vacant and I took up my seat and this one nice black stud came in and tried to put his cock through the hole but it was just a little too big and he was hot so he came into my stall and face-fucked me till he shot a nice load of sweet cum, which I love. He left and I had about 12 more cocks, some uncut, but the most of them cut, but cock is cock so I just suck them all. My jaws were sore so I left to see the show.

I found a black stud sitting with his cock out and it was hard so I sat down next to him and played with his cock. The biggest cock I have seen in quite a long time. I was hot for it to go up my ass. He wanted to fuck me but I had nothing to put on it so that it would go up my ass so I just took him home and we did it on the bed. He fucked me and I sucked him and he left about 4 a.m. leaving me with a sore ass and sore mouth but I was well fucked. He said he'd come over again and last night he called.

Is It a Sin to Eat Shit?

*Not, says this renowned young authority,
if you gargle with piss afterwards.*

CLEVELAND — There are a few guys for whom I will provide toilet services. One of these guys is someone I see almost regularly in a certain men's room at school.

He comes in nearly every Wednesday between 2 and 2:30. There was a time when this guy would come in, have his dick sucked, and then leave. Now, however, he likes to have me slide down under the partition between the two shit stalls so he can sit on my face. I love to shove my tongue his shit-hole. I suck and lick on his shit-hole until I can feel the muscles relax. Once that happens, his shit starts to slide its way down into my mouth. I chew it and swallow it. I can take as much of his shit as he's able to unload.

This guy loves to talk dirty when I work on his ass. He sometimes says, "Eat it, bitch, eat all my shit." Whenever I hear that, I suck harder on his asshole. The dirtier he talks the more hungry I become for his shit.

Once I've eaten his shit, I use my tongue to clean any remaining shit from around his asshole. This guy says I'm the "best goddam toilet" he's ever used. I truly hope he means it because I *do* try to suck up all the filth he can give me. I suck his cock after I eat his shit. One time he told me to gargle with urinal water before giving him a blow job. I did as he said. Most other times he just flushes my mouth with his piss after I've eaten his shit.

81-Year-Old Ready and Eager

CALIFORNIA — When I went to the can last night I saw this elderly man-81 he told me later. He followed me in and saw my dick and helped shake it for me after I pissed. He asked me if he could suck it for me. I took him to a place and he gave me a blow job that blew my mind. He was absolutely toothless. He told me later he couldn't ever get his up anymore. Said he was still married to the same woman after more than 50 years and he had a great grandchild recently. Had six kids himself.

He said up until four years ago, when he stopped getting hard ons, he had jerked off and let other fellows blow him or get masturbated either with someone or he'd take care of it himself. His wife denied him sex about 20 years ago. That was when he started sucking cocks. He said the young kids were no good-he liked them around my age because they really appreciated a good cocksucker.

He said about a week ago he went to one of the local beer joints and had a snoot full. On the way home he sat down to rest on the curb and dozed off. The next thing he knew a police officer was shaking him. Told him to give then his address and they'd take him home. He must have been pretty well oiled as he said to them, "How about letting me suck your dick."

The driver stopped and his partner got in back with the guy and pulled his pants down and showed a real hard pecker. He gave the cop a real blow job. Afterward, the cop said, "Get back here, Herb. This guy can really suck dick." So Herb got in back and promptly shot his wad. Old Tom thought he must have had it out up in the front seat and been playing with it.

When they got Tom home they admonished him to keep quiet about what had happened, and be sure and be around again. Tom said he'd sure remember them if he ever saw them again. He liked the first one the best. He had a dick that was long but very slim, while the second one was short and stubby and all but dislocated his jaw.

He said they both had foreskins. Tom said he hadn't been cut either and wouldn't allow his sons to be tampered with.

I hope to see the old fellow again real soon. He is a nice, kindly gentle man. Prior to blowing me he licked my balls and ran his tongue up my asshole.

State Trooper Nookie

MICHIGAN — While returning home alone from visiting my sister in a Southern state last spring I discovered that I had a flat tire about 20 miles from nowhere in Tennessee. It was around midnight and raining like hell so I stayed in the car with just the emergency lights blinking until the rain let up a bit. While I was trying to assemble the jack a trooper drove up with the caution light spinning on his roof. He remained in his patrol car a few minutes before he got out.

In his delightful Southern drawl he politely asked if he could be of any assistance. He was a handsome bastard, in a rugged sort of way. Tall and lean. Early 30s. After watching me try to get the handle connected to the jack he took it from my hand and without saying a word had the fucking flat changed in five minutes. He even tossed the flat into the trunk of my car.

He was friendly as hell and seemed reluctant to leave, making small talk about my being from Michigan, he having an uncle in Detroit, and so on. Finally I thanked him for changing the flat and he extended his hand for me to shake. "You're quite welcome," he said, with a grin. He grasped my hand tightly and gave it a hell of a squeeze. Then he brought it down in front of his groin, which caused me to notice that he had a hard on.

"How about servicing this for me, buddy?" he asked. I'm a full fledged cocksucker, which he apparently sensed, but I was surprised at his boldness. But thrilled also. But since he was a cop I was somewhat leery. He noticed my uneasiness and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Sorry if I was mistaken about you, kid. It gets kind of lonesome out here at night and I really could dig a good blow job." Then he released my hand, which he'd been holding in front of his groin.

But I couldn't deny this trooper his desire-especially since he had gumption enough to ask me. So I reached down between his legs and rubbed his swollen cock. I'll never forget the gorgeous smile he gave as he happily told me to get in the front of his car.

When he turned down the volume of his police radio I noticed he was wearing a wedding band. He said he didn't suck cock but loved the hot mouth of a cocksucker, male or female. He made it clear it was to be a one-way deal and was courteous enough to ask if this would be O.K. with me. I told him he'd had me figured out right from the beginning and that I'd love to nurse his cock for him.

He unfastened his gun belt and tossed it into the back seat, then unzipped his fly. I pulled out one of the most beautiful circumcised cocks I've ever seen-long, plump, and scrumptious. He raised his ass so I could get his nuts out through the opening in his boxer shorts too.

"It's all yours, kid," he said with a laugh. He spread his legs and leaned back to enjoy it. I kissed his big nuts, licked the juice off the head of his cock, and soon was feverishly sucking on his whole cock. He must have set out that night to entice a fastidious cock sucker because I smelled baby powder on his nuts and dick.

At no time while I was feeding myself on his delicious cock did he show any disrespect or use any profanity. He was no pig. But when he knew he was going to shoot his wad soon I did hear him say a few times, "That's it, buddy, suck it good." He was sure of himself and felt no need to cover any guilt in abuse, like most cops.

He rewarded me with a wad of thick, chunk-style come-the kind that an enthusiastic cocksucker like myself really enjoys. The handkerchief he'd pulled from his back pocket wasn't necessary to catch the overflow of come and avoid leaving "pecker tracks" on his uniform. I frantically swallowed every drop of his heavy load. But I did use his handkerchief to wipe dry his balls and cock for him. And when I asked him if I could "please" keep his handkerchief for jack off fantasies he just laughed and said, "Sure, why not."

Just before we broke up I thanked him once again-not only for changing my flat but also for letting me suck on his tasty cock. He smiled and said, "The pleasure was all mine, buddy. Thank you." A real sweet guy, as only those who are liberated can afford to be.

The Last Suck of Summer

CONNECTICUT — It was around 11 a.m. in the dunes cruise area to the rear of the gay beach at Provincetown. Numbers were already on the prow. Although I'm in my 40s I'm not bad looking. Because I make it obvious that I'm the one who will do the sucking I usually score fairly easily. I displayed a volume entitled *Suck Slave*, with a cover picture of a cocksucker on his knees before two hung studs shooting their wads all over his face. Next to it I placed a fresh tube of KY and a box of Kleenex. I hunched back on my legs, waiting.

Within minutes I had my first bite (or as it turned out, *he* had my first bite). A tall, chunky French-Canadian. The Cape gets quite a few French-Canadians. He stopped a few feet short of my blanket, hesitant. I knew I'd suck him the instant I saw him so I slowly rose up on my knees, never taking my eyes off his groin, which was swathed in skin-tight black trunks.

I licked my lips and when I saw his cock swelling in his trunks I smiled and beckoned him to me. He moved right up. I breathed on and kissed the groin of his trunks and pulled them down. Up sprang a jaw-breaker. Surprisingly for a Canadian, it was cut; a stubby, fat prong about five or so inches with an enormous head. I placed my hot hands on his hips and pulled him to my mouth and slurped his delicious, salty, already-drip- ping dick. I swear it must have been half as wide as it was long because I really had to open wide for it. Within minutes several guys appeared from nowhere to watch us. Frenchie came fast, a big tasty load. He was real nice about it and let me keep his prick in my mouth until it was soft. Two rather nondescript guys in their 40s with obvious hard-ons stayed behind when the audience left. I sucked them both off. Watching a guy get sucked off must generate a little extra sperm in a guy's nuts because both shot large loads.

I walked around to restore circulation in my legs but when a stud in his early 20s came along and stopped I was back on my knees in a flash because he was a

knockout. He saw the cover of *Suck Slave* and apparently decided to unload in my mouth. He stepped onto my blanket, spread his legs, and began rubbing his groin.

He was wearing boxer trunks. I made no attempt to pull them down, starting in on his legs, feeling them up with my hands and tongue. By the time I got to his thighs the clearing was filled with spectators-probably guys that had been following him around hoping to get a taste of his cock. As my tongue licked its way up his thigh and into his crotch, the head of his hard cock pushed out the leg of his trunks and poked me in the eye. I started licking it but he was impatient. He roughly pushed me away and pulled his trunks down.

He had a beauty. Long and thin, made for sucking. About 7" and cut. I got one of his balls into my mouth but he grabbed me by the hair, pulled my head back and stuck his cock into my mouth. He didn't stop pushing it in until it was all the way down my throat. It was made for sucking but he wouldn't let me suck. Holding me by the ears, he fucked my throat. He wasn't gentle either. He really threw his meat in and out of my mouth.

When he started to shoot his wad a few minutes later I tried to pull away-not to get away from his come but to taste it better. I like to have only a few inches of cock in my mouth when it unloads so that I can roll the come around the cock and savor its taste before I swallow it. But this prick held me fast and shot his wad down my throat.

10 Hawaiian Dong Unload on Tourist

CALIFORNIA — I just returned from a month's vacation in Hawaii. I stayed at a friend's pad.

One Saturday my friend Kami asked what my favorite sex fantasy was and I told him I'd like to have my body "semenized" by about 30 guys standing around me as I'm laying on the floor-I'd like to have them jack off all over me, squirting their loads on every part of me.

Kami said he'd see if he could get some of his hornier buddies to unload their wads on me. He got 10 to accept his invitation. He asked them to save their cum so they'd have heavy loads.

On the day of the party the guests started arriving about 2 (it was a holiday). We ate about 5: 30 then drank as we watched a couple of porno flicks. At about 10 Kami announced what was going to happen.

I lay on a pile of pillows on the floor. The 10 guests and Kami stripped, as did I and kneeled around me. Kami suggested that they all try to come at once; everybody, including me, started stroking their uncut dongs. (Eleven uncut guys was a fantasy in itself.) When everybody was ready Kami gave the signal to shoot. All at once I could feel warm, thick, creamy globs of cum splashing and sliding all over me. I've never experienced such a wonderful feeling before. Two big spurts of JOY Juice landed on my lips and I licked them up. Seeing these guys stroking their cocks, the

feel of their cum on me, and seeing all those hard beautiful uncut natural hunks of meat really blew my mind.

I cupped both hands and starting at my belly button I scooped up all the dong dessert I could and ate it. Good to the last drop.

About this time a young, short, muscular Japanese stud told me he still had some juice he'd like to give me and he'd give it where I hadn't had any. He said he'd go around-the-world on me if I took his juice. I said O.K. He threw my legs back and gave me a good rimming, then took his small (about 6") but thick (about 6" around) wang and skillfully fucked my asshole.

After that came another rim job that cleaned his cum out of my asshole and a tongue bath that cleaned the rest of the cock cream off me. My own 6" wang had become hard again so I told him to lie down on his back because I was going to fuck him in the mouth. And I did give him a violent fuck.

"I Slid My Face under the Booth..."

CLEVELAND — The first day back at school I went into a men's room I have frequented for three years. This men's room has been sexually active since the school's inception and I have sucked and have been fucked by a multitude of cocks in there.

When I walked in that day I took the shitter by the wall, my usual spot. I sat there for a few minutes, jacking my dripping cock. Soon another guy came in and took the shitter next to mine and made signals with his feet. I moved my feet also, to let him know I was willing to do what he wanted.

I asked the guy if he wanted a blow job. He said, "No, I want a piece of ass." With that I slid my body down under the partition between the booths. The guy took off my shoes, sox, and pants, put spit on his fat white cock and shoved it up my black ass. His cock went all the way in me, pumping my ass good and hard. His cock action sent my head spinning—it really felt great. The fucking didn't last very long but I liked it anyway.

After the guy shot his wad in me he pulled his cock out of my ass with almost the same force he used when he stuck it in me. Then that beautiful-cocked guy told me he had to piss. "Oh boy," I thought. I told him to do it in my mouth.

This really turned him on so I slid my face under the booth, where my ass had been, and he got down on his knees to lower his hose in my mouth and squirt down my throat.

His piss flowed in my waiting, cocksucking, pissdrinking mouth and I didn't spill very much of the strong piss he gave me: only a drop or so.

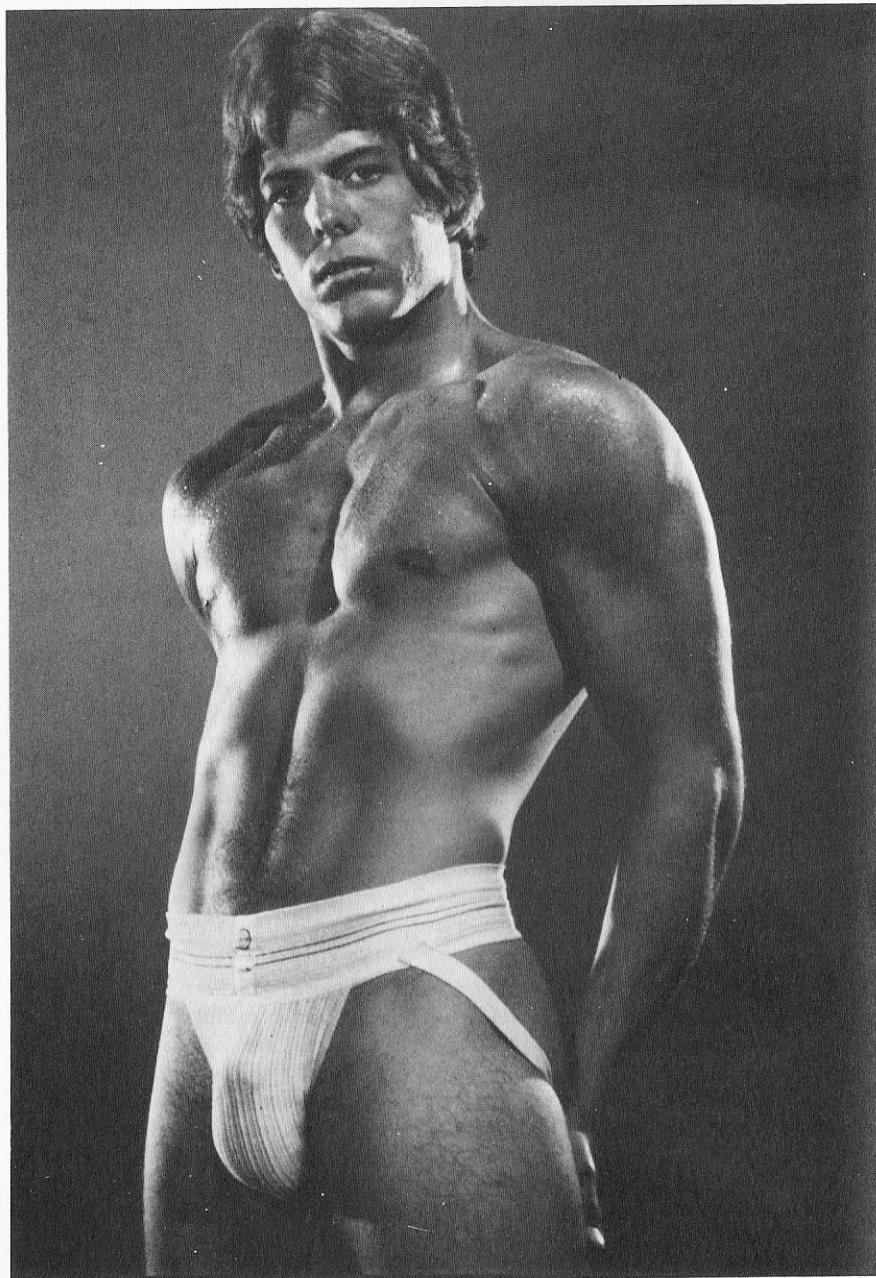
While he was pissing I got a taste of not only the piss but a taste of shit and cum as well. That was a treat.

After he unloaded he got up and left. I stayed. I didn't go home until hours later.

During the remaining time there I sucked five cocks, ate five hairy, funky ass holes, and got fucked once more by a black guy with a huge cock.

Corrupting a Minor

BROOKLYN — The lengths the vice squad goons will go to to entrap gays is illustrated by an incident that caused a small scandal in L.A. 17 years ago. One pig cop was so eager to make arrests that he used his own son as bait in several of the men's rooms of the city. The kid, then 17, would stand at the urinal and flash a hard-on at everyone who came in while Dad hid behind a peephole. As soon as some hapless guy would lay a hand or mouth on the kid's cock, Dad would appear and make the arrest. This went on for some time until one of the guys insisted on a jury trial. One of the L.A. papers picked up the story and started running editorials asking the question of just who in this case was the worst offender in contributing to the delinquency of the minor. The ensuing public controversy was sufficient to cause the reassignment of the vice squad creep to other duty, but the poor guy who brought it to trial went to jail.



Steve Kruse. Photo: AMG

Jock Straps: Seven STH Readers Tell All

TENNESSEE — In trying to understand why I like jock straps I guess I am reminded of the first time I ever saw one. I was in the sixth grade and before football games at the high school some of us would stand on tip-toe to watch the school heroes getting dressed through the locker room windows. This was at the end of summer and it was still hot. The he-men liked to show off their builds and in a jock they were not naked but daringly close to it. I was fascinated by the way the jocks held their contents up and out in a large bundle. The V-front jocks were most impressive to boys my age-12 and 11. Ever since I have associated masculinity and good looks with jocks. I have always marveled at them. I wear them often, trying to hang onto the many happy memories they bring back and identifying with other jocks I have seen and envied. When I see a jock or think of them I think of the guys that wear them and look beautiful in them. That's why I like jocks.

NEW HAMPSHIRE — The sight of a humpy butch guy with broad shoulders, narrow waist, flat belly, hard ass, bulging groin, body glistening with the salty sweat of the athlete and reeking with that special male aroma of the locker room-is there anything more of a turn-on? Yes. Put a jock strap on this groovy David and it blows my fucking mind. For me a sweaty jock strap is the height of masculinity-the ultimate male fetish.

My fascination with jock straps began early in youth when I was first exposed to the school locker room scene. When the guys came in from the practice field dripping-with sweat I watched with longing as they stripped out of their gear and strutted around bareass, wearing only their jocks, proud of their youthful bodies. I was tempted to grab and fondle and suck on that bulging pouch, snap those leg straps, and pull off that strap to see a beautiful cock and set of balls. I wanted them to leave their jock straps on the floor where they dropped them. Then I could sneak one, take it home, wear it myself, fantasizing on the groin of its owner and sucking and smelling that sensual, damp, stained pouch.

I like 'em clean and I like 'em dirty and I love that great erotic feeling as the elastic clings to my body and the pouch holds in my straining prick. I wear a jock most of the time, day and night, particularly when I'm with that groovy guy who wears skin-tight Levis over a raunchy jock strap stained with love juice.

As a jock freak I have collected many jock straps that were bought and seasoned with my own ball sweat, some that were given to me, and many ripped off from college gyms or the YMCA. My favorite is the standard Bike No. 10 with the red or blue piping on the waistband. For special occasions the rubber-cushioned cup jock can be a super turn-on, suggesting as it does the bulging groin of the football or baseball player (who is forever tugging at his hot and horny bulge).

A night with a- fellow jock strap freak is of course best but even alone my greatest wads shoot out when I wear a smelly jock over my face while rubbing my cock off in the pouch of a jock that fits snug over my cock and balls, its leg straps pulled tightly up in the crack of my ass. Wow.

NEBRASKA — The first time I became aware of jocks and other athletic gear was

when I went to a summer camp in Canada staffed by pro athletes on summer jobs. I always went on the first six-week shift as after that the pro football jocks had to report to training camp.

I had never worn a jock. The wrestling coach asked me to stick around and he would go over some basics with me. Several times when he would grab my leg near my groin his arm or hand would rub against my nuts. He told me I was hung better than most guys my age (18) and suggested I wear a jock for protection and to keep my balls from hanging out my trunks at meets.

I told him I didn't have a jock so he said I could use one of his until I could buy one. We went to his cabin and he gave me one of his old jocks. I put it on but it was too big for me, both the leg straps and waistband. When I asked him how tight it should be he pulled his trunks off and showed me his jock. I told him I thought my pouch was loose. He stooped down and put his hand over my pouch, gently squeezing to check the fit. It was as if an electric shock was going through my dick and balls. I felt the warmth of his big strong hand and my cock got hard as a rock.

I looked at his groin and said his pouch looked like it fit better than mine. He asked if I wanted to feel how his fit. He took my hand and put it on his pouch. I felt of it and squeezed it a few times as he had done with mine. I could feel his prick swelling and getting hard. The pouch held his manhood and except for the elastic separating us I was holding it in my hand. From that moment on a jock strap has had a special meaning for me.

Today I find the best place to get jocks, shorts, shirts, and sox is the YMCA or the local university field house. This way you know who's been wearing them. I prefer to pick them up just after they've been used. I know this is stealing but this way they are fresh from the body of specific individuals I've seen wearing them.

This summer I've been doing a lot of running on the outdoor track at the university. A couple dozen pro jocks are back, especially football draft choices. After running the track we run up and down the football stadium stairs in wind sprints and to build leg muscles. I talked a running buddy into trading jocks with me. We both got roaring hard ons the moment we put each other's jock on. We ran those steps like a son of a bitch, sweating up a storm. I suggested we keep each other's jocks and return them the next day. He agreed.

When I saw him the next day he was running the track. I asked him if he'd washed it and he said no. I told him I had given his some extra strength but did not explain. When we traded back he noticed his pouch was kind of stiff and starchy and I'm sure he knew what gave the elastic that extra strength. He didn't hesitate to put it on. This story is not only true but is going on right now.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA — Here is a description of when I first started being attracted to jock straps, what kinds turn me on, and what I do with them.

I first started wearing my older brother's jocks when I was 11 years old, before I could even come yet. But it really gave me a hard on and a thrill to wear one, not because of my brother, because there was no sexual attraction to him, just the jock.

When I entered junior high school and could get my own I had a collection of them from the school gym, from the guys that turned me on when I saw them wearing jocks. I would take them and wear them and jack off while wearing them. I'd also wear them when I cruised the two depots in Seattle when I was about 13-14 years old. It seemed to turn on some of the older guys that I met there. I dig getting fucked while wearing one, also getting enemas while wearing one. I'm now 26 and the kinds that I dig the most are Wilson, Champion, and some other brands, and I have a large collection of them.

I dig seeing guys wearing jocks, especially a view from the back, as you can see the straps disappear into the crack of their ass. Also a nice bulging pouch makes me want to suck their cock through the rough material.

I sometimes see a hunky piece of man at the YMCA where I work out and manage to get his warm, worn jock to wear' and jerk off in or wear when I have another trick.

Also dig seeing chicken wearing them, especially with white cotton gym shorts when they are all sweaty and you can see the straps through the material going between their legs.

Also dig light S/M-bondage while both guys are wearing jocks. I had one guy fucking me while I was wearing a jock and he looped the straps around his nuts while he was fucking me. Every time he pulled back it would cause pressure on my cock as it pulled the pouch back very tight and made me come in my jock.

LOS ANGELES — Anyone who is a cock worshipper or even just an admirer of the male body can't help but be fascinated by a jockstrap. It is the minimal garment a man can wear, short of nudity. On the other hand, in my opinion it is the maximum garment that most men should wear. The jockstrap is styled and shaped to barely contain the cock and balls, usually with a little pubic hair left out for excitement.

But the primary function is not for concealment but rather for protection. Every man whether well endowed or short-changed takes pride in his cock and balls, which provide the fluid for a lifetime of pleasure for himself and those he shares it with. Naturally then the athlete must protect that handful of meat, nature's most marvelous invention.

The jockstrap is the primary garment, or the final garment, being the last cover to be removed before a man exposes his so-called "privates" to everyone in the locker room. This skimpy garment must be considered to be the most intimate and sacred cloth which must never be desecrated by laundering.

To be the proud possessor of one of these intimate unwashed jockstraps which has been well used can lead to fantasies which bring pleasures to all of the senses. I can chew on the rear straps where they caressed his asshole: I like to look at and taste the piss stains. If it is a real treasure these may be some come stains to touch and feel. Best of all is the smell. I can sniff for hours at the pouch and ass straps and inhale that wonderful sensual fragrance of male sweat and the perfume of balls,

piss, and come.

But for an even more erotic experience I like to wear someone else's jockstrap for days on end, so that the generous fragrance of his cock and ass add to and enhance the fragrance of my own. Most important, if the pouch has been so saturated with his salty sweat that the fabric is stiff and can no longer "breathe" it gives a constant tingle to my cock and balls.

MANHATTAN — I've got a buddy who's a big jock at a southern Texas university. I send your rag to him every month. He sends me a mess of well-used jock straps every month. He says they're always laying around the locker room. Sent me one last week he spotted floating in a crapper in the locker room can.

Here's a list of the brands of straps he sent me.

Bike. Red and red/blue stripes on band.

Champion. Prick slot.

All Star. With cup. No stripes.

Jantzen. Red and blue stripes on waistband and leg straps.

Fruit of the Loom. Label on waistband above ass.

Bauer and Black. Yellow and blue stripes on band.

All Star Pro. Red stripes and stitching.

Bub.

Jay-Bee. With cup. *Pal.* Nylon swimming jock.

Em-Roe. From Indianapolis.

Protex. Five blue stripes on waistband.

Johnson & Johnson. Rugby permoflex. Weird jock with blue stripes for rugby.

Supporter Shorts. Jock sewn into white track shorts.

Flarico No. 42. Jock with metal cup.

Bike Pro No. 10. One red, two blue stripes on band.

Davega. House brand. Good-looking strap.

Futuro V Gard. Great comfortable jock.

Adams AB-10. Heavy football strap.

Circle Athletic Equip. Co.

Sears Roebuck. Blue stripe on band.

Wilson Grid. Interlocking jock.

SAN FRANCISCO — I don't remember being excited at seeing my classmates in the locker room while in junior high-either in or out of jockstraps. Most of them hardly needed a jock, though everyone wore one as a symbol of their yet unattained masculinity.

However, I was turned on by the locker room scene when it was filled with the older high school guys after a football or basketball game or wrestling match.

The smell drove me crazy, but I didn't understand why-yet. I remember one day being outside the gym door getting ready to throw my lunch bag into the big trash barrel, when I noticed that there were many jocks in the trash. It was the Monday after the basketball season and I guess the lockers had all been cleaned out that

morning. I knew right then and there that I *had* to have them. I stuffed every pocket I had with them and then put them in my locker for the rest of the day, which just dragged along, as I wanted to get home with my new treasures.

They were absolutely beautiful: so worn, and some smelled of that sweaty, masculine locker-room that I loved so much. I don't think they had been washed the entire basketball season!

If I wasn't having fantasies before then, I sure started. I would wear the jock and pretend that it belonged to one of my favorite athletes and that he had given it to me. While jacking off, I would imagine myself adoring him and worshipping him. I didn't know yet about sucking cock and balls, or licking his nipples, or fucking, etc. I was very slow in those days-but I've made up for it since.

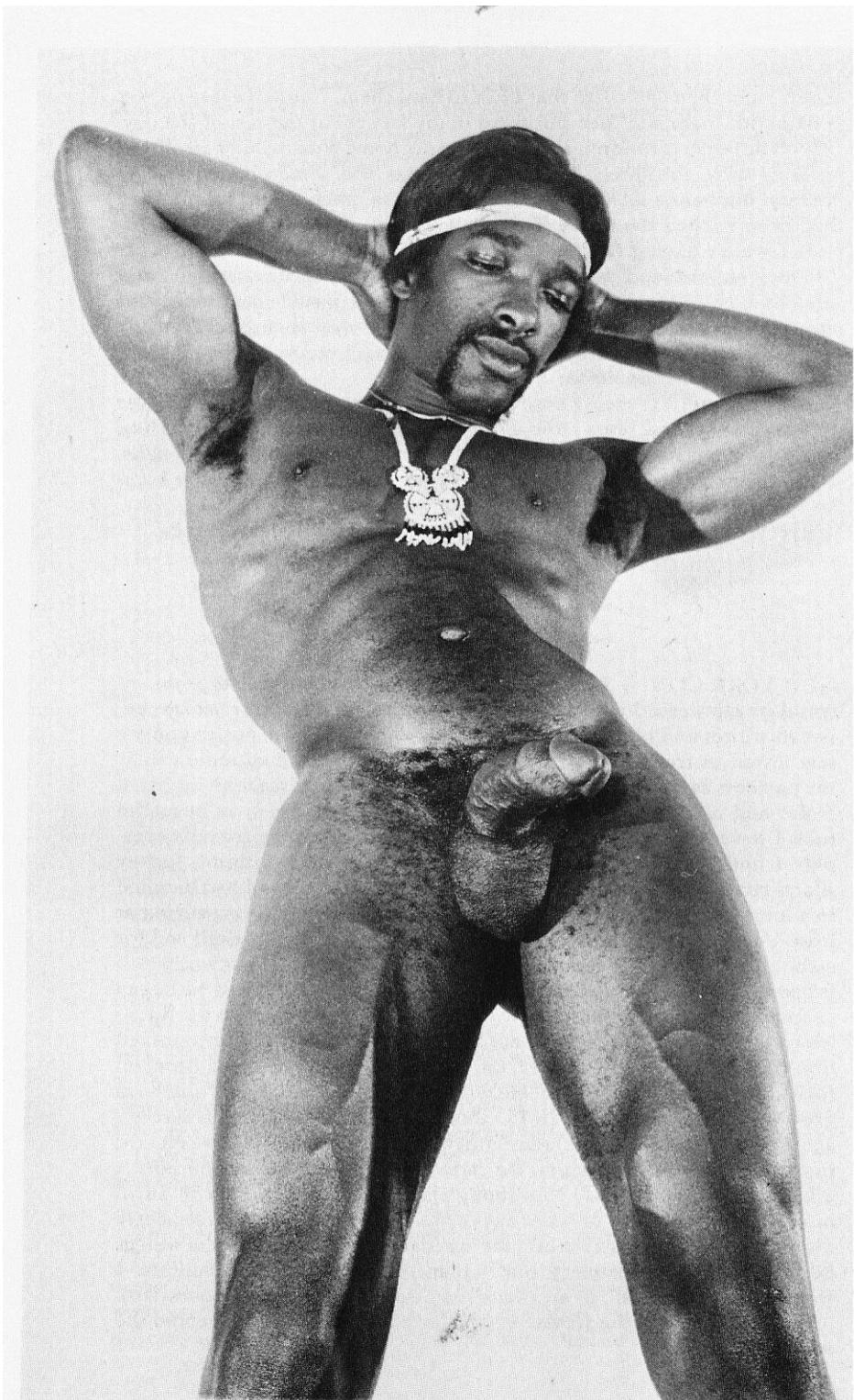
Unfortunately, the story has a sad ending. My mother found my drawer of treasures several years later and made me burn everything, including some drawings I had done in which all the men had *huge* dongs and balls. I also had some rubbers that I liked to beat off in. For some reason I was saving them all.

Everything went up in smoke, my tears being their silent eulogy.

Sex Harmony

NEW YORK CITY — I have a theory that much of our racial problems could be eliminated if there were more instances of sexual relations between whites and blacks and other people of color. I have noticed only a few instances from your paper of any of your readers mentioning their sex partners as being black. I have had some marvelous scenes with black males and also with orientals. Recently I received the most beautiful fuck I have had in a long time, from a black. After some friendly fore- play I undressed him and was pleased to find that his bulging Jockey shorts contained one of the longest and best-shaped cocks I had handled in a long time (exceeding 8 1/2"). I went down on it, quickly capturing at least 3/4 of it in my mouth on the first try. But the cock was designed for ass holes and with the help of some KY he slipped it into me as easily as if it had found a home. I locked my legs around his shoulders and we began to fuck, moving to each other's rhythm easily.

He was in up to the hilt- his small balls banging against my ass. He stroked away as I encouraged him to fuck harder and deeper, until he moaned and his head dropped forward in a groan of orgasm. He withdrew slowly, which was almost as great a pleasure as fucking. In 15 minutes this remarkable guy was ready again & this time we fucked standing up-me leaning forward to receive the full benefit of his thrusts. He came again. After this second bout I asked his age. He was only 18, although he appeared older. I am 38. In all my relations with men of other ages or races I have never been seriously disappointed. There is a natural sexual curiosity between races as well as between youth & maturity that enhances these sexual encounters. I would also like to relate at a later date some of my experiences with orientals, especially the Japanese, who have mastered if not invented the art of cocksucking.



Arby. Photo: Sierra Domino

Black Meat

NEW JERSEY — The truck stops are now saturated-try the migrant help in the agriculture areas. Hog Wallow, New Jersey, has one of the finest work camps around, right in the middle of the cranberry area and blueberry fields. You might find your thrill on Blueberry Hill.

Met an interesting guy last weekend. Stopped for coffee at a Dunkin Doughnuts and some huge Watusi type guy was walking through the parking lot peddling a crate of apples. I guess he misinterpreted my gaze as being directed at the fruit rather than him. From the plates on his car I'd say he was a Southern farm boy type, although he was 40 plus. Big smile on his good-looking black face.

I told him I was in the market for a banana and if he was in need of attention to his, come on in my camper. He just grinned and asked if I was kidding. He said he had no money for that stuff. I said I didn't expect him to pay anything but a little attention to the offer. He thought a minute and then nodded and said where. My whore house on wheels, of course. He said he had to go put his apples away and lock his car. I said I'd buy the apples. He said he could sure use the money. The apples were from where he worked.

He sure was good looking. Extra tall and long legged. Striped denims, with the stripes meeting at his ass-a high round pair of buns.

He got in and looked at me for instructions. He leaned back, his long legs spread wide. I could see he was well hung. I felt of it and it was getting stiff already.

I asked how long it had been and he said too long-no money for running around with women and town too far away.

I closed the curtains. He was squeezing his pole through his pants. I unfastened his jacket and shirt and started to feel his body. He liked the attention. He took his jacket and shirt off and pulled his undershirt up. He had a nice trim body and I started to lick his chest and suck his nipples. He liked it and I got under his arm and inhaled some sexy sweat. He was strong tasting and I knew there would be a real treat between his legs and the cheeks of his ass. I dug my finger down inside his jockey shorts, into the hot damp wool of his crotch. His cock was half hard and a real handful. No butcher had gotten to him and he had all his skin. Plenty of it. I felt the slimy head of his cock. I got down and knelt between his legs and pulled his pants down off his ass and sniffed and licked his groin. He spread his legs wider. I licked his balls and skinned his cock and got that cleaned up. It was long and fat-headed.

Finally I licked his asshole and he let out a loud "Oh Lordy" and went wild. "Let me take my pants off," he said. I went to town on him, eating his asshole until he was splitting it apart with his hands, begging for more. He kept saying to get that motherfuckin' ass. I licked down his leg to his socks and pulled one off and did a toe suck.

I got on my back and he sat on my face and I ate him out until he said he was going to come. He got up and I went down on him and he fired number one.

He rested awhile, lying in my arms. I kissed him on the top of his head, telling him all the shit he wanted to hear. He felt my ass and wanted to know if I wanted to get dicked. I said I'd try but he was pretty big.

I was able to take all his dick up my ass. I started to work my ass and he moaned and said to stay still so he could look at me. To take my shirt off so he could see me. He ran his big hands all over me. Wow, what a turn on. He fired number two up my ass.

I went after his ass and he knelt on the seat and let me eat it until it was wide open again. I had fingers up his ass and asked if I could fuck him. He said no, he never did it, it hurt, someone had tried when he was a kid. I said can I just play with it and finger it and eat it. He said "Yeah man, that I like."

But I got the head of my cock in his hole and started to just fuck with the head. He said nothing and slowly it went in and I grabbed him around the chest and pushed and shot my wad. He got kind of mad and pushed me back. I apologized and started to lick again.

I ended up talking him out of his socks, shorts, and apples for \$8.

As we sat there I asked him to jerk me off before he left and he said sure he would. Not only that but he would go down on me but wouldn't let me come in his mouth. He knelt there jerking me and playing with my ass with one of his big fingers up it and went down on me. He was lousy at sucking cock but the view was right and I told him to get off it. He did and I shot all over his fist. He wiped his hand and announced he had to go back.

I asked if he didn't need to piss and he said he could wait. I asked again and he said yes but he had to find a place where it wasn't lit up. Some begging and pleading got him to understand it wasn't poison and he gave in and let me drink it. As usual this was the mind blower. He shook his head and said, "Man now I seen everything."

Italian Salami

CONNECTICUT — Just returned from another Caribbean cruise aboard an all-Italian ship. Not enough time in San Juan to get any PR cock this time. But the next morning after having docked in Caracas, Mario, one of the ship's junior officers, was swimming in the pool and was a sight to behold. The Italian salami he had stuffed in his very, very brief bikini was a complete turn on. The ship was almost empty, with all the sightseers having left for town, so I had no problem in striking up a conversation with him. I took off my sun glasses so there would be no guessing that my eyes were glued to his lovely groin.

As we talked his prick started to swell and swelled right out of his trunks. He covered himself with a towel and said he'd better shower and get ready for duty. I asked if I could see his quarters and he said, "Of course." Time did not allow for any

cute foreplay. As soon as we were inside his cabin I grabbed his still-hard cock, pushed him back on his bunk, and started sucking a delightful 7 1/2" of fat, uncut Italian cock. I could tell he was ready to shoot off right away and I wanted it to last just a little longer so I could get my tongue up his asshole. So I stopped sucking and asked what would happen if his cabin mate came in on us. He smiled and said that I would probably have to suck him too. Then I asked if he knew if his cabin mate liked to get sucked off. In lovely Italian logic he answered, "But signor, *everyone* likes to get sucked."

So I went back to the prick at hand, rolled him over and gave him a rimming he'd never forget (maybe he'd never had one). He began to moan loudly and with my tongue up his asshole he shot his load all over the sheets beneath him. I had to lick the sheet in order to get a taste of his strong gism. There was plenty there so I rubbed my hand in it and smeared it on my hot 8 inches and shot off almost immediately.

Of course I made arrangements to meet his cabin mate. Who incidentally was younger, prettier, and had a bigger piece of meat than he

Mario assured me that I'd like his cabin mate and since he got off duty at 7 a.m. I could slip down to his quarters before breakfast without being missed. On the prearranged day I entered his cabin. A fantastically beautiful Adonis lay on the lower bunk. He was totally nude, propped up on a pillow reading. His body was trim, lean, beautifully tanned. He was so beautifully tanned that it looked like he was wearing a white bikini. Actually, it was white skin; which his bikini had covered. With the size of his balls, I don't know how he could have stuffed them into what obviously was a skimpy bikini. It sure as hell must have been a horny sight-not that he wasn't horny without the bikini. His short fat cock rested on the biggest balls I'd ever seen. He was uncut but' his foreskin only covered part of his large pink cock head. He had eyes like Elizabeth Taylor, purple, with very long upper and lower lashes; full red lips and gorgeous straight white teeth. He looked more like a movie star than a seaman.

I tried to talk to him but his English was as weak as my Italian. So I sat on the edge of the bunk and ran my hand up his leg. He smiled, spread his legs, and reached over and grabbed hold of my already stiff 7 1/2 inches. As his own prick got stiff it grew from what seemed to be a very short one to a respectable 7 Inches. I worked on his cock for awhile then down to his balls, which I could only lick; they were too big for sucking on. Then his asshole. With his legs in the air, I licked and sucked his brown hole until my tongue was able to enter him a bit. He moaned and gyrated and surprisingly asked if I'd like to fuck him. He (and from what I understand, others) refuses to get fucked on his back because he considers it unmanly and "queer." I don't know if it's an Italian hangup or what. But he rolled over on his belly and I stuck my hot cock into his hot hole. I was so horny by now that only a few thrusts brought me to the verge of coming so I pulled out and rolled him over on his back again. With his legs up over my shoulders, I sucked him to a very quick climax. His juice was thick and sweet. His prick didn't go limp so I continued sucking until he started to thrust up, really fucking my mouth. He appeared to be on the verge of a second load so I got my cock in position against his asshole and pressed forward, shoving it all the way in. He tried to pull away, not

wanting to get fucked while on his back but his cock and asshole were too hot by now for prolonged objection~. I continued pumping away, my cock rubbing against his prostate. He relaxed and I leaned forward and kissed him just as I was shooting off. When he realized I had shot off he grabbed hold of his cock and jerked it rapidly and brought himself to a quick climax. His cream shot all over my chest. A few drops hit him in his face. I licked them up.

After resting for awhile we had another session. This time I sucked him slowly. Although he wouldn't suck my cock, he loved its size and jerked me and we were able to shoot off at practically the same time:

This was our last day at sea so I couldn't get together with him again.

Reformatory Coach Gets Coached

NEW YORK CITY — A Puerto Rican kid who had been at the Bordentown Reformatory told me that the 23-year-old swimming coach was raped by eight boys 14 to 16. The incident took place when the coach discovered four boys in swimming trunks smoking a joint in the locker room. When he said he would report them the 16-year-old who was black and very muscular & large for his age punched the coach & knocked him down. Dazed, he lay face down on the floor. The kid ran his bare foot over the guy's ass, which was tightly wrapped in brief trunks. He told me he looked at the other kids and just said, "Why not." They all got his meaning: they had participated in other gang bangs. He reached down & quickly yanked the guy's trunks down past his ass, locking his thighs together. The other kids stretched his arms out & held them. The black leader rubbed some spit on his cock & forced it through "two fine satin cheeks," as he later described them to me.

The coach started to struggle but the kid was hanging on his back. He started to moan & yell and they gagged him with towel. The kid told me he fucked the man's ass like a piston, he was so excited at fucking a full- grown man rather than a kid. He said the guy's asshole popped when he pulled out, it was so tight.

With eight boys to subdue him, the coach stopped struggling and each kid had his turn in the guy's asshole. The kid who told me the story said it was really something seeing a skinny 14-year-old kid playing stud to the coach, shouting "Puta! Puta!" as his belly slapped against the guy's butt with each ram of his dick. The kid told me the coach really started to move his ass as he got hotter & hotter. When they were finished, one of the black kids who knew the coach had no case against them went up and ran his hand down the guy's chest and said, "Honey, you're not going to tell are you?" and the guy sort of blushed & mumbled "no" or something which gave him away in their eyes as a complete fairy-which one or two of the kids had always suspected.

When they saw how he acted they really moved in on him. The black kid told him to suck & he knelt & let the kid put his shitty cock fresh from his asshole into his mouth. By now all the kids were hard again & jerking off. They shot all over him except for the 14-year-old, who knelt behind the guy and started fucking him again.

After that, the swimming class became an orgy because the word spread and guys

were feeling the coach up in the pool & then he'd disappear with one of them. He lasted a week before the staff caught on. He was fired, The kid who told me the story said the school was sure disappointed since the coach had come out as a really super piece of ass and it was a thrill for them to be fucking an older guy & one of their keepers to boot.

Interview

The respondent has a 7" uncut cock, blue eyes, light brown hair, light body hair, He is 37, 5' 10", 185 pounds, a truck driver, of English-French-Indian ancestry, seventh generation American. He describes himself as average looking, neither ugly nor beautiful. He lives in New Jersey. He makes out like crazy.

What do you think about when you jack off? Usually being involved with a group, like servicing a whole garage-full of horny sanitation men after a hard day's work.

How often do you play with yourself? At least morning and night. I have a great uncle who is 78 and still comes every day.

Who taught you to jack off? A playmate four years older and my uncle, who was eight years older. Not the uncle I mentioned before—that would make me 70. I'm 37. I slept with him and we did it every night and sometimes in the morning. I was six when we started. I loved the feeling but of course nothing came out of my dick until I was 11.

What's your favorite kind of sex? Nothing beats a good blow job or chewing a cock yourself. I also like it up the ass and giving it. It all depends on the other guy.

Describe your first fucking around as a boy. Hank was my play mate, a Polish boy who played on the football team. He liked to fool around. We used to get together after school and go off in the bushes and suck each other's cocks. I was 10 when I tasted my first load-Hank's.

What's the best sex scene you've ever had? I liked the box cars when I was a kid; the railroad track men like kids. I like glory holes too, black meat, and public sex at the Variety Theatre. My favorite was maybe the baths in San Francisco where the bearded freaks and hippies hung out.

Do you like to give dick or take it better? Depends on the type.

How many cocksuckers have sucked you off? Hundreds. Incidentally I sucked off four blacks and one Puerto Rican at the Variety Theatre last Friday.

What is the biggest number of cocks you sucked in one day? At the Christopher Street trucks in New York I went down on 61 in five hours before the cops blew the sirens.

What's the youngest cock you ever blew? When I was 14 I sucked on my six-year-old cousin's cock. My latest was a 13-year-old black runaway from Maryland I found along the road thumbing. It was his first blow job and he loved it. I bought him a bus ticket home, by the way.

What is the biggest number of cocksuckers that blew you in one day?

Countless at the trucks in New York. In private, I guess seven or eight.

What is the biggest number of wads you shot in one day? Sounds like bragging but I was 17. We had a contest and from 7: 30 a.m" to around 11 p.m. I managed 15 orgasms. The last was a mere sensation and my dong was raw.

What has been your experience with women? I like couples but usually it's

admittedly to get a crack at the guy. I've done some fucking with girls since I was 12 and I have a 17-year-old son.

Describe your first blow job. It was a guy who worked for the Erie Railroad. We used to go in the caboose on a siding after school and he'd suck for hours.

What's your best accomplishment in taking it up your asshole? I let this dude from Jersey fuck me-I liked him that much-and he took me to Central Park in New York one spring and showed me Gobbler's Gulch. That was when the bushes were there and Central Park was safe and fun. I took 11 dicks up my butt one after the other.

How many assholes have you had? Hundreds. I love them. I love to eat them and fuck them and just play with them.

Do you like the taste and smell of men? Now you've hit it. I used to wait for the 4:30 work train to get into the station and some of the track-men would come in the toilet for a quickie. I like the taste of a hard working stud. I like the smell of his work clothes and the salty taste of sweat on his skin. It's really a turn-on to stick your nose in a fly and get a good whiff of groin and smell and lick a guy's armpits and asshole and even his feet if he wears the right kind of foot gear: I don't like slobs, mind you, just guys who go to work clean but soak down their bodies in hard-earned sweat during the day.

Are you cut or uncut? I've got all my skin and I'm glad of it and proud.

Do you prefer uncut cock? Yes. I feel sorry for the poor slob who was robbed of the thrill we uncut guys get. I don't turn baldies away, however.

Do you swallow piss? In the last few years it's been part of my scene. If a guy is a turn-on I want all I can get out of him. Just to think inside that beautiful body that golden dew has circulated throughout every muscle and cell.

Do you like SM-physical or psychological? I think I'm a mental masochist- I like to be put down by the right piece of trade. But no physical pain. I've given it when guys want it.

Do you have any unfulfilled fantasies? Being gang raped by a bunch of horny Puerto Ricans or blacks in a subway can and "forced" to blow them all and get fucked by them and left unhurt but laying on the floor pissed on.

What's your ideal sex life if you could live it? I nearly do.

How do you feel about your sex life? I believe Nature evolved all the physical and mental sensations to be enjoyed, not to be repressed. If it doesn't hurt anyone and you both want to do it, do it. If it's sniffing cocks or whatever, go ahead and do it as long as everyone is willing.

Do you like the taste of cum? I love it. It's the stuff that made us. Every characteristic of your trick is in that stuff and when you eat it you're really eating HIM.

Do you find asshole fucking painful or dirty? Both, but it's part of the game. What's wrong with a little shit on your cock?

What occupational types do you like? Cops, GI's, hard hats, truckers. Anyone who isn't afraid to get a little sweat on their balls or a little dirt on their hands. I like tall slim guys with hair on their bodies. Little skinny buns are so easy to eat and fuck. But the husky ones are great too.

What personality types? Passive guys, aggressive, even the bold arrogant guy as long as he plays the scene well.

Have you had any sex trouble? I've had the usual close calls but never anything serious. I like a little danger now and then anyway. I've been nearly caught in the subway toilets a couple times but the cops wanted money and knew I didn't scare. I was trembling actually but figured I had nothing to lose by sticking to my guns.

Do you like jock straps? I love them-seeing them, smelling them, sucking them, and wearing them after some groovy stud's been wearing it.

Do you like the military types? I love cruising posts. West Point is nearby and it has a great group. The regular Army men, not the cadets-they're too wholesome and collegiate. I love those country boy types in the service. I met a young MP at West Point three-fourths Indian, from Utah, who was so innocent he thought I'd get sick if I swallowed his come. When I was done with him several months later I had him eating out of my hand. I ate bananas out of his asshole.

Did you have much high school sex? I was a football type and didn't look like a cocksucker-but I did suck it and got sucked off too. The team captain was always wanting it up the ass.

What do you think of "straight" guys? I often think many married guys are married and raising a family because they are too weak to live the life they want. They conform to keep people from talking about them. I think they are the ones society has restricted.

Do you think homosexuals are as interesting as "straights"? More interesting. I like trade or "straights" for sex but I'd rather not see them again, unless for sex. They are usually dull and stupid, socially and mentally, and need a good gang rape to wake them up. Their hostility is usually due to jealousy when they see what they could have had if they hadn't fallen for the old "straight" line society has handed them.

Do you drink much? No. Piss I love but I guess you mean booze.

Describe your childhood athletic experience. I was a great baseball player and also football. Now I love camping in the woods, hiking, and Nature. Unfortunately I don't know anyone who likes to go to the woods and freak out with sex and Nature for the night.

Fun & Games in New Orleans

NEW ORLEANS — For the benefit of STH readers who'd like to read what didn't get into the "straight" papers about Mardi Gras.

The weather was beautiful and the temperature reached 80°, which brought about much shedding of clothing and made it easier on those with skimpy costumes.

Public sights: a young man in his 20s on a balcony pulling down his bikini briefs to shake and wave his bare ass at onlookers; a young man dressed as an Indian, lifting the front flap so that my camera could record his uncircumcised cock; a man dressed only in a leather pouch and cape leading his slave on a chain (the slave was dressed in identical attire).

Despite newspaper reports that the "street people" were the roughest ever to hit town for Mardi Gras, my experience was that they were sweet, gentle, kind, and just out to have a good time; and considerably more pleasant than the football freaks who were here recently for the Super Bowl. The vast majority at Mardi Gras had a good time

without any danger or trouble, but there were 450 arrests prior to Mardi Gras day, mostly on drug charges.

Lafitte's is no longer the "in" place for sex. A much larger bar opened last summer and the owners are gay, which attracts business. They permit the usual animal sex which used to go on in Lafitte's, only now there's more room, more people, and more variety. One can do more and see more. I sucked 7 cocks that evening: next year I'll start earlier and suck more. I got 5 loads (2 didn't want to unload but wanted to go from mouth to mouth). At times, those of us who were on our knees waiting for cock resembled hungry birds waiting to be fed. And what delicious big worms. Not a sour load in the bunch—all sweet and delicious.

A Massachusetts "cowboy" fucked a guy in the face with his very thick dick while I and another bystander sucked the cowboy's nipples.

A handsome blond with a moustache was being sucked; his pretty ass was facing me and I kissed it and rimmed his hole.

A beautiful biker from San Francisco stayed on his knees all evening, gobbling cock. He was nude to the waist and wore faded jeans unzipped, revealing a beautiful, fat, uncut cock which he alternately fondled and jacked as he sucked. I played with it and jacked him and played with his nipples while he sucked. I longed to suck his uncut cock but I took it as an honor that he allowed me hand privileges. He told me he was out to get as much cock as he could. He allowed me to jack him but not to make him unload, as he didn't want to "take the edge off" his desire for cock. He was very handsome and hunky.

A lot of guys had their cocks out of their pants, jacking off unashamedly while watching the others. I enjoyed seeing guys getting excited and uninhibited about jacking off in public. Some got sucked before they unloaded but none seemed ashamed about jacking off or caressing their own cocks. I sucked two lovebirds who were kissing with their cocks hanging out. Got one load, then sucked his partner. They never once broke their embrace.

One guy of 19 bent over to take a cock up his ass. A man dressed as a track runner plunged up his hole while someone scooted under his legs to suck his dick. While enjoying this, the guy grabbed hold of a bystander's cock and got himself fucked in the face.

A young guy whose face was painted every color of the rainbow and flecked with glitter sat on a window ledge jacking his big, beautiful cock. Several bystanders assisted him, playing with his nipples, holding his legs out and caressing them. When he started to shoot his wad, one capped his fat cockhead and took the load, but not too soon to hide the fact that it was a beautiful, creamy-white wad.

Four guys had a circle jerk while one on the floor waited and took each load in turn.

A tall, thin guy from Minnesota was being fucked up the ass as I stood before him and played with his cock and balls. I reached underneath and felt the cock plunging in and out of his hole. He said this was his 30th cock of the day up his ass. After his

fucker had unloaded, he talked with me awhile as I toyed with his wet asshole. Suddenly he said, "Christ, I've got a cramp." He bent over slightly and a huge gush of cum shot out of his ass onto the wall. Luckily, only I and another guy saw it. The guy was embarrassed but I grabbed some napkins from a nearby trash can and sopped up what appeared to be two or three cups of cum from the wall. I also wiped his ass so he could pull up his pants.

All types were present-almost any kind of guy one could want. Really hunky, meaty types to very slender guys. Almost every age bracket was also there. Anyone who gets his information about homosexuals from the jokes of such effeminate types as Bob Hope and Dick Cavett would have been in for a real surprise.

One man in his 60s whipped out a huge, fat cock and began to jack off obviously enjoying the attention his big dick brought from onlookers: He was mainly an exhibitionist, for he refused several offers of blow jobs, some even coming from guys in their 20s who apparently liked big cocks no matter who they were attached to. He was not a particularly attractive guy but his cock won the night's award. He shot a big wad of cum onto the floor, which was slippery with cum already.

A few blacks were there and participating, but they were in a distinct minority. The entire bar must have contained at least 600 guys at any given time during the day and night.

I'm of the opinion that it does everyone good to get into something like this and Just let the "animal" out.

Caught with a Sailor

CONNECTICUT — Being so close to the New London Submarine Base I've swallowed and am still swallowing large quantities of sailor semen-s- sea food we call it. Most have been good guys. In all the rears I've been sucking swabbie cock I've had only a couple bad experiences.

Several years ago on Bank Street in New London there was a fabulous bar called the Harbor. It still operates but is now run by the anti-gay son of the owner so few of us go there anymore. But in those days the front end was gay, the middle mixed, and the back was strictly sailors.

One night I scored with a horny one, pretty good looking, about 6 feet, on the stocky side. I was to meet him Out back in the parking lot because no sailor would ever leave with a guy from the front of the bar especially if any buddies from his boot (submarine) were around. He didn't want to go to my house in the country because he said he had duty at midnight. He had just returned from a couple of months at sea and wanted to get his rocks off in a hurry. As we drove out of town he grabbed my hand off the wheel and pulled it over to his groin; His dick felt huge and hard.

"Stop here and give me a quickie," he said. "Then we can go somewhere safer

where I can fuck you." I guess he had me spotted from the beginning as a guy who likes trade, the "straights"-the butcher the better. And I never expect reciprocation.

I knew a spot off the highway where I had serviced other sailors. I parked, turned off the lights, and pushed the front seat back as far as it would go. The sailor lit a cigarette and by the light of his match I discovered he was already pantless and his beautiful uncut cock was standing up. He reached over with his big hand, got me by the back of the neck, and gently pulled me down to his odoriferous and delicious cock. I swallowed it-at least I took as much as I could. He had almost eight fat inches. I was in heaven. He just relaxed with his cigarette, spread his legs as best he could in the cramped front seat, and spoke only when I started to lick his nuts. "Not now," he said. "Just get me off. There's plenty of time for that later."

I went back to work on his cock, swirling my tongue around its big head, licking his big piss-hole, and licking down on his thick shaft. he probably came within 5 minutes. As orgasm approached his cock got rock hard. He groaned and must have dropped his cigarette because I could feel both hands caressing my face, neck, and hair. By then, I could feel his cum moving through his tubes: then he groaned louder as he unloaded jet after jet into my hungry mouth. His cum was sweet and abundant. When he stopped shooting I stopped sucking. I just let his cock wilt in my mouth, keeping it nice and wet and warm. He didn't try to take it away from me, as some guys do after they've come. He let me nurse on it while he relaxed with another cigarette.

Several minutes passed without a word. I got brave and went from his cock to his balls and thighs. He spread his legs for me and tried to push his ass off the seat so I could get at it, but the car was too confining. "Do you have a blanket?" he asked. "Let's get out on the ground." I was a little worried but I agreed. He told me to bare my ass. Once we were on the blanket he moved only to let me get at his body better from various angles. I sucked and licked all over. He really went ape over the tongue-fucking I gave his hot, sweet-smelling asshole. I bet he would have welcomed a good asshole fucking himself if I had made a stab at it with my hard cock.

He asked if I had some Vaseline. I got it from the glove compartment and lovingly smeared it all over his thick prick and my hot hole. I got on my hands and knees so he could mount me. It took a bit of doing because of the fatness of his prick and I didn't get fucked as often as I would have liked. But once he was all the way in we both got lost in a world of pure sex. It was so beautiful and lasted so long. I came long before he did and I didn't mind a bit.

I became more demanding, begging him to pound it into me. Except for the sounds his body and prick made slapping hard on and into me, he said nothing and made only soft grunting sounds between frantic gulps for air. I got carried away, groaning and begging for more. My spent cock, up hard again, was being ground down into the rough beach blanket and the wet remains of my first load. My asshole was palpitating faster than my heart as it clutched and snapped at that big cock pounding into my guts.

In my daze I could feel his cock harden. He wrapped his legs around mine, pushed his prick all the way in, and kept it there while he groaned loudly and exploded way

up inside me. I was almost on the verge of coming again too so after savoring a few spurts, I began to grind my ass around and up into his groin. He kept pressing down hard into my gyrating hole.

Out of the black night came a very butch voice. "This is state highway department property. You guys shouldn't be fucking around here."

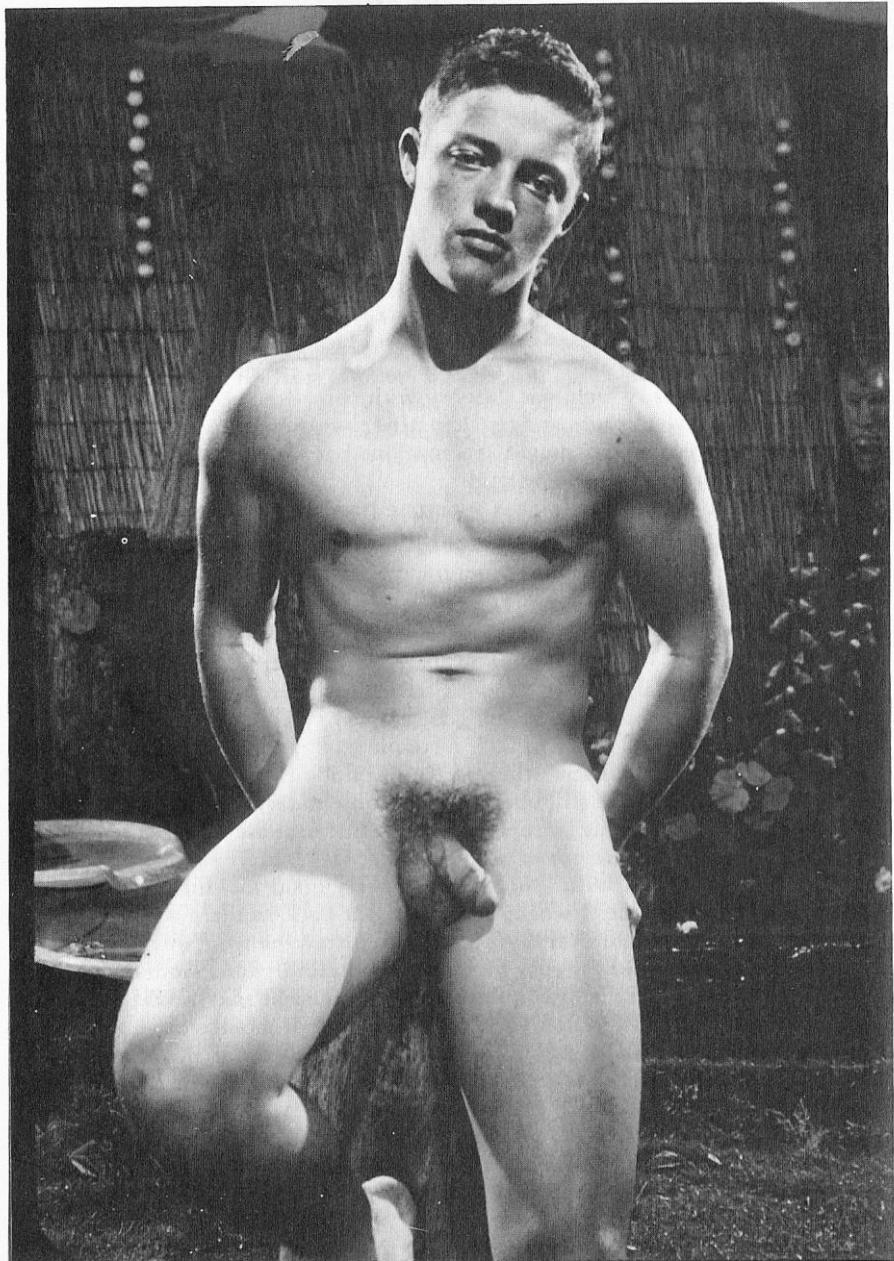
I tried to get my pants on but the officer was standing on them. "Where are you guys from?" he asked, in a not unfriendly way. I couldn't think of anything to say but the sailor quickly found his pants and got them on and was by now in command of himself. The cop asked "Sailor?" Regulation black shoes almost always give sailors away. "Yes," the swabbie said, "just back from a couple months at sea."

"Where are you from?" the cop asked me again. After I stammered my reply, I begged him to move his feet so I could get my pants and put them on.

The sailor told the cop how his boot just got in and how he needed to get his nuts off and how he picked me up in the Harbor Bar.

"Where are you, Bill?" came a voice from the highway. "Everything O.K.?" Another officer materialized. Probably he had been through this many times, because he turned to the sailor and told him to get in the cruiser and they'd take him back to 1-95. He told me to get my ass out of there and not to do such a foolish thing again. He shook his head sadly.

"I'm warning you-don't do it in a car. You may not be so lucky next time." I drove off.



John Beck. Photo: AMG

Jacking Off

INDIANA — I enjoy gentle, pleasant sensations in my cock; so, while lying in bed at night, I use a soft water color paint brush to tickle myself lightly around my thighs and stomach at first, gradually working toward my cock until I reach its sides, rim, and head.

The underside of my cock gives the most pleasurable sensations as I gently pass the brush to and fro along its length. I tickle my balls too and trace the brush back to my asshole, where I twirl it for a while. Ah, it feels good. I gently brush the cheeks of my ass, my nipples armpits, face, neck, and chest. It feels like a lover's caresses.

Sometimes I push a vibrator gently up my asshole, either squatting on the floor or lying on my back with my knees flexed. Then I squeeze my ass together, enjoying the sensations deep inside me. By this time my dick is long and hard, ecstatically drooling its slippery juice, which I spread all over the head and shaft. This natural juice is undoubtedly the world's best massage cream.

I lay on my side or on my stomach and change the angle of the vibrator or slowly push it in and out, piston-fashion.

Often I smear a mint-flavored toothpaste all over my cock and take a shower. When the cock gets wet the toothpaste really tingles. Smearing the toothpaste on my nipples, asshole, and the cheeks of my ass increases the sensation greatly. If I cover the vibrator with the toothpaste and shove it up my asshole-wow! The pleasure is hard to describe. The need to jack off becomes overwhelming.

During a leisurely evening shower I like to massage my cock with soapy lather, passing my hand back and forth along the entire length of my cock, squeezing the head, rubbing my balls. Shaving lather is also good for this, either the plain kind like Rise or the menthol (hot) ones.

Sometimes I lay on my back on the shower floor and let the needle-thin shower spray my whole body, adjusting my position to get the maximum effect on certain hot spots like my cock and asshole. If I keep this up long enough, I usually shoot my wad. The spunk comes bursting in thick white spurts.

"He Left His Cock Out ..."

A CITY IN UPSTATE N.Y. — We don't have many Negroes around here but I had heard about this guy and went to see him. He is a caretaker in a summer place about 25 miles from here.

It was a Saturday afternoon and he was cleaning up and boarding up the various concessions of a small midway. I drove in and tried to get in the men's toilet but it was locked. So I wandered around until I found him.

I asked him if I could use the toilet. He didn't seem to approve but eventually condescended and told me to follow him. He went to a utility hut and not only got a

key but also a quart of beer.

I pissed into a really dirty toilet with crusty, yellow, dried-up piss. The smell was out of this world. The walls were plastered with drawings of guys sucking and fucking. It was a good setting for a real filthy session and I was horny enough for one.

The Negro, Dave, watched me piss as he drank beer. When I zipped up and moved to the door he asked me to wait while he had a piss. He handed me his bottle and pulled out a tremendous hunk of black meat (uncut) and stood at the urinal doing nothing. He said he wanted to piss but Just couldn't. I suggested he wait until he drank some more beer. He left his cock out and just stood around.

I told him that I thought his wife must really know when he was in bed with her. I kept staring at his thick prick. He said he was not married and had never fucked a woman but sure got his enjoyment in better ways. I kept jabbering away until he emptied the bottle. Then I said I'd better leave but he asked me to go get us each a couple of bottles of beer. When I went back in the toilet he locked the door, saying that if the boss came around he wouldn't want to get caught drinking.

It was a pretty warm day and Dave took off his T-shirt, displaying a beautiful pair of lovely big nipples. He went back to the urinal and I told him if he tickled the top of his butt it might help him piss. He asked me to show him and loosened his belt and let his pants drop to the floor. I bent down and asked him to step out of his pants so I could hang them up and it was then that I had the first contact with that black beauty. It was a little thicker than before but still not stiff. It was damp as it touched my ear while I pulled his pants free. I enjoyed even having it touch my ear.

I stood beside him and tickled the very top of that sweaty brown ass. Then his cock started to stiffen. I sat on one of the toilets drinking beer and he leaned on the wall beside me, naked, with that beautiful prick half-hard swinging about a foot from my face. I just couldn't take it anymore and leaned forward a little to make sure it would rub against my face. On contact with my face it immediately stiffened so I just grabbed it and kissed it passionately. Then I got about 5" of it in my mouth and sucked on it.

"You little cocksucker,' he said, "you fucking little cocksucker, oh, baby, I love it. Suck, suck, suck."

I did and just when he said he was coming I took it out and watched the cum shoot over my chin and into my open mouth. It's so nice to see that white cream pour out of a purple cock head. I got it all and lapped and kissed his balls and then stood up and stripped.

He smiled and we were in each other's arms kissing and rubbing our sweaty bodies together. What a horny son of a bitch he was. I had hold of the cheeks of his ass and then he lifted me up in his arms and walked around the piss house, his rod sticking up in the air and mine rubbing against his sweaty chest. I knew that I was going to come so I held his head tight, opened my mouth, and sucked in his tongue as I unloaded my cum on his chest. Then he put me down and I licked his body clean.

I drank piss from his beautiful spout. He got really horny and had me sit on the edge of the piss trough while I drained the piss out of him. He made me bend over and gave my asshole a lovely suck. I was dying to suck his asshole and got my chance after I had pissed all over it. Then I lapped it clean.

More beer, more piss, more loving, more cocksucking until 5 o'clock.

Tasty Lump

CALIFORNIA — John is my name and my hobby. One night last year I visited my favorite bath house in Los Angeles. I like to run around naked, just wearing my slave collar and chain. I wandered around looking for someone to mistreat me when I spied some dusty boots at the entrance to one cell. Naturally I crawled in and found a sexy, young, mean-looking stud dozing in Levis and leather jacket. After a few minutes of my eager nose sniffing his groin he awakened, grabbed my head, and forced my face up hard against his cock. It took only seconds for me to open his jeans and take his wonderful prick all the way into my throat. He had a big one, nicely shaped, and he seemed to like what I was doing to it. I can take the biggest and love to massage a big prong with my throat muscles when it's all the way down my throat.

I worked on his delightful dong for about 15 minutes, alternately sucking on the head, running my tongue under the crown or into the large piss-hole, and then taking it deep again as he would grab my head and force it all the way down. "Suck me, you cocksucker," he would say between his moans and groans.

His responses repaid me well for my efforts, for I knew I was really turning him on.

Finally he said, "I've got to stop and go to the head. My bladder is about ready to burst."

"But Sir," I said, "that's what I'm here for."

"Well, open up your fuckin' mouth and I'll fill you to the brim."

He got up on his knees and I got my mouth right down on that fascinating uncut nozzle and very soon he let go a stream of hot piss that really kept me busy swallowing. It was delightful. Not beer piss but not too strong, either, and I'm proud to say I took it all.

While he was on his knees I slid my head back between his legs and went at his slightly smelly asshole. This really drove him wild. He loved to have his shithole sucked, & I loved to do it. I was able to get my tongue way up inside and lick the walls of his hole. Suddenly, to my delight, my tongue contacted a little lump of warm shit and I knew he had some in there to feed me if only I could get my hunger across without turning him off. Apparently he could tell by the way I was sucking on his hole what it was I really wanted, for I could feel his muscular contractions begin as he tried to unload.

Finally, after we each took another hit on my inhaler, he was successful and slid a

wonderful lump of shit out into my mouth. By that time I was so turned on I felt like he was feeding me solid gold and I devoured it eagerly. I've gotten so that I really dig the taste and was overjoyed when he passed out several more small turds, which I savored before swallowing.

We were both jacking off like mad by this time. He blew a large wad of cum, which he forced down my throat. I blew my load too and we both sank down exhausted from a weird, yet wonderful experience.

Flick Frolics

N.Y.C. — Here is your fuck flick friend again. Tonight I went to a new one on 8th Avenue & 50th St. It is really clean & nice which sure is strange these days. The john-my favorite hangout-is pretty swinging. It's nicely laid out so you can carryon in the shit booths. I've been here several times now & always manage to suck on several juicy pricks.

Tonight a tall guy spotted me the minute I walked into the theatre & followed me right into the john and into a booth. He had a beard and mustache. We started to kiss & make love. Then I started peeling the clothes off of him. We sucked each other, and I ate his beautiful asshole.

This really turned him on.

I still find it hard in N.Y. to get guys to give up their hot piss. So many seem to have a hangup. This guy had a huge piss-hole. My finger went almost 1/2" down the hole (to say nothing of my tongue). I fucked his piss-hole with my hot tongue & drove him wild-but still no piss.

Earlier this week I went back to the other fuck flick I like, on 55th St. The Glory Pis Hole I've been working on is pretty well along now. Only everyone is afraid to piss in it. Lots of great pieces of juicy meat get sucked in-but none pissed. This time I met a guy that really turned me on. He had a really great uncut prick. First thing he asked was if I wanted his piss. The minute my lips touched his prick it stood straight up & he couldn't piss a drop. We had a pretty wild scene considering the size of the booth. We kissed like mad-beautiful juicy kisses. I sucked every part of his body I could reach. His nipples & chest, cock, balls, sweaty armpits, & finally his shit hole. He wouldn't let me stop-kept my face there & told me to keep tongue fucking his hot hole. After a good 1/2 hour of this we both burst forth with fantastic loads of thick cum.

I thought he'd never stop shooting. We kissed some more. I really didn't want this Levi stud to leave. We agreed we'd meet again soon since we had met twice before there.

My first time at the new flick I met a groovy guy all in leather. He came in my booth and after some finger-fucking I realized that my entire hand was going to go all the way up his hole. Sure enough-almost to the elbow. While I was plowing away he shot his wad.

Shit the last guy was the best. I was up in the balcony & saw a really great blond guy in Levis & boots that really turned me on. He went downstairs to the shit house

& I followed fast behind. We went into a booth & got right down to it. He liked it rough & hot, all over. He really knew how to respond to my tongue. His asshole opened & my tongue just went in as deep as possible.

I kept blowing air up his asshole & he kept blowing it right back out. My tongue could feel a nice firm small turd up his ass & I sucked & blew til' he finally slid the turd into my mouth. I normally don't eat shit but I was so fucking turned on I just swallowed it right down. He then forced my face down on his prick & filled my mouth with strong piss.

Having had my fill, I went home.

Great American Toilets

MASSACHUSETTS — I stopped in for a look Saturday morning and had a brief suck through the partially open door of my stall while the fellow in the next stall watched under the partition. I had to meet my wife at a local store so I couldn't hang around long. Time was when I was busy sucking cocks there.

To understand the charm of this place you've got to remember that It s a public toilet in a police station in a pretty small New England town.

Only once when I was there did a cop walk in. He left his walkie-talkie on. The place was dead quiet while he took a leak. When he left, the soft sucking sounds began again.

One time a young guy (there's a junior college in town with a lot of horny young dudes on limited budgets) came into the booth next to me. I heard shuffling sounds. Then I saw him remove the shoe and sock from the foot near me. I leaned down and looked under the partition. He was stark naked. When I motioned to him he took hold of my hand and placed it on his leg. Then he got off the toilet and moved around so that I could stick a couple of fingers up his asshole. I guy I had been cruising through the crack in my door reappeared to see what was going on. Next thing I knew his feet were in the booth with the bareassed kid, who obviously was blowing him and jerking off while I felt him up.

One time I came in to discover a cute blond kid sucking off a big, black man. A couple of other guys were standing watching, and feeling of themselves. The black guy shot his wad and watched while the rest of us had a four-way fling. We traded around several times. Finally I was sucking on the blond kid's dick while one of the other two was feeling of his asshole and being sucked by the fourth guy. When the kid started to moan the black guy came over and kissed him, which really turned him on and made him unload in my mouth. The guy standing behind him was really pumping his dick into the fourth guy's mouth and shot a moment later. The fourth guy relinquished the dong, clamped his mouth around mine, and drained me while jacking off onto the floor.

The regulars systematically cased the booths, peering through the cracks in the

doors. If they liked what they saw they'd start playing with their dicks. If all went well they'd take out their dicks and give the guy in the booth a good eyeful. I really dig a guy who waves a hard cock around in public and that ploy is always good for a blow job as far as I'm concerned-whatever the guy attached to the cock looks like.

Sometimes I'd have my prick stuck under the partition so the guy in the next booth could work on it when I'd see a stiff dick right outside my door. Or maybe the guy would push right in (there were no latches) and offer his meat while looking through the crack at the guy blowing me.

One time I could hear two voices coming from a booth. One was a boy whose voice hadn't yet changed. The other sounded like a middle-aged man. The boy seemed unaware that he should keep his voice down and I could hear every word of his piping soprano. The man talked in an undertone. But it was obvious that they were arranging an assignation and that both knew exactly what it was all about.

The booth on the end was usually a sure thing for a blow job by its occupant. Some of the no-nonsense trade types would head right for that booth to get blown, without even looking elsewhere.

Even better was the booth with a view of the urinals. Sometimes you would get a view of a beautiful pecker on some guy who had no idea he was being watched. Sometimes two guys would flash their cocks and jack off. Others, aware of the peephole, liked to exhibit their hard cocks.

Mechanical Sex

CALIFORNIA — Last year two college buddies and I (we're now all juniors at Berkeley) spent a week on a dairy farm in California. The three of us wandered around the milking shed, a little stoned, and all of a sudden we all got the same freaky idea. We saw the milking machines and wondered what it would feel like if we tried them on our pricks.

After kidding around and laughing about what a gas it would be, we stuck our pricks into the nozzles and started up the machine. It was freaky, all right, but it felt great. Maybe it was the pot we had been smoking, but having that machine milk me was marvelous. I came into the nozzle and what with the machine still milking my prick, it was an unbelievably terrific experience. One of my buddies came too and the other one was just about to shoot off when a farmhand walked in.

We all got pretty scared but the farmhand just laughed. He said that every guy who worked around a milking shed did it at least once in awhile. He said that some guys do it regularly, like once a day, and just let their semen go into the tank with the milk.

We've had lots of parties where everyone sat around smoking pot while three or four guys all used the machine at the same time. (One of my buddies in Engineering rigged up extensions so that several guys can sit or lie on the floor around the machine and use the nozzles.)



Photo: AMG

Rough Trade

INDIANA — It was a very hot, humid night in northern Indiana. 3:00 a.m. and still 94°. And to top it off I was starving for a load of hot come. While walking the streets in search of some horny stud I came upon Jeff. Reggie & Terry—"straight" rough trade dudes that I bought grass from once in awhile. Reggie asked me if I'd like to take a ride with them and try some of his new pot. I hopped in the car and noticed that they are only wearing swimming suits. Riding along, I was getting super high on the *pot* and more hungry for cock by the second. In my stoned condition my eyes started wandering around and became glued on the bulge in Jeff's brief white swim trunks. Jeff couldn't help noticing my stare at his groin and said, "What's the matter, faggot, see something you want?" Reggie and Terry started laughing like hell. Reggie said, "Cocksucker, you're going to the beach with us and by the time the night is over you're gonna have come running out of your ears." I didn't know whether to be joyous or worried, not knowing what these guys had in the back of their horny minds.

By the time we got to the beach I was so high on pot and horny from being with the guys that I was slobbering. We went to a clearing. One of the guys told me to get down on my knees. Terry looked at the other two and said, "Hey man I gotta take a piss but there's no toilet around. I'd sure hate to get this pretty sand all wet with my nasty piss." Jeff said, "Man here's our fuckin' toilet right here." He pointed to me.

The three pulled off their trunks, stood before me, pointed their cocks at my head, and began pissing. They were laughing their asses off and yelling at me to "drink every fuckin' drop, scum head." Little did they know what ecstasy I was in as they hosed my head, hair, and face with their golden filth.

Terry told me to kiss his cock and worship it. He had a big one, uncut. While I was sucking on it the other two cheered us on with comments like "Lick his fuckin' nuts." When Terry's legs started trembling and his cock started going into spasms in my mouth he pulled it out and shot wads of that divine gooey love juice all over my face. Then he took his big strong hand and shoved it into my face, rubbing the slimy spunk into my skin. Then he told me to lick his messy hand clean, which I did gladly.

Then Reggie stepped up and took his turn. "Listen, Dick Face," he said, "I want you to lick my dick nice and slow, back and forth, because I intend to take my sweet-ass time." Slowly I covered his long pole with my saliva-dripping mouth, kissed and licked the fat mushroom head of his cut cock, licked and kissed his swollen nuts, knowing that they held what I was hungry for. Then he threw his legs up and my mouth found itself right on his bung-hole. He went out of his skull with lust, screaming as loud as he could, "Lick my shit-hole.' I've never seen a guy who loved to have his asshole licked so much. Soon he grabbed me by the hair and unloaded spunk faster than I could swallow it. I gobbled it up like a fucking 'hog.

Jeff, watching, had been beating his meat, and he rushed over and grabbed my head and stuck his prick in my mouth just in time to shoot his load. I lay in the sand as they all pissed on me again. This was one night when my hunger was satisfied.

The Sweet Smell of Piss

MASSACHUSETTS — On my last trip to New York I discovered the pleasures of a certain porno movie house. (It was the Metropolitan on 14th Street but you probably don't want to identify it.)

There was a black guy waving a large wang over one urinal and grunting sounds were coming from the two booths. All across the wall behind the urinals were signs about drinking piss, and slaves wanted, and offers by graffitists to let black asses sit on their faces all night long.

I really had to piss but I was getting hard fast. And the strong piss odor helped turn me on. I looked at the black guy's cock and he turned toward me, smiling. I stopped what I was doing in mid-squirt and kneeled down next to the reeking urinal and slipped as much of his meat as I could into my mouth. As I worked my hard cock was sticking straight up out of my still-open fly. We traded off a couple of times but I liked his cock better than his mouth and kept coming back for more.

Little by little we drew onlookers. There was one older guy who stood off in a corner slowly whacking away at a good-sized cock and a skinny kid in tight Levis who used his hand like a vibrator. The black guy wanted to come but was having difficulty. (God knows how many times he'd shot already in that crapper.) I was badly in need of a few deep breaths and just about ready to give up on making him come when a tall dude in leather pushed past me and unzipped in front of the end urinal. I turned my head and saw, at eye level, a lovely uncut cock, already half hard, being pulled past his zipper. As he started to piss I looked up in his face.

"You want it?" he asked. For answer I moved my head over toward the urinal. He didn't stop pissing but just turned around. The piss ran down my face and my leather jacket and soaked into my shirt and jeans. I finally got his cock in my mouth and drank the last of it. By this time he was pretty hard and I figured to get even more of a mouthful. But as soon as he finished pissing he pulled out, flopped his wang back into his pants, and walked off.

Shit.

Still, I had his hot piss all over my pants.

I went back up to the balcony, still with a hard on, and sat there feeling the piss on my pants and hoping to see the leather stud again. I didn't. And though I sucked and got sucked a few times it all seemed like an anticlimax, and as soon as the piss dried on my clothes I left.

Fucking Mirror

SAN FRANCISCO — The other night a dude came over after calling. A mutual acquaintance had given him my number. I answered the door in nothing but a tank top and a dirty jock strap. I took him into the bedroom and he stripped down to ... a tank

top and a jock! We hadn't discussed this on the phone: it wasn't prearranged, just that our heads were in the same place.

We flopped our meat and potatoes out at the side of the prick-pocket and put ball stretchers on our nuts. Then we put our equipment back in the pouches and just sucked and sniffed each other's groins for awhile. Then we took turns standing over one another, taking out our peckers, and showing them off for one another.

We stood in front of my virgin full-length mirror and sucked on each other's dongs. I got out my combination cock ring/ball stretchers and we took off our jock straps and were completely nude in front of the mirror all the while beating our prongs more and more. , ,

The hot stud moves up to the mirror, saying that he can't hold off any longer, and squirts his hot white juice on the mirror. Seeing that was all I needed: I stood next to him and splattered my creamy juice next to his. The mirror is no longer virgin. The two loads of scum are still there.

After a short rest', we started playing with our pricks and getting hot again. He suggested getting into a 69 position and chewing each other's wangs and I was all for it. When he said chew he really meant chew. But he was good at it. It felt fantastic. He always stopped short of hurting. However, he liked me to really chew his cock, while pulling his beautiful nuts.

We would alternate between chewing each other's dicks and jacking ourselves. After a few minutes of this, he started spewing his cum again. I dropped my hot, horny mouth down on that spigot and drank it all.

After swallowing all his delicious cock goo, I moved over his chest and shot my second wad on him. Then we took our two jocks and rubbed his chest clean of the honey.

Sucks Priest In Black Jock Strap

PENNSYLVANIA — The first time I saw "Father Joe" was some years ago when I was living and working in the big city (Phila.). A stop to take an unnecessary piss in a department store men's room of infamous repute put me next to an extended stiff shaft that looked like about a foot of hard salami topped with a plump, shiny, red-purple plum. The balls were swinging and looked big, soft, and loose.

He was in full canonicals, a well set up 6' 2", maybe 180 lbs. of which no doubt 5 lbs. were cock and balls. Black slouch hat, turned around collar, black vest, even the hint of a black cross on a black ribbon under the top button of the black jacket. Black trousers, socks, and shoes, and as I learned within the next half hour, black shirt, black T-shirt and, believe it or not, a black Jock strap under his black boxer shorts. His one concession was white pearl buttons on the shorts. The jock strap, he said was for control.

I had the balls cupped in my left hand, a firm squeeze of about 1/3 of the cock down at the bush, a mouthful of that ripe plum to slurp and even managed to get my fucking finger up his asshole before we were interrupted by an intruder.

His first question when we rejoined was, "Do you have a place?" I did, and soon had his ass spread out on a desk in my office with (the fat hunk of salami sticking up. I lapped his balls and legs, stuck my tongue up his asshole and sucked it while slowly rubbing his cock.

It wasn't really a foot long and I've had bigger ones in my mouth and up my asshole but the ensemble was so beautifully proportioned that it seemed bigger when I first saw it. He finally erupted with a load that kept flowing. Even after shrinking to a still-fat, soft pulp, his cock continued to pulse. In another half hour I banged him again, while he screamed and moaned, and I thought I was going to get my hair torn out and my ears ripped off.

He visited me at home for the next four years about once a month. I was living in the N.E. and his parish was nearby. I never knew what his duties were but he would call me of a Saturday afternoon (maybe after hearing confessions) to make sure I would be available, and come to visit about 6 p.m., and we never ever put clothes on till about 6:00 a.m. Monday.

It was cocksucking, ass licking, fucking, kissing, jerking, taking some time out to take a shower, have some food, and back in the bed again, or on the floor.

One position we both enjoyed was to have him layover the arm of a sofa on his back, which put all that cock, balls, and asshole up in the air, with me sitting on the floor in front of it to play and play and play.

His cock always got very hard-stiff-rigid. He was uncut.

When we first started our liaison I believe he was trade and I was willing to let' him take his time. After a period of my gentle willingness to please his fancy, he eventually became a good lover, and an asshole 69, a suck on the balls and cock were *de rigueur* at some point of the weekend.

He would never let me cock-fuck him in the asshole but between sucks and kisses I got the shaft from *him* for hours on end.

His top performance was on the weekend he visited me before I moved to the country-our last one. From Sat. at 6:00 p.m. to Monday at 4:00 a.m. he "shot" me five times-I got ten loads out of him-and from 4:00 a.m. to 6:00 he fucked me three times without taking it out.

I have regretted that we have completely lost contact but it was his suggestion that we discontinue when I left the City.

It was not without some intellectual exchange between the periods of sensuality and sometimes even during, which makes a great intimacy even more intimate. Father Joe will always be one of the lights of my life.

The Osaka cop I mentioned I'd be writing about was on the subway. There's another good one with a Buddhist priest at the temple in Kyoto- almost like high noon on City Hall steps. He wouldn't let me touch him but he knew how to suck a cock. I have another cop affair going on right now and I'm still sucking cop cock about every Friday night. Will give you details.

Sex for an Armless Vet

This is not fiction but fact and one of the strangest stories I know.

A friend of mine just finished college. A complete male nymphomaniac. Was walking down his local city street when he saw a soldier in uniform, a Vietnam veteran. Both his arms had been cut off at the elbow. The soldier was about 20. His wife had walked out on him and he was living with his mother, awaiting artificial arms being made for him at the nearest V.A. hospital.

He was a nervous wreck. My friend got to know the root of the problem. When he got a hard on, having no hands, he couldn't do anything about it. However, my friend solved his problem by sucking him off.

After a few meetings the soldier asked my friend if there was anything he could do for him. So my friend taught him cocksucking.

The relationship became complicated. My friend woke up every morning getting his cock sucked by the house boy employed by the G.I. and in the afternoons he whipped and fucked the ass of an ex-ballet dancer from Chicago. My friend broke off the relationship, but he had taught the soldier sodomy (he let the guy fuck him), got him a lover, and left him with no sexual frustrations and his nervousness cured-completely satisfied though he had no hands.

Cock Cheese

I've noticed that many STH readers indicate an interest in uncut cock an interest that I share, but not many say why. In the hope that others will derail their reasons, I'm sending this account of my own reasons for doting on cocks with foreskins.

I think it goes without saying that a cock with a long generous foreskin is more beautiful and sexier than a cock that has been mutilated with a surgeon's knife. But my love for foreskin goes beyond that. Real connoisseurs of the male body love not only the flesh, but its products as well-sweat, piss, shit, farts, snot, toe jam, earwax. Hell, I'm a born cannibal. I could suck the marrow from a man's bones and if I should ever happen upon a fresh corpse, I might do just that.

To get back to my original point, foreskins afford a priceless commodity, unavailable from any other source-COCK CHEESE! I have a foreskin myself, of course, and I've been familiar with cock cheese all my life, having looked on it as a

nuisance when I was growing up. Try as I might to keep it clean, I'd always develop a good crop of cheese within 12 hours of a bath. Foreskins always retain a few drops from every piss and collect the sweet dew from every sexual arousal. Those fluids contain proteins similar to those of milk and are subject to the same kind of culturing.

Cock cheese *really* is a kind of cheese and now, far from considering it a nuisance, I find it delicious. Yes, I eat my own, except when I'm saving it for a friend.

I wash my cock only when I pull it shitty from an asshole and there's no willing tongue to lick it clean. (I've always loved to suck on a cock when it is covered with shit.)

I've found ways to produce super crops of cheese. First, try to capture as much urine under your foreskin as possible every time you piss. If you have a friend who likes It *really* raunchy douse your pubic hair and your groin with piss too. (A few drops in your armpits does wonders.)

Second, when you jerk off, retain the load under your foreskin. Do it for a few days running and you'll produce a crop so rank and so thick you'll have to scrape it off with a spatula. Try some on a Ritz cracker-ambrosia! I have had some great experiences with cock cheese. I have a few kind, thoughtful friends who save theirs for me, and I nearly always am culturing a batch for someone or other.

Speaking of cultures, has anyone ever tried ice cold yogurt over a nice hot turd? Scrumptious! But that's another story.

Human Urinal

SAN FRANCISCO — I've shot so many big hot loads into my dirty jocks reading the last fuckin issue, it's hard to get the pages apart. Here's the tale of what happened to me last Sunday evening. After spending a long hot day down the Peninsula sunning with only a jock on, I drove back to San Francisco hot, sweaty, and horny as hell, playing with my hard cock in that dirty sweaty jock all the way up the freeway. I stopped in to one of our Folsom St. bars. I only had on a leather jacket over my sweaty chest, boots, and some old torn Levis, my jock pushing through the holes in the crotch and leg.

Shit, what a cock-jumping sight was in the john. A hunky stud was sitting on the toilet-no shirt, pants down around his ankles, body drip- ping with piss. I stood at the urinal next to him and dropped my pants and played with my cock still in the jock. He watched. Then he let some piss out of his cock, washing up and over his chest, letting it run down to his groin and balls. He reached over with his mouth and got my cock, inside my jock, in his mouth and started sucking and chewing the pouch. When he got a whiff of the smell of it and my sweaty groin he really went at it harder, licking the sweat out of my navel, licking my stomach and around my legs to my asshole. He really got his tongue up that hairy, sweaty hole.

While he was working on me another guy came in the john, saw what was

happening and stood against the wall watching. I told him not to wait if he had to piss, pointing to the stud on the toilet. The new guy unsnapped his Levis and let a long stream wash over the guy's body while he was still giving me a tongue job.

By this time I was bursting with piss and I told the guy to get his cocksucking mouth down on my cock. I let out a warm yellow stream through the pouch of my jock while he slobbered and tried to catch it all. A lot of it dribbled down his chin.

The bartender came in for a quick leak and I had him use his piss to wash off the guy in the same way. He thought it was such a nice scene he sent in a guy with a beer for me from the bar so I wouldn't run out of piss.

I stayed in that goddam john over an hour with this guy, pissing and getting sucked and rubbing my dirty jock into his face and watching all the guys who came in piss all over him and have him drink it.

Another guy and I soaked his T-shirt with our piss and put it on his face. He chewed on it and sniffed it while I stood him against the wall and fucked him. For awhile I fucked him with my jock still on, forcing the whole wet pouch up his asshole. Then I pulled it aside and shot a big fuckin load up his hole.

Terry and the Pirates

It's hard to believe-after their rah-rah, siss-boom-bah support of the shameful Vietnam killing and their debasement of America by bringing the Nixon Gang into office-that rednecks like Terence Cardinal Cooke are still offering themselves as our moral leaders and saviours. But it's true.

What makes Cooke especially sickening, in his opposition to New York City's proposed bill for equal rights for homosexuals, is that he takes the standard yahoo line that homosexuals are aggressors who prey upon innocent "straights."

It is, of course, the other way around, as Terry Cooke demonstrates in trying to impose on all non-Catholics the medieval fetishes that even enlightened Catholics don't follow.

Ter has earned the reputation as "the Cavett of Catholicism" for using attacks on homosexuals as a cover for his own lack of manly traits. Terry has achieved the classic Shanty Irish dream: he not only has lace curtains (tax-free), but wears them.

Like his fellow pirates, the police, he's getting his sexual lumps on company time and at homosexuals' expense, but claiming it's homosexuals who are predatory. Terry's very income depends on the uncontrolled incubation of new parishioners, so he uses the infantile style of slapping homosexuals, then claiming they slapped him first.

If you think Terence Cardinal Cooke's face looks sickly, you ought to see his heart. In declaring love a sin and the Viet Nam slaughter patriotic, he indulged in the ultimate perversion. How's that for a Black Mass (worshipping the wrong things)? Terence thinks homosexuals should be denied legal rights because

homosexuality will destroy "family life." God knows I love homosexuality but I've never thought it was so attractive that nobody would ever go home to their families anymore if it were tolerated. Anyway the family-as anyone who has ever been born into one can testify-is not all that Ter seems to think it is. There are brighter men than he-R. D. Laing, the psychiatrist, for instance-who think family life should be destroyed. And if anyone *is* destroying it, it's husbands and fathers.

-Boyd McDonald

4 Boys Raped Me-Thank God

THE BRONX — I was "brought out" at 15 by four other boys who raped me. I was a shy, slightly-built, blond kid, easily embarrassed. I was attending a high school that was 60% black. I had made friends with one of the black kids and he set me up to get fucked-for which I am eternally grateful.

I knew nothing about sex except for jerking off. He recognized that I was a homosexual before I did. He lured me to the gym One day after school. In the locker room were three other blacks, one of them on the basketball team. Two were wearing only their jockey shorts. The other, the basketball player, wore a jock strap. They all had obvious hard ons.

They told me straight out they were going to screw me. I was scared but my cock started getting hard. They pushed me into a room where the sports equipment was stored. They told me to strip. I did. I got absolutely bare-assed. They stripped too and moved in on me, backing me to a wall. They did about 15 minutes of pinching my nipples, playing with my nuts, and finger-fucking my asshole.

Then they told me to lay face down on a pile of dirty jock straps and gym shorts. One of them found a sliver of soap and worked it lovingly into my asshole till it disappeared. Willy, my friend, got the privilege of fucking me first. While two of the guys spread my legs he worked his cock head in slowly, telling the others how "fucking tight" my hole was. "Virgin pussy," he moaned over and over again as he slapped his belly against my butt.

After driving his cock faster and faster he came with a shout and bit my shoulder. He lay on me full length for awhile till the others demanded their turn. He pulled out of me with a pop of my asshole that made the kids laugh. Then a different guy mounted me. This one brought me up to my knees and dog-fucked me. His cock went so far in me it felt like it was in my stomach. All the fucking caused me considerable pain but there was pleasure too. My dick was hard as stone.

The last of the four to fuck me was the basketball player and he did it the best. He had two guys hold my legs back over my head and screwed my asshole that way. It was a pleasure being able to watch the effect of my asshole on his lust. He buried his long black cock deep in my ass, then pulled it out almost all the way so just his cock head was inside my hole. Faster and faster, breathless, sweating, biting his lip with pleasure, working without letup. When he shot his nuts he threw his head back and moaned. He let his cock soak in my hole for awhile.

I lay there exhausted, my cock stiff, a load of pre-come juice on my belly, hoping that someone would jerk me off. But they just helped me up on my feet and told me to get dressed. Willy checked my hole to see if I was bleeding. They told me they wouldn't tell anybody if I kept my mouth shut. They sauntered off talking to each other about how good I was. I got dressed too and left.

The next day Willy told me he was sorry about what had happened (I was glad) and asked if he could do it with me again. So we ended up at my house and the first thing he offered me was his ass. I took it joyfully. My prick had never been in anything except my hand. When my pole disappeared all the way up his black ass it was my greatest thrill. His hole was tight and hot and in five minutes I had pumped every ounce of my juice into his ass. It was the most beautiful moment of my life.

But I preferred to be fucked. We fucked in every position and location imaginable after that. In bed, on the floor, in the back seat of my father's car, on a public beach in broad daylight, in the back row of a movie house, standing up, bending over, you name it. Willie became my lover. We met two and three times a week and even that wasn't enough, at least for me. We were pretty faithful to each other though there were other boys for both of us.

About once a month Willy would have me fuck him. My family moved out of town and Willy and I lost track of each other. But I thank God he turned me on.

The Buck Stops Here

MASSACHUSETTS — One evening when I was feeling real horny I went into a Times Square porn shop where they have male films, in the peep show. There was nobody around the peep show when I went in. The film showed a couple of guys jerking each other off and soon I had my cock out of my jeans, stroking it while I watched. Just then a hand opened the curtain of my booth. I got a glimpse of worn blue jeans with cargo pockets but instinctively turned away to hide my hard on.

But he didn't go away, and when I looked back, I saw a sexy-looking Puerto Rican in his early 20s, rubbing his hand over the bump in his jeans. I turned so he could get a look at my hard cock, and he slipped into the booth. We started kissing and feeling each other up. I opened his pants and got his cock out. It was a beautiful tawny color. Then we took turns sucking on each other.

After we'd changed off a couple of times-with whoever was standing up watching the two kids jerk off on the screen-he said in a low voice "Do you have three bucks?" That took me by surprise, though I guess it shouldn't have. I'd just never been propositioned by a male hustler before.

I said I didn't, which was a lie. I'm not sure why I said it. He really turned me on. But I guess my denial was believable. You'd never guess I had much money on me from the way I looked. I was wearing an old pair of corduroy jeans that were worn threadbare at the knees and seat and had one belt-loop broken, plus an old leather windbreaker and a blue work shirt.

But denial of the three bucks didn't stop the guy. He went right on sucking and kissing. He obviously wanted the sex more than the three bucks. That really *did* get to me. When he was down on his knees sucking on my cock (and man, did he know how), I got a \$5 bill out of my wallet and stuffed it into his shirt pocket. He looked up at me with some surprise but he never missed a beat in sucking me. Finally I shot into his mouth, but I still felt hot for him and asked him to jerk off while I watched. I wished he would jerk off *on* me, but those damn jeans would have showed the spots too clearly. So I watched while his cum shot across the booth and dripped down the wall and made little puddles on the floor.

Motel Sausage

NEW YORK — Recently, my lover and I were traveling through Florida. We checked into a motel and were sitting near the pool when a young black guy passed by. I noticed he was having difficulty walking because of the big fat cock banging against his left leg. He cruised and we cruised back. We stood looking at each other for awhile and then he popped into the nearby john.

When we went in, he was standing in front of the urinal with his pants around his ankles, playing with a tremendous hunk of fat black cock. He turned his head, looked at us over his shoulder, and said, "Y'all want some?"

We answered without words. I dropped down on my knees and took the head of his cock in my mouth. He moaned and pushed it in deeper. My lover was at his asshole and when the stud felt that tongue going inside he pulled my head against him and somehow got that whole wang down my throat, with his balls against my chin, and started to mouth-fuck me. He shot a load down my throat that did not stop gushing until I thought I would drown. He tried to hold my head all the way down to the base of his cock but I pulled up so that I could taste that load as it went down my throat.

He was not finished, and his cock did not get soft or even get smaller. He turned to my lover and asked him if he liked to get fucked. He covered his cock with soap suds and shoved it into my lover, who was on the floor with his ass up in the air. My lover was ecstatic with that big black sausage inside him. I ate the black ass and it was wild, getting fucked in the face by the ass of the cock that was fucking my lover.

He told us that he could fuck and fuck without coming unless we wanted him to. Since my lover and I always get fucked by the same number (part of our ground rules) we changed positions and I had the pleasure of feeling that big black cock pushing into my asshole and then get deep inside me. We went on like this for a while and then he said he had to get back to work.



Cuelo. Photo: Sierra Domino

Puerto Rican Offers Bod

NEW JERSEY — After visiting a friend in the East Village I drove towards the Holland Tunnel through the Bowery. Lots to be had. At Spring Street I noticed a short, muscled Puerto Rican looking at me. A sort of miniature Anthony Quinn type.

He came over and asked for some change. He was standing on the curb side of the car and I pulled up close so I could size up the situation. He was built like an ox. He wore paint-spattered dungarees and an A-shirt.

I gave him a cigarette and as he stood lighting it I gave him a feel. He continued lighting his cigarette but when he was done smiled and leaned against my hand, pressing it between his groin and the door.

"You cocksucker?" he asked. I said yes. "You like to suck me?" I said yes. He grinned and looked around. "We go to your house? No mine." I told him it was too far-Jersey. "You leave car here," he said. "Come with me."

I followed him. He unlocked the padlock on a gate and we went into a small parking lot. Then he unlocked the door of a garage. He pulled some drop cloths from the back of a. paint-spattered truck and spread them on the floor, then opened his fly and pulled his cock out.

"You suck? I fuck you, yes? You like me?" "I like MUCHO," I said. He pulled my hand and stuffed it in his open fly. I grabbed a handful of sweaty nuts and damp hair. He spread his legs so I could get at him. "Good," he said ... I like you much."

I pushed him up against a desk and he sat on the edge with his legs dangling. I felt him up and sniffed around. He had one hell of a powerful smell and it was turning me on. I started to pull his undershirt up and he took it off. I sniffed at it and licked his nipples and armpits until he was really going wild. He stretched his arms up behind his head, flexing his muscles, knowing I enjoyed looking at him, feeling his muscles, licking around the bulges.

I unfastened his belt and pulled his pants down. He raised his butt so I could get them off. He wore no underpants and his tool was standing up. He was pretty well hung and his smallness made his prick look bigger. He had a heavy bush of black hair around his cock and nuts. A dime-sized area of his cock-head showed at the opening of his foreskin. It was wet-glistening with juice.

I licked and nosed around his cock, gradually skinning it back, smelling stale piss and cock cheese. I teased it with my tongue until he pushed me down on it. He leaned back and let me lick his butt. The smell in the hairy crack of his ass was strong and really making me hungry. I had him on his back on the desk with him holding his legs up spreading his ass for my tongue. His ass needed a swabbing out. It was sticky and sweaty and bitter with the flavor of his last crap.

I licked up his belly to his chest, under his arms and around his neck, his ears and everywhere. He pulled away when I tried to kiss him. While I sucked on his cock I worked my finger up his asshole. I showed him my shitty finger and licked it clean. I

blew up his asshole until he was filled with air several times and farted it out. Then he pulled me back to his prick and said, "Cock suck, cock suck. Please." As I sucked he moaned and groaned and started to say yi-yi. Then he let loose with a loud series of yi-yi's. I felt his muscles begin to pump and after several dry spasms he started to squirt his load. Thick, bitter, and creamy. After he shot his wad he got down from the desk and lay on the drop cloth. "You lay here with me," he said.

I took off my clothes and lay down. He was obviously up to more than a blow job. His prick was still stiff. "You nice," he said. "You very nice cock suck. I like to fuck." His English was very limited but he knew the necessary words, like "suck" and "fuck." I started to feel and sniff around again. He was still radiating a heavy male body smell that all the licking in the world wouldn't remove.

He was wearing only dirty white sneakers and basketball sox. I unlaced one sneaker and smelled the inside of it. I chewed his sock and licked his foot. He apparently was ticklish but once I got to sucking his toes and washing them with my mouth he liked it and offered his other foot. This got him going and he jerked his cock with one hand and felt of my ass with the other. "I fuck now?" he asked.

He wanted me on my back and got up my hole with only the aid of spit. He hurt like hell for awhile but man did this guy know his business. Long, easy strokes out and a quick jab back in. His nuts slapped against my butt. Sweat dripped onto my face from his forehead and off the tip of his nose. I opened my mouth and caught the drops as they dripped from this hard-fucking little man.

He fucked for 20 minutes, then sped up, like a rabbit, and rabbit-fucked for a few minutes, all the time yelling what I guessed were dirty Spanish words into my face. When he unloaded it was with a loud scream. It sounded almost like he was in agony. I felt his load squirting up my asshole. He collapsed and said, "I die. I die."

His cock still in me, he wrapped his hand around mine. It was hard and ready to shoot off at a touch. He jerked it very slowly up and down and looked at it as I shot all over our chests and bellies. He lay on me and rubbed it all over us. We put our clothes on. "I like you," he said. "You very nice. You like me?"

What a question. We headed for the door but he went into a corner and was about to piss. I chomped down on his dick and told him to go ahead. He didn't quite understand at first but finally managed to take a leak. It was a pretty strong drink but I took most of it. Some splashed over my face and down my front.

He left me at the corner of Spring and the Bowery and I watched him walk away towards his house.

The Cardinal's Chorus Boys

The late Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York used to send his limo to stage doors to pick up chorus boys and have them delivered to his mansion for sex.

STH has this on good authority-a psychiatrist who used to treat one of the Cardinal's chorus boys told it to an STH subscriber.

While I approve of cardinals, or anyone else, shacking up with boys and men, I cannot honestly say the Cardinal had a fully-integrated personality or, in more current phraseology, had his shit together-embracing boys one minute and the church's anti-homosexual doctrines the next.

My own Christianity comes straight from the life of Christ. I've never bothered with the version that comes filtered through the personal hang-ups of a lot of professional Christians.

-Boyd McDonald

MANHATTAN — Do you see what Gore Vidal had to say on the subject of Cardinal Spellman's friends procuring boys for his cardinalial "barem"? Well, one of his talent scouts" attempted to "recruit" me when I was fresh & beautiful, singing down at the Upstairs at the Duplex in '61, I think it was. I allowed *The Activist* to make a big thing of this in an issue at the time of our last [Gay Rights Bill] defeat. I could never get it on With His Eminence, I never was a very good whore.

How I Came Out

Enclosed is the episode of how I came out and that is how it happened, for which I have always been grateful as it has allowed me freedom of mind and spirit.

It was my first spring holiday from military school that I was really brought out. Until that time, we all played around with each other's young cocks, goosing each other's asses in the showers, and always comparing the growth of pubic hair and cocks. Seeing the older cadets in the nude was real exciting because of their thick bushes of cock hair and their swinging dicks and balls.

Back home, there was a 19-year-old college football player, whose family and mine had been friends for years. The plan was for one of the fathers to take this guy-Tony-and my older brother and me to the mountains for a week, but my brother and the father canceled out, and Tony 'agreed to take me.

Tony had an old Chevy that he loved to work on. On our trip I kept asking him about the car and that really made him like me. After we got to the cabin, we took off on a hike. We talked about everything and finally he asked me about school-if any of my class-mates mucked around with each other. I told him what we did. As we talked he rubbed his groin from time to time, and that got me excited, but I didn't know if he did things like we did at school, or if he was thinking about it. ,

When we got back to the cabin and got a fire going, we ate and Tony began to talk about what I did at military school. Since this was the same drift of our earlier conversation, I got excited all over again.

We lay before the fire and he told me there were lots of things guys did together

when there were no cunts around. His use of words like "cock," "cunt," "pussy eater," etc. made me feel closer to this god. He told me things he'd done with his older brother. I was shaking with excitement, barely breathing, and agreeing with every word he said. He said his brother sucked his cock and how good it felt, and licked his nuts and even put a finger up his asshole and wiggled it around. I told him at school older cadets would force the fourth-formers to lick the head of a cock or kiss their bare asses as part of the hazing, and then afterward would call the fourth-formers "cocksuckers."

He undressed me. I'm sure I didn't move a muscle and everything was quiet, but my heart pounded like a drum. After Tony had taken all my clothes off, he kissed me and pushed his tongue in my mouth. I felt I was going to pass out.

He told me to unbutton his shirt. My hands were shaking so much that he had to help me. Then he told me to lift his T-shirt. He took my hands and rubbed them all around his chest. He told me to unbutton his Levis.

What really knocked me out was that when we managed to get his Levis down a little, I saw the waistband of his jockstrap!

He lay back and told me to sit on his chest. I'll never forget the first contact of his black chest hair with my hairless balls and ass.

Tony kissed my cock and took it in his mouth. Then I felt a finger on my asshole. Then in my asshole. I felt like I was going to burst. I just cried out when my load of cum shot into Tony's sucking mouth. He told me he really loved the taste of my cum.

He said it was my turn to make him feel good, and I agreed. I was worried that I couldn't please him but he was very patient and told me how to suck his cock, to put my tongue inside his foreskin, etc. I remember the strong male odor of his sex. His jockstrap was well worn and filled with his smell of groin sweat and a little stale piss, as was his cock, especially under his foreskin. He told me to lick his balls and then to play with them while I sucked on his cock again.

His cock seemed huge, but it was my first one. In reality it was an average 6", but it was pretty fat.

Pipe Organ Preacher

CONNECTICUT — In the past years of experience in cocksucking, I've had several men of the cloth. Once in Boston I met a guy who turned out to be a preacher (I'd picked him up in a "straight" bar). He took me on the subway to his church in the south part of town (I think it was Mattapan). He unlocked the church, took me down front, stripped me, got me hot, stripped himself too, then went to the pipe organ and played Yankee Doodle using his hard cock to push down the keys. Then he turned the thing off and played with my organ, and I attended to his-right in the pew.

A Regular Kissing Bug

GEORGIA — Reading about the "Flying Cocksucker" reminds me of a father I met in Georgia who told me about his relations with his son. He sucked his son's cock from the time the boy was but a few months old. The man was 38 when I met him. His son Dick was beautiful, with blond hair, large brown eyes with incredibly long lashes, and a full sensual mouth. At 12 years of age the boy had only sucked his father a few times. He hadn't acquired a taste for it but had given in at times to please his father. However, the father's main interest was sucking the boy and then jacking himself off. On the first night I spent with them we watched some suck and fuck slides while Dick sat on my lap. I was surprised as I felt of his cock and took it out—it was fat for his age and about 4". When Bob went to bed he let me take his son with me to the guest room. His only caution was that I should not fuck the boy. I was surprised at little Dick's sophistication. He was a regular kissing bug and loved to tongue kiss. I sucked his cock. It was uncut (his father liked them that way). His foreskin was delicious. I sucked for almost half an hour before he shot his wad, which was sweet and tasty. I knew he didn't like to suck. He pacified me by jerking me off as we kissed.

After I came I held him in my arms for about an hour and we talked. He was very affectionate in talking about his father; he seemed genuinely pleased by what his dad was doing to him and for him. Dick loved to get sucked off.

I knew Dick was dying to swim in a pool instead of the creek near his house. Since I was on a three-day visit with them during my vacation, I got a room at a nearby Holiday Inn that had a good pool. Dick had an afternoon swim while his father eyed all the young boys in the water. Now and then Dick would come up and say, "Dad, how do you like the one in the blue trunks?" or something like that.

Later that afternoon, both Bob and I sucked his son. Once we both worked on him at the same time, Bob taking the top of the boy's cock while I licked the base and sucked on the kid's nuts. Had the boy been guilty or uncooperative it would have turned me off. But he was quite the contrary and he excited me because he was so experienced, willing, hot, and cooperative. His father had taught him well how to enjoy his cock as a gift of Nature.

After Dick unloaded I lay on the bed and his father knelt on the floor and sucked my cock. Dick got another hard on. He wanted to watch close-up as his father sucked me so I told him to get over me and face-fuck me as he watched his father sucking me. Bob was the best cocksucker I'd ever had. No blow job ever felt as good and I envied Dick the fact that he had such a good cocksucker working him over every day.

After I shot my wad Dick asked his father to open his mouth so that he could see my load. He watched as his father rolled my load around in his mouth.

Later, when I sucked Bob, I invited Dick to watch up close. I told him it would be a great thrill for me to see him suck his dad's cock. He frowned at first but began to lick and suck it, and by caressing his ass and balls I got him into the mood to keep

on sucking. It was really great seeing his full lips sliding up & down on the cock that had shot him into the world.

I told Dick to hold his father's cum in his mouth and let me have it. When Bob came his body was bucking all over the bed and quivering with every muscle. Dick held onto the shooting cock valiantly. He pulled away suddenly and grabbed me, anxious to rid himself of the cum. He rinsed his mouth noisily with some mouthwash I had in my shaving kit.

I had told Bob about my great interest in assholes and rimming. After dinner when I returned to our room after using the bathroom, I found Dick sitting bare ass on his father's lap. His father had the boy's legs spread as far as they would go, displaying the most beautiful asshole I'd ever seen. It made my mouth water. Both of them giggled at my reaction. I knelt before them and began kissing the boy's ass, wanting to tease myself and him before kissing his beautiful little hole itself.

When I began to rim him the boy squirmed and giggled and complained about it "feeling funny like." But soon he began to moan. His hole relaxed and opened and I slid my tongue in and out of it. He had a hot little asshole. While I was lapping his asshole his father gently worked the kid's foreskin back and forth.

Bob wanted to suck the boy's cock so I suggested that they get on the bed. His father knelt over the boy's body, holding his legs back, while I knelt on the floor so I could lick his asshole. The kid got so hot as we worshipped his cock and asshole that I noticed he had crammed his mouth full of his dad's long, fat cock and was moving his head up and down, trying to get as much friction as he could.

Bob never missed a stroke, his face only a few inches from mine, and I could tell by his snorting and moaning that he was unloading his cum into the boy's mouth. I could also tell, when the boy's sphincter muscle tightened around my tongue, that he was unloading in his father's mouth too. I shot my own load onto the bedspread without even touching my cock.

Before going to sleep, Bob and his son embraced and kissed awhile as I went from one ass to the other, rimming one and then the other. Now and then I could hear them telling each other how my tongue felt in their assholes. The room had two beds. The father and son shared one. I slept alone in the other.

In the morning I sucked and rimmed them both as they held onto each other and kissed. I never saw them again but I did correspond with them for a couple of years. The boy enjoyed having his asshole licked so much they made a deal: his father pretended not to like rimming the boy but said he would if the boy would suck his cock. So every time the boy wanted to get his asshole licked, Bob would lay with his head against the head of the bed. Dick would straddle him and press his ass into his father's face and suck his cock. When I last heard from them Dick had acquired a taste for semen and would swallow his father's cum.

Decorated Ass

MANHATTAN — On the right rear pocket of a young man heading toward the West Side "Y": KISS MY ASS.

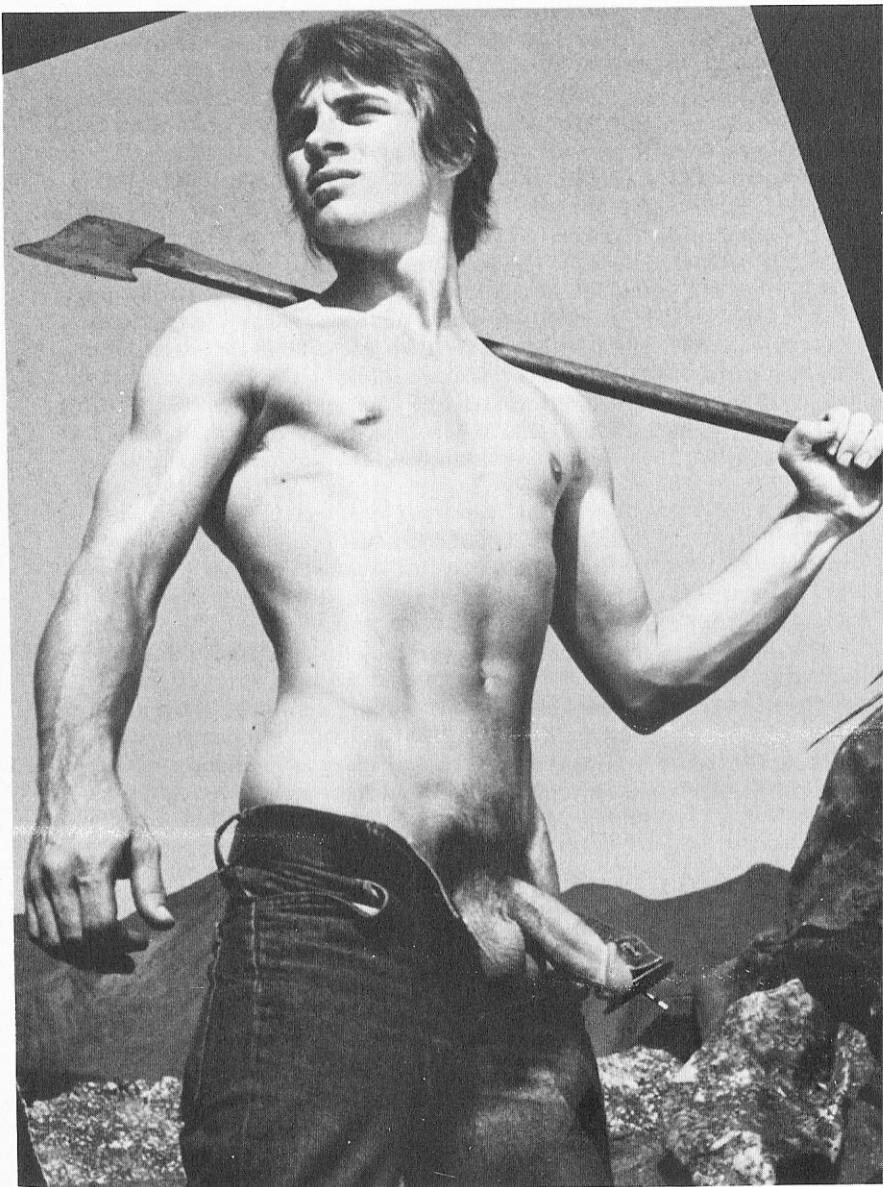
On the right rear pocket of a delivery boy for Gristede's: FIGHT V.D. -JACK OFF.

On the right rear pocket of a very young, very tough, very pretty Puerto Rican boy: FUCK ME-PLEASE-FUCK ME. This banana-skinned beauty walked very gingerly, with his legs apart, as though he had a sore asshole and didn't want to chafe it. His ad must pay.

Explanations for Going to "Gay" Bars:

- (1) Architectural;**
- (2) Walking the Dog;**
- (3) Pea Soup.**

"I walked Mr. Dooley [a dog] last Sunday ... I went over to 11th Avenue, where I grew up. First time I'd been over there in years. There's nothing there anymore. It's been improved right out of existence. No, I'm wrong. The old Landmark Tavern is still there. It goes back to 1866. It's still there and, I must say, it's been lovingly restored. It's a gay bar now, I think, but it isn't the least bit precious. They have good beer on draft and things like pea soup on the menu." - Daniel P. Moynihan, now U.S. senator, quoted in *The New York Times*.



Bobby Kropp. Photo: AMG

Gay San Francisco: 1903

NEW ORLEANS — I made the acquaintance of an elderly man who was witty, charming, and absolutely fascinatingly frank about his early sex life during the throes of Victorian America. I'm submitting here my remembrances of the things he told me:

I was 12 when I came to San Francisco, having run away from my home in a small town in Oregon. It was about 1903.

I did odd jobs but my primary means of making a living was under the guise of shining men's shoes. In actual fact I sucked their cocks for pay, which, I suppose, made me one of the turn-of-the-century boy prostitutes.

There were even boy houses in those days, though their existence was a carefully-guarded secret, known only to men and boys and even so, only to those "in the know." I'm sure that upper-class men and boys assumed that much of what they heard was merely fanciful rumor.

Many of the regular whorehouses had boys "on call." I first got into prostitution when I became acquainted with other runaways and boys of the streets. They were tough kids. They had to be or else they wouldn't have survived.

In those days the streets were dimly lit by gaslight. The approach was almost always made by the customer. A guy would ask a passing boy for a shoeshine. If he wanted more than just a shine, we would go into an alley and he would take his cock out of his pants.

Kneeling down, pretending to shine his shoes, we could suck quite easily and if anyone approached, we stopped sucking and started shining. It was easy to hear someone coming: most of the sidewalks were of wooden planking.

At first I would spit out the load but later I learned to like the taste and would swallow it. I only spit it out if the guy didn't appeal to me. Lots of seamen would pay 25¢ for a blow job. Some of the biggest loads I ever got were from those seamen.

Most of the meat was uncut in those days. Virtually all of the cut meat I had was from Jewish traveling men.

A boy named Manny approached me one evening for a four-way. A rich saloon owner liked to have three boys at a time. I went with him and we all stripped. The guy was in his early 50s. He liked to have one boy suck him while the other two stood by and he could feel them up, running his hands all over their bodies, and playing with their cocks.

He would stop the boy sucking him and have one of the others take over.

Eventually, all three boys would suck his cock. He would time us by counting, each boy making ten slides up and down his cock, then another boy. We went on like this, 10 strokes apiece at a time. Whichever boy was lucky enough to get his load got \$20

in addition to the fee he paid each of us. He was married and had three daughters who considered themselves "up in the world."

I knew some boys who signed on as cabin boys after the captain had become taken with them. The kid was, for all intents and purposes, just a piece of ass for the captain at sea. Most of the boys who signed on as cabin boys loved being fucked. Sometimes the first mate would get to fuck the boy too, but the crew usually let the boy alone, fearing the captain's anger.

I was a shoeshine boy until I was 16. You were considered a man at that age. Also, I was too old for the trade; the men really liked the younger boys better.

But I never gave up cocksucking and I got a lot of cock.

When I was in my 20's and 30's I would have liked to visit a shoeshine boy myself, but times had changed and there just weren't any anymore.

Hospital Visitor Takes Youth's Licorice Stick

CALIFORNIA — Went to the hospital to visit a lovely person I know from work. She needs all the comfort and support she can get. Imagine needing to have kidney stones removed at 25.

When I got there she already had two visitors (the limit) so I had to wait. Time well spent. While I was sitting in the lounge, a very young and very handsome black boy (as black as it's possible to be, and with beautiful aristocratic West African features) came in with his right arm and neck in a cast and brace. He was wearing slippers, PJ bottoms and a bathrobe sort of half on and half off. But before I could angle a baited phrase his way, a black woman and a little girl came into the lounge and started talking to him.

But destiny has a way ... After I'd visited my friend, I made a necessary stop at the tearoom, and there he was! Feet well apart, left hand on his hip watching his healthy young uncut cock make golden water. And we were alone.

I looked at him, he looked at me looking at him, and he smiled. Nothing quite like instant recognition (of the right kind) and simple and direct agreement. So I went into the stall furthest from the door and sat on the throne and he followed. And after he'd taken his robe off, he knelt on my lap with his left hand on my shoulder. I let his PJ bottoms down, then put my left hand on his firm buns to further steady him. And there it was, very slender but nearly seven inches long, and all for me!

I didn't think his cock could get any harder, but he had a little cheese (of excellent flavor), and when he saw me lick it off, his cock got so hard it started to drool. I know it was more his seeing it than feeling it because he said, "You want it, no jive?" Then, "You're too much, 'man!" And he started to come the instant his glans nuzzled into my throat. And come. And come! And what a delicious and frothy flash flood it was!

The second time took a little longer-but not much. By then my legs were starting to go numb (a very solid, very husky boy. all way round), but he was still eager and that

lovely black rod of his was still rigid, so I blocked out the pain with pleasure.

But the sweetest part of all was that we slapped hands (ghetto style) afterwards and he flashed me a huge, happy smile. No put down or dumping-something no few minority kids indulge in. Just thanks, glad we could help each other out.

Size X-L

TORONTO — There's a stud at the "Y" who is a legend in his own time. He's about 25, a gymnast with a perfect physique, and it's enough to get your pre-cum juices flowing Just to look at him. I was attending fitness class there and he usually took part as well. I had heard from several friends (two of who, had been screwed by him) that his dick classified him for pole vaulter status. One friend actually needed a doctor after getting the, "royal roto-rooter" treatment. Although I was in fitness class with him, I'd never seen his dick until one day a few weeks ago. I walked into the shower and who should be standing there, lathering himself, but the human tripod. Holy shit, I couldn't believe it-it had to be seven or eight inches soft.

My instincts almost had me jumping to my knees to try and ram as much of that bean-pole down my throat as possible, but I stifled myself. I felt dizzy and left (there's so many uptight suppressed "straights" there that sex In the showers or locker room is impossible-the upstairs over-night rooms are a different story).

A couple of days later I was walking down Yonge Street when who do I see coming but Long Wang. He nodded and I nodded back, and when I kept going, he followed me. Along Maitland Street to Church where I stopped to look in a shop window. He came up to me and said hello and I knew I wasn't going to be long before my asshole was going to get the stretching of its' life.

I was quite wary of his size, knowing the pain he had caused my friend, but he was so gorgeous that I couldn't resist.

We got home and soon got .into a raunchy scene, rimming, kissing, sucking', I wish I could have video-taped it for later J.O. sessions.

He was quite interested in my asshole and asked if I had any KY. I figured what the hell and went and got the Vaseline Intensive Care.

I was really hot but I'm still not sure exactly where it all went-I've been screwed by much smaller dicks that seemed too big. Anyway, I took his baseball bat right to the handle.

After a bit of fucking this style on my back, he picked me up and lifted me up and down on his cock. My God, what a trip. We came together, me jerking myself off as the love machine continued to explore the nether regions of my shit hole, and then slopped down on the bed exhausted.

I've seen him a couple of times since but haven't had a chance to get together again. I don't know if my plumbing could take it.

The Sailor Went Ape

PENNSYLVANIA — A young friend (24) in my hometown brought around a sailor he had picked up at Philadelphia's Outdoor central city skating rink. The tar, named Freddie, was just released from the service. He was 19, had a great build, big-shouldered, well-defined pectorals, narrow waist, and husky legs with plenty of leg hair although he had only a small patch of pubic hair and no fuzz on his chest. Even his armpit hair was quite sparse. I went to the kitchen to fill their beer glasses and when I came back I found that my friend was sucking Freddie's cock. Freddie was sprawled out on a divan with his head thrown back, gasping pleasurable. My friend divested Freddie of his pants; he was wearing no underpants. The blouse went up over his chest to reveal the taut nipples on that baby-smooth expanse of glistening chest. My mouth watered as I helped to pull the blouse off. My friend went to Freddie's balls and sucked and slobbered the whole groin area. The sailor had indicated he was "straight," but both my friend and I had heard that story before. His eyes were closed so I kissed his mouth after I got his blouse over his head. His mouth opened slowly. We exchanged saliva and I went down to his nipples and armpits and belly and all over his torso with my tongue. I reached down to push my friend gently aside and gently raised the sailor's solid legs until they were in the air. My friend knew what was expected of him. This was the sailor's first rim job and he went ape. He squirmed, murmured, oh'd and ah'd and lifted his hips to get more of my friend's tongue up his asshole. You could tell that he loved it. And why not. My friend is the best-and only other-rimmer in my home town.

"You Want to Suck It?"

It infuriates me to see these lonely sex-starved men who cling so to their "straightness" they're unwilling to explore sex. Who don't even want to be sucked off. Jerking off alone in drab, dirty rooms at the "Y." May their balls rot. The best time I ever had was at the "Y" in Oklahoma City. When I got off the elevator I saw an open door. Sitting on the bed was an athletic young man about 25. His shirt was off. When he saw me his face lit up. I asked him directions to my room and invited him down. He had just come to Oklahoma City, was broke and looking for work. I asked him if he'd like a massage. He said yes. He undressed but refused to take off his Jockey shorts. I also stripped to my briefs. He had nice firm muscles. He kept asking me to rub harder. I ended up massaging his stiffening cock through his underpants. I was too shy to do more. "You want to suck it?" he asked. "Sure," I said, grinning. He pushed down his underpants. His cock was about 6", nicely shaped, quite thick, cut. He had a splendid hard on. He said he'd never been sucked off by a man before. I didn't believe that but said nothing. I sucked for a long time. Finally he said maybe he couldn't come because he'd fucked a whore that afternoon. I knew the only whore he'd fucked was his fist but I didn't say anything. I kept sucking. Finally he came just a bit. "That was great," he said. I turned off the light and lay down beside him, snuggling up to him, rubbing my hand over his chest. I wanted very much to kiss him but didn't dare. I sucked his nipples. I told him I was sorry he didn't take off his underpants because I'd have liked to massage him all over and suck his balls and put my tongue up his asshole. His cock started getting hard again. I was playing with it with my hand. He asked me to stop because his

cock and balls hurt. He told me he'd come back the next day. I made it with him every day. His asshole was nice and tight; I couldn't get my tongue more than a quarter inch into it. He loved this. He had two orgasms in my mouth that night, both with a good bit of cum. The next two times I got him to fuck me. He said he'd never done this before but he did it like a pro. By then we were kissing and he jerked me off. He never took my cock into his mouth but I didn't care. The first night after he left I went up and down the hallway several times. Nothing was stirring except for one door which opened a bit each time I went by. I had no idea who was in there. Finally I got up my nerve and stopped right in front of the door. "O.K., come on in," he whispered. I was a little afraid. Strong arms pulled me onto the bed. Lips were kissing me. As my eyes grew accustomed to the dark this creature I was with looked lovelier and lovelier. Turned out to be an 18-year-old American Indian boy. We sucked each other off. Both of us had nice full orgasms. I started licking his asshole but that frightened him. He pulled my head up to his and kissed me some more, plunging his tongue deep into my mouth. He invited me to sleep the night with him on that narrow bed. I was delighted. The next morning after we'd sucked each other off again he told me that was the first time he'd ever spent a whole night with a man. He had a 5" cock, very dark, quite narrow, uncut, practically no pubic hair, a lean firm body. I was captivated. Our culture could learn so much from the Indians about living in harmony with nature. He liked me because I'm a hippy. His last name was Birdsong. He'd come from a reservation to study at an electronics school. I slept with him every night I was there. I'd have liked very much to fuck him but was never able to get him interested. I was content to keep at our mutual blow jobs.

Doesn't Waste Nectar

PITTSBURGH — When I get hot and want to get my nuts off I have a bottle that had olives in. It is 5 inches in circumference and six inches long. I warm it with hot water; oil my cock up good with Olive Oil; and insert it into this bottle. My cock is five and a quarter inches in circumference at the base when hard, so it fits nice and tight into this bottle all the way except one inch at the base, as my cock is 7 inches long. I work the bottle back and forth and my cock swells up and fills the bottle and the tight suction of the bottle is as good as a hot mouth and really has a suction. I place a couple mirrors so I can see my asshole from the back and me masturbating with the bottle from the front. I rub my fingers along my sweaty ass crack and the lips of my hole and then smell them, and the smell gets me hot as hell and I fantasize that a guy is smelling" and licking my ass hole while I jerk off and dump my load into the bottle. I pour warm tea in the bottle and drink it mixed with my cum." I do not believe in wasting this nectar.

Heterosexuality Termed "Perversion"

WASHINGTON — After the Nixon court horseshit decision on Virginia's sodomy laws, all is not quite lost in D.C. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist," told the Washington Press Club that "Homosexuality is perfectly good for some people. Extreme heterosexuality is a perversion." God bless her-s-she's long been my choice for the first woman president. [She died recently and we'll miss her.)

He Moaned in Ecstasy

MANHATTAN — I felt he knew me well—he had eaten my shit before, right out of my asshole, as I sat in a chair with one foot up on a table to expose my asshole. There's a mirror across the room from the chair. It's my favorite position. I sit there every day, with my foot up and my asshole on display, looking into the mirror, smelling my asshole on my fingers, tickling my balls, and jacking off. What I think about that makes me jack off are asslickers and brown-nosers. Anyway, since I knew this guy well, I'd called him a few days ago and told him I wanted my asshole wiped Sunday and asked if he was interested. "Don't wash it," he said right away. Then he pointed out that Sunday was Easter. But neither of us had anything better to do. So I received him wearing just one thing: a white scumbag. Someone in the corridor could have seen it had they been passing by when he came in, but luckily they weren't. He didn't like it. I pulled it off and took up my position on the chair, showing my asshole. I reached over to turn off the light. He told me to leave it on. He wanted to look at my asshole. He said it was beautiful. I asked him if he liked smelly assholes. I knew he did, but I just wanted to mention it. I said I hadn't had a shower for a long time. He said, "Let me smell it." He got down and brown-nosed me. He said it smelled beautiful. I told him I like to have my ass wiped. He said he liked to wipe it with his tongue. He did. He said it tasted so sweet. I have a tiny asshole but he is such an artist at asslicking he got part of his tongue up my wet asshole. I stuck my finger up my ass and brought it to my face to smell it. He said, "Let me have it, let me have it!" He sucked it violently, moaning in ecstasy. "Your shit tastes so sweet." He wants me to shit in that position next Sunday. "I'll wipe your ass clean afterward, too." He moaned when he licked my sweaty armpits and licked between my toes. He said he'd take my piss, my shit, my sweat, anything that comes out of me. He said he likes big fat turds. I told him I only have thin ones. He wanted to know what color. I told him I'd been pissing all over my cock hair and letting it dry. He said, "That's why it tastes so sweet." After about a half hour of licking my asshole he said, "It's clean." I tried to jack off after he left and smelled my asshole, and it smelled of the strong soap or scent of some 'kind he had been wearing. I must have gotten it from his nose. I have a date with a guy who's met me but never been to bed with me. He says his nose belongs in my asshole and he wants to sleep with his nose in my ass all night. That's where I want it too. He wants me to save a week or two's worth of my "asshole perfume" for him. I'm obsessed with it. I keep forgetting to buy one of those Halloween masks or other masks you can buy; I want to cut off the nose and stick it in the crack of my ass and wear it wherever I go. My Jockey shorts will hold it in place. That way I can feel a nose in my ass all the time. Every time I stand still in public—at a coffee shop, the post office, or whatever—I wish somebody would come up and smell the seat of my pants, pull them down and smell my underpants, then pull them off and smell my bare ass. It's disgusting. That guy who says he wants to sleep with his nose in my ass promises to be the best one yet. That's for June.

The Old Man and the Seamen

SAN DIEGO — In 1968 I returned to Paris and my French lover. I sailed on the S.S. *France*, a floating hotbed of homosexuality. The bartender, Remy, was gay. I was gay. There was an important Broadway playwright and his lover aboard. A famous New York designer was aboard, also gay. The nightclub singer, a young Belgian, was gay,

and a young Frenchman who worked for a travel agency in New York was aboard, and madly gay. We all had a ball, since a lot of the ship's personnel were gay. Also aboard was James Jones, who wrote *From Here to Eternity*, and we used to sit at the bar and discuss literature, etc. night after night. I finally brought up the subject of homosexual authors. I said that of course everyone knew about Truman Capote, Gore Vidal, and Tennessee Williams, but I asked Mr. Jones, who knew Hemingway (Hemingway resented the younger Jones's success, by the way), if Hemingway had had a homosexual problem, and I told him what I wrote you, that Hemingway had fallen in love with this red-headed bullfighter. Jones flatly stated, "Of course it's true. Hemingway did have a homosexual problem which he fought all his life. No doubt about it." I then said to Jones, "But you are not gay, are you?" And he said he had had some homosexual experiences but that it wasn't really his bag.

Oh, That German Beer

NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA — I am 23 and last year I was on holiday in Europe for 6 months. I was in Munchen during the Oktoberfest and one evening went to one of the gay bars. I was wearing an old, faded pair of blue jeans, a T-shirt and a short black leather jacket. I noticed a young guy enter the bar with a couple of friends. He was about 5' 11", slim, short blond hair, dark tan and beautiful face and smile. He and his friends sat next to me and invited me to have a drink. One of his friends was French-the other German. Both were short (around 5' 6"- my height), with dark hair and in their mid 20s. Only the short German guy spoke much English. The younger blond guy was 18, from Lubeck in Northern Germany. The only English-speaking guy suggested we go to his place. Whilst we were making our way there on foot they took their cocks out and swung them around, laughing and horsing around. I was fascinated and dropped down on my knees and sucked the young blond guy's cock. It started to swell. The sexiest thing was the setting. It was in one of the town squares and people were returning home from a concert nearby. We really freaked them straight out. One of the guys saw a bus passing and I stopped sucking. The blond guy stuffed his cock into his tight jeans and we ran to the bus. Once aboard I sat on the shorter German guy's lap whilst he squeezed my nipples and kissed me. The bus was quite crowded, but we didn't care. When we got to his flat we quickly stripped off. All three had uncut cocks. We 69'd for a short time and then the French guy forced the blond guy onto his back, spat on his thick cock and rammed it up the blond guy's beautiful, tight, tanned arse. The other guy pushed me into a similar position and after licking my arse he shoved his cock up my tight small arsehole. He really fucked me good and hard and squeezed my nipples so hard I cried out. He then switched over and fucked the blond guy whilst the French guy fucked my stretched hole. I kissed the blond guy and our tongues really moved-he obviously liked it. It was not long before both guys were close to coming. They both withdrew and let their hot creamy cum spurt and splatter over our faces and bodies, The short German guy said he wanted to piss on me. I agreed. I had never been pissed on before but the idea excited me. He told me to lie down in the bath whilst he stood with a leg either side of my chest and his fat cock in his hand. I was so excited my cock was harder than it had ever been before and whilst I furiously jerked off he loosed a stream of hot piss right onto my face and chest. He ordered me to open my mouth and falling to his knees he filled my mouth with his

hot piss. I found the taste bitter but not at all bad. I came in spurt after spurt, mixing my cum with his piss. He licked my chest and face. I showered with him and we went back to the bedroom where we spent the night.

Fag Calls Homosexuals Queens

MANHATTAN — I'm waiting for the kid I'm partially supporting. He's quit his bartending job because it was in the back room of a sex bar where nobody wanted to buy any liquor, except maybe some beer, and they certainly didn't tip. They were only interested in fucking and sucking—"making out," as he said. Anyway, I thought I'd spend the time waiting for my love object, sex symbol or whatever, to write you. I love having you there to communicate with, even though we've never met. It's a very civilizing relationship, don't you think? The other night, I brought a boy back here to my office who wanted to be fist-fucked. We did it *five* times. My hand could feel his heart, up there, beating away. It worried me somewhat. For two days after, my right arm and shoulder muscles were sore. It takes a lot of umphing to get that fist and arm up there in the kid's ass. Ass? Let's say carcass. I really didn't care for it very much. The truth is I'd rather have someone doing it to me. I was in the orgy room of a turkish bath in San Francisco a couple of years ago. I was a stranger to the place and of course adored the bath, it being so relaxed and all. I was having a lovely time in the darkened room on the round mattress in what my California host calls a "dog pile." A particularly splendid cock was standing up and someone was working on its head but I moved in to slurp the balls and the shaft. Suddenly an angry queenly voice said, "It isn't/air! You've already had *five*. This one is mine. Why don't you go back where you came from and leave us alone?" I was shattered. I thought it was share and share alike, with the juice going to whomever had his mouth on which cock and when. I hadn't been counting and I really didn't know that I'd swallowed five loads of cum. Embarrassed by the accusation of my competitor, I left the pad and went out to the showers. Almost immediately I was joined there by a wonderful specimen, a really gorgeous hunk, but with limp prick. "Are you going to leave so soon?" I said. "Yup," he said. "I already came. While you two queens were fighting over my cock, I shot my load."

Black Master, White Slave

BROOKLYN — Several months ago at St. Mark's Baths [Manhattan], I spotted a nice looking young man stretched out on his cot with his door open—a very light-skinned Negro. He was identifiable as Negro, in fact, only by his hair. I walked in his room, knelt down by the cot and leaned over and kissed his cock. He didn't object (or respond), so I pulled off my towel and climbed on the cot and slid his long soft prick into my mouth. It began to harden instantly and I gave it several long strokes until it was rock-hard. Then I began to lick and suck around his balls, pushing his legs apart and licking closer and closer to his asshole. He finally spoke for the first time. "Isn't there something else you want to do while you're "down there?" I was so surprised at hearing him speak that I couldn't think of anything to say. "Lick my ass," he said. I obeyed instantly. I licked and sucked his tasty asshole, balls and cock, going back from one to the other at his command. Then he stood up and told me to lick his toes. I had the distinct impression that this was not part of his

ordinary sex, but that he was adapting his role to his perception of what I would dig. If so, he was doing a beautiful job. I sucked his toes until he told me to sit up and look up at him. Then he drooled a glob of spit into my mouth. Later he had me flat on my back on his cot while he fucked my face, spurting a big load of cum. Then he lay quietly, still on top of me with his dick in my mouth as it softened. I was just about to push him away for some air when there was a sudden spurt of piss-totally without warning. I gulped it down greedily as my own cock shot off.

Youth in Sauna Licked by Three at Once

MANHATTAN — One night at the Sauna Health Club the denizens were suddenly electrified by the arrival of an Italianate youth whose body could have been formed by Praxiteles or Michelangelo. He lay down on a cot and was surrounded by worshippers. One avid customer got the lovely cock (uncircumcised) and went to work on it. Another started sucking on the gorgeous nipples. A friend of mine parted those cheeks the color of ripe apricots and darted his eager tongue into the willing ass. I watched. Don't ask me why I didn't plunge into this scene. I suppose I could have worked on his toes, they being left unassaulted. But it was a delight just to watch this gorgeous body being attended to and watch him writhing in appreciation. Suddenly he seemed to have a kind of orgasmic spasm and my friend rose up from those gorgeous buns and turned to me and in giving me a soul kiss, gave me a taste of the boy's ass hole. Your note that you had not received 'this item filled me with horror. I tend to write you when I'm a bit high-in-the-sky and I fear I keep addressing you as *The New York Review Of Books* rather than *The Manhattan Review*. Do you suppose my original version of this episode went to Barbara Silvers at *The New York Review Of Books*? What will they make of such a contribution from one of the more respected agents?

Editors note: The rats probably ran your story, even though they knew it was intended for me; they'll do anything to scoop me on a story.



Buddy Maloney. Photo: AMG

Takes 16 Up Ass, 14 Down Throat

CANADA — A one line advert brought me an avalanche of phone calls recently. One rang me from the South. A cocksucker servicing 3 Negro construction workers. He is 22 years old. Rang me with a large dildo up his ass to keep it loose. The three came over to his place separately all day and all night to feed him. He's doing well in college. The second time he phoned the three Negro studs had moved him in with them and he was moved from bed to bed as the Negroes got loaded up with fresh cum and got horny for more ass. It's true, from the Deep, Deep South. The second stud slave rang me from the Midwest. He spent his vacation with a sadist top man who had a colony of slave stallions ranging in age from 19 to 34. For their lodging and keep each was assigned duties running the household. Each had his own room. All came as willing participants. Each was nude, or nude except for chains and toys suitable for their roles. They were put on exhibition nightly and made to fuck or suck one another in the big basement playroom. The master sometimes went out and brought in a few of his horny leather stud friends to use them to get their horny cocks drained. All of the slaves agreed it was one of the best vacations ever. I ordered a long-haired young slave from an Ontario university to have his hair cut crew-cut. He rang me up a second time; his older brother had cut it for him after fucking him up the ass. A week later he told me he fulfilled an ambition and joined a bike group. His initiation consisted of getting stripped. All 30 members pissed on his clothes. He was made to put them back on. Then he was stripped and fucked. Sixteen fucked him up the asshole. I guess the other 14 unloaded down his throat.

"He Stood Up and Slid His Pants Down ..."

FROM A TEACHER — It was my third year of teaching. I was 27 and my assignment was 12th grade English Literature. One day I asked one of my students, Paul, if he would stay after school and help me change the classroom bulletin board. He was 16, good looking and, though not an athlete, well built and perfectly proportioned. He wore tight, faded Levis-and he knew how to wear them. We finished the bulletin board about 5: 30. I went down to the teachers' lounge to get some Cokes. When I got back I was startled to find Paul barechested. He said he was very warm and asked if it was all right to keep his shirt off. We sat and talked. The conversation swung around to the senior girls, which ones were most popular, who was "dating" whom. I asked which girls he was "dating." He said he hadn't "dated" any girls this year and was not particularly interested in doing so. He said that trying to get laid was such a big hassle, that his balls ached so after necking and not getting laid, that he jerked off when he got home to relieve himself. Sometimes, he said, he even jerked off while driving home in his car. He looked directly at me and asked if I enjoyed jerking off. I was so startled that I hesitated. The conversation was turning me on and I wanted to continue it, so I told him that I did enjoy it-a lot. He smiled and started to run his hand over his groin, slowly but deliberately. I had to let Paul know that I was receptive to any move he might be considering. He said he was

getting a "roaring" hard on and wondered if I was too. That was it. My cock was hard too. I reached over with my right hand and started rubbing his prick. He opened his belt, unzipped his fly, stood up and slid the Levis down to his ankles. He was not wearing shorts, so his cock and balls came immediately into view. An 8-inch cock and two beautiful balls. Before I had a chance to fondle him he leaned over, opened my fly, put one hand inside, fondled my balls, and squeezed and stroked my dick. That started an affair that lasted the remainder of the school year and well into the next year. We sucked each other's assholes, kissed and licked each other's bodies.

Sweden: The 1920's **5 Crowns for a Soldier's Cock**

(Adapted from the memoirs of Tor Hell in the Swedish homosexual magazine Revolt)

The question of whether the soldiers I knew in Stockholm in the 1920's and 1930's could be called whores is complicated. To be sure, they expected some remuneration; five crowns was the usual fee. But they weren't able to draw more than 50 crowns of their pay each month, and regarded even small earnings with delight. There was an awful discrimination against soldiers in Stockholm in those days: in almost all the better cafes they were denied service and shown to the door. They were mainly country boys with no contacts in Stockholm, and the desire to get away from their dismal barracks and visit a pleasant home was very strong in them. "It is wonderful to be treated like a human being," one of them told me. Sometimes their hosts did not want sex; lonely men picked them up just for a little company. "He just wants me to sit and talk to him," one told me. "He offers me coffee and a little cognac. That's all. I'm glad to go to his place; it's someplace to go." One boy, one of the nicest, said to me, "A guy sure would be dumb if he didn't go along with another guy when he gets money for it. Shit, you jack off by yourself anyway, and it's better with two doing it." Frequently, the soldiers met men on Valhallavagen and went into the Lilljansskogen forest for sex.

I met a hundred or more boys on Valhallavagen over a 15-year period. They were not what one usually means by "homosexual," but they did show loyalty to me when they warned me not to pick up some boy or other because "he kicks up a fuss." With one exception, the soldiers I picked up behaved well. In a way, they were in the same boat I was. As a group, they were honorable. In fact, I regarded a soldier's uniform as a sign I could approach its wearer without evil consequences, and it was good advice in those days to "never pick up anyone who's not wearing a uniform if you want to avoid trouble." Honorable whoring was a military tradition, but some members of the Royal Navy were an exception. They were all over the central part of town in the evenings and they were so menacing and threatening that they inspired those peculiar public debates that used to be held in those days on the subject of men and boys. My boys were from simple, sometimes proletarian backgrounds, who were working hard to find a modest and secure position in society; I was a scientist with a promising future. That many of them in their youth-and some all their lives- dared to enjoy members of their own sex does not blacken their name in the least; it only shows that they were more natural and healthier than the people who condemned them. Thanks to my experience with these boys, I began to get a perspective on the big lie about sex in our society-the ghastly deception that had made my life a

nightmare. I finally overcame it. The boys and what they taught me liberated me from the psychologists and psychiatrists who were constantly warning against perversity and decadence. Once I had had three or four good contacts with the boys, I enjoyed life. I felt my powers grow and give me the capacity to work and achieve as much as possible. I wanted to share my happiness with my friends at work-to tell them that something remarkable had happened to me. But if, at one of our dinners, I had said that I would spend that night with a boy, they would have thought I should consult a psychiatrist. But I was healthier now than the psychiatrists.

Student Seduces Teacher

SAN FRANCISCO — Being a teacher, I am constantly frustrated by my exposure to nubile, pubescent young things. Each year I have at least one who becomes an utter obsession for me. I wouldn't try to seduce any of them, but once in a while, like Lolita, they seduce me. The last one was an insistently "straight," beautiful boy with long blond hair, extraordinary droopy blue eyes and a smooth, hard, suntanned body. He had me panting for nearly a year, wearing sexy shorts to class and T-shirts through which his fleshy nipples protruded prominently. One night, returning from dinner, he announced that he wanted to "come out." Incredulous but overjoyed, I took him to my place and began kissing him passionately. He wanted things to move faster, however, and placing my hand on his cock, whispered, "Don't you want to suck me off?" What a foolish question. I stripped him slowly and excitedly. He had the kind of balls that protrude from the thighs, causing his prick to extend straight out from his body rather than hang down loosely. I couldn't wait to get my mouth on his whole set of nuts, so I went down on him, moving from balls to asshole to cock and back again. He just lay there quietly as I sucked him long and slow until he shot. I was horny too but I didn't expect him to reciprocate. Surprisingly, he immediately went down on me and proved to be a fantastic little cocksucker, who sucked with prodigious energy, and whose mouth produced incredible quantities of saliva. As I got closer to orgasm, I reached over to his cock, which was again rock hard, but he pushed me away, saying he wanted me to unload in his mouth. Once I did so, I asked him to jack off into my face. He got up onto his knees and straddled my face, coating his hand with saliva, and started to jack off. What a turn on it was to look up to that body and that cock gripped by that wet fist. Soon he squirted cum all over my face. What I would have done to have drunk a load of piss.

Confessions of a Cop

NEW YORK — When I first made plainclothes, they put me with Jim, an older man, to gain experience. He broke me in in a Times Square subway about midnight, inside the porter's room, from where we could peer into the men's room. The uniformed patrolman assigned there was gay too. I found that out later when I had to save him from getting busted from the department. Anyhow, we'd watch all the cock-peekers and see the smart ones make with the eyes and make their deals away from the urinals. What my partner told me to watch for was a "fag," as he called it, who would fondle another man's "wang." My partner was a "straight" Catholic.

When we saw we were going to have some action, we'd wait to see how far some stupid gay would go. They'd usually wait until the shit-house was empty, then wham, the hands would get busy on those cocks and they'd go into one of the open-doored toilets. Then my partner & I would tippy-toe out from our hiding place, throw the tin on them, and take them in hand. *In flagrante delicto* was usually a wide-eyed stare from a beautiful guy with a big cock in his mouth. We'd take them down the corridor to the 41st Street exit, where there was a closed change booth. I'd play the nice guy and my partner was the heavy. He'd take the cocksucker into the booth and tell him he was going to be arrested while I interviewed the suckee. Many times we'd have ostensibly "straight;" married guys with children, who'd plead with us not to arrest them, as it would not only ruin their marriages but ruin their careers as well. Being gay myself, I had great empathy for them. But I was assigned the job.

One night my man was a high class hairdresser with his own shop on Madison Avenue. My partner's was the chef in a spaghetti parlor on 42nd Street. The hairdresser offered me \$100 to let him go. When the cook told my partner where he worked Jim said, "Yeah, you prick, you probably stick your prick in the meatballs and get off when you can't get down here to get your cock sucked," and hauled off and belted the guy. "For Christ sake, Jim," I say, "now we're going to have to bag these guys. This beauty wanted to give me a yard (\$100)." "A bill, eh," says Jim. "It's going to cost you more than a bill for this. Come on, let's call the wagon. Shit, I've eaten in this guy's place." Walking to the phone to call the wagon, the hairdresser wants to know how much more it's going to cost. I tell him my partner is crazy, can't stand fags. Me, I couldn't care less. To each his own. It's my job, man. Jim says, "My partner tells me you guys couldn't help yourself. He's too fucking soft-hearted. Let's see the money." We wind up in a friendly Eighth Avenue tavern.

I had 13 years in the Department before I had it up to here. It's the pits. Another one of my partners was called Boopsie. He was "straight" and God-fearing. There was a hotel on Eighth Avenue near the 18th Pet. where we used to hole up when we both got too bombed to operate. I used to undress him, put him in bed and suck him off, then turn him over and politely fuck him in the asshole. I want to write a novel that will help assuage the guilt so many men have because of their urge to suck cock. Or to put it much nicer, show their love & respect for their fellow man. I know it's right & I intend to prove it. According to statistics one of six is sexually oriented to males. I believe it may very well be a minimum of 50%, but most of them are afraid.

Interview: Charley Shively (Rhymes with Lively)

[Shively is an editor of Boston's gay lib paper *Fag Rag.*]

How many inches do you have? Six.

Do you have a nice ass? I can only give hearsay testimony. Just the other day a number in the 25¢ cinema told me to open my sweet ass & when I did he said, Oh, give it to me baby; Oh, open that sweet ass. I love getting fucked; my only regret is that I very seldom can come just by getting fucked; I need a little manipulation. Best of all I love getting fucked while 69ing with someone else; although being in the middle: getting fucked & fucking at the same time sure is fun.

How many men have you what heterosexuals call "slept" with? Since 1965 about 150 a year on the average. Sometime back then I remember reading an article that a homosexual was still curable until he had slept with more than-I think it was 20 other men. On such medical advice I have tried to make sure I can never be "cured."

Why do you live in Boston? I've just moved to Cambridge; I hated to leave my old apartment because it was right by the Fenway which I love so dearly for all the cocks I've sucked there. Still I'm glad my old apartment is now being put to use by a group of female prostitutes.

Do you ever feel you are in danger? I don't think that way. I learned long ago to ignore fear; while observing all caution, I learned in places like the Fenway or Central Park that you just have to take your chances. If they scare you, they have won. Once a person came to my door after a demonstration & pulled a gun & told me to get inside. I. was in a bathrobe & cooking stuffed peppers & I had to get to a meeting. I was so furious at his interruption that I wrestled with him on the porch yelling help all the time. A crowd gathered & just stared; one woman no more than six feet away; me nude except for a blue kimono. My lover came out & the gunman ran away & I went on to the meeting.

At Harvard, did you tell everybody you're homosexual? Not Harvard, but Boston State; since 1965, I've taught history there. I'm always very clear about my sexual preference. In 1974 I published my testimony before the state legislature (in favor of an anti-discrimination bill) in the school newspaper. Not a student mentioned it & the only faculty comment I recall was a colleague commenting on the shirt I was wearing in the picture that accompanied the article.

What is your routine or, as The Advocate calls it, lifestyle? I avoid holidays, weekends, birthdays or other "breaks"; I enjoy reading, writing and sex. And try to get as much as possible. Generally I find society as such tedious; school I find a distraction like housework. I look on these things as necessary sacrifices that every human being has to make in order to survive. I like to sleep till noon; walk the dogs; take my lover to work; have a second cup of organic tea; do work things; nap; attend a meeting & eat in the evening; write & read; go out around 2 in the morning. The Fenway in the summer; in cold weather the 25¢ cinema; orgy room at the Shed; or the baths. The steam room is my favorite; I love to just sweat all over & get really slippery & then get into it (little matter what). Last winter was unusually harsh; I enjoy making it outside but other people aren't so hearty. I was once fucked on the Fiedler Bridge (a walk bridge over Boston's Storrow Drive) when it was 5 below zero. You can get very hot even though it may be cold. Standing on the ice can be tough if you aren't moving; I had to massage one kid's toes after an orgy because he'd gotten so cold.

Are you going to collect your series on "Cocksucking as an Act of Revolution" in book form? Hopefully, Calamus Books will bring them out together. What I object to is not care & love for words but using one's ability with words to raise yourself up and put others down. Too often literacy has been used to enslave when it should be used to liberate and enrich everyone. Colleges teach nothing except the notion that college degrees elevate the recipient. We tend to doubt the claims of other high-powered sales jobs (with vacuums, encyclopedias or cars); why do we accept so easily the college propaganda? Piss drinking is itself a higher form of learning; it just waits to be recognized.

Review: The War against White Trash

Up from Nigger, by Dick Gregory and James R. McGraw (Stein and Day, \$8.95), is not well written, and doesn't have to be; it is rich in techniques for dealing with white trash. The dimensions of this problem may be measured by the fact that "white trash," once thought to comprise a minority of Southern sheriff types, now numbers among its members the last three Presidents of the United States before Carter and countless lesser figures, such as judges showing affection to high school boys who kill homosexuals and drunken congressmen trying to force typists to blow them. Gregory's struggle against bullies is a close one because, as a brilliant black comedian, he is fairly rich and famous. But few victims of bullies, however rich and famous, have Gregory's courage and style. He smiled at a Southern sheriff and said, "Look, I know you killed those kids." This cleared the agenda for practical discussion. When a crazy white boy threatened to shoot him, Gregory "reached up and grabbed him by his collar and pulled him close to my face." Whatever he told him was, in these conditions, effective. He had many detractors; a drunken priest at a Chicago Mafia party told him, "You're a very likable guy, but you're moving too fast." The church, which did finally agree that the world is round rather than, as it had traditionally insisted, flat, likes a few centuries to work on these questions. While a Chicago cop was trying to break Gregory's thumb, he looked up and saw a cross hanging around the cop's red neck and "thought of all the atrocities throughout history which had been committed in the name of the cross." The most recent, of course, is Vietnam, perpetrated under the pleased eyes of Billy Graham and Cardinals Cooke and Spellman.

In Paris, Gregory was trying to smuggle some "hot" film of the My Lai massacre, in which the butch American had his finest hour. "It was a sickening sight," as Gregory describes the film, "to see American soldiers standing on their victims, adjusting their hats for the camera before firing the fatal shots." To confuse a *maitre d'*, Gregory told him the films were just porn. "The *maitre d'* understood and said that he could have gotten me better pornography if he'd only known I was interested. I thought to myself, 'No, baby, you'll never find anything more pornographic than these movies.'"

Gregory seldom lost his sense of humor. Of the Watts riots he writes, "I saw one cat running down the street with a couch on his back. I said, 'Hey, baby, you're not one of them looters, are you?' He said, 'Hell, no, man. I'm a psychiatrist on my way to a house call.'" Would that psychiatrists were that bright. On another occasion, "As soon as I got off the plane, the old redneck sheriff grabbed me and said, 'Boy, what'd you give up for Lent?' I told him, 'nonviolence.'" On Spiro Agnew's college days (who could have thought he went to college?), Gregory has an insight which, while obvious, I don't believe has ever appeared in print before: "One night, everybody in the dormitory went out on a panty raid. And Agnew was the only one who came back with a jockstrap." The pathos of minorities is their failure to realize that they're right and the bullies are wrong. It is especially sad when their own leaders take the side of the majority. America, says Gregory, "forced Black folks to despise their Blackness. Black folks in America have always shown respect toward those in authority rather than respecting each other."

Just as Gregory, in his youth, wanted straight hair like Clark Gable, school-age homosexuals are made to feel worthless in sports. Many blacks and many homosexuals never live long enough, or intelligently enough, to realize that they're more valuable as people than Clark Gable and the football slobs, who are too worried about their masculinity to do anything so sissy as care. Thus the contribution that sensitive men could make to a democracy is lost. The only two decent Presidential candidate we have had in recent years-Adlai Stevenson and George McGovern- lost because they were so obviously not hockey types.

Size 14 Sneakers

LONG ISLAND—Here is my true story of when I attended a mid-Texas university and was a sneaker slave to a basketball player. In my last year at the university I was fortunate enough to have as a roommate a tall basketball jock. At first I was afraid to approach him but finally told him I "loved" his big Converse sneakers. After some small talk I asked him if I could tongue wash his sneaks. He said, "Get to it freak." He stretched out on a chair while I got on my belly and cleaned his big size 14s clean. He was not much of a basketball player, had average looks but big feet. I of course cleaned his sneakers anytime after that. His friend was in the R.O.T.C. and brought his boots and shoes to me to be spit shined every 2 weeks. This guy was all military & demanded nothing but the best. Often he told me they were not done good enough and I had to spend many long hours servicing his boots & shoes. I of course did without a whimper. They did not ask for any sex, except two times, when they came in the room a bit tipsy & the military guy ordered me to "blow me you fag," while the basketball jock would jack off. I really miss that place. I still have a pair of his size 14 sneakers which I begged him to give me before I left school. Since then I have had to lick hustlers' sneakers.

Gets Sore, But "It Was Worth It"

NEBRASKA—Last year I cruised a grain trucker from the hinterlands. He pulled off on the shoulder at a fine junction with a pair of rest rooms -a park. I walked up to his cab and asked him if he wanted to drop a load other than corn and he smiled and suggested going to a Rest Area 18 miles up the road. I led the way and pulled off by the oldest can there, but the most active. He pulled up and parked and he must have surely been playing with it for it was straining against his pants in an effort to get out. I let him go in the can first and when I heard him pissing I walked in after him. He asked me if I liked meat that much and I said I was not so hung up on meat UNLESS IT WAS UP MY ASS but I was hung up on semen. I sat on the toilet seat and he turned around with a great cock completely hard and slipped it down my gullet and when I started to suck it for him he held my head and irritated the hell out of my throat. When a cock is rock hard and long, this means that you have a sore throat. But the plentiful load of semen was worth it. I've now had him five times and since I gave him a "map" showing how to get to my rural place, one day I heard a diesel blast and went outside and he was unable to make the turn into my drive due to the width of his rig so I led him to a parking place and then brought him into my

bedroom and greased up my asshole as well as his cock, for he is very rough with his fucking and I asked him to ease it in slowly and then wait awhile. But he said, "I think you can take it," and put it in non-stop up to his cock hair and started at once to fuck my ass off, with his balls slapping against my butt. He poured a big load in and then, leaving his cock inside me to "warm," we lay down. Since it did not soften I started to work my ass back and forth and he raised me once again on my knees and shot off what felt like an equally big second load. He left it in just a while and drew it out and I wiped him off and he asked me if I thought I could suck it once for him. I told him that I had the interest if he had the ability to shoot three times in a row and he said, "It still feels hot-let's try it." So I went down on him and he allowed me to suck him awhile until he was ON THE WAY and then he began that damned irritation affair and the next morning I still had a slightly sore ass plus a sore throat. BUT IT WAS WORTH IT. I actually prefer a cock which does not get stone hard, for either oral or anal work.

"His Smooth Thighs Clenched My Head"

MICHIGAN — I would like to submit a true story that happened to me, so help me. I and a friend were living together in a house on the edge of town to share expenses. Lee, my roommate, told me that he had subscribed to the local newspaper and it would be delivered daily. About a month later, when I had just arrived home from work, the doorbell rang. It was a good-looking, athletic boy who said his name was Steve and he was the paper boy. He was collecting for the paper. "You must be Lee's roommate," he said. "Do you two guys live here all by yourself?" I said yes. "Boy are you guys lucky. You can have whoever you want over whenever you want." I said, "Yes, we can." "I'll bet you have girls over all the time." "Well, we do have parties from time to time." "You probably think I'm too young to think about those things. You probably think I can't even get a hard on. Want to bet me a quarter I can't?" "Why not? Why don't you come in and we'll find out." Steve came in and took his paper bag off his shoulder. He immediately took his pants off. He had a pretty pink cut cock sticking straight out. Showing it made him horny as hell. "Wow," I said, you sure *can* get a hard on. You must be really hot." He agreed and wanted to know if I knew any girls I could fix him up with. I said I might be able to find one for him. He said any girl, woman "or whatever" would do, he wasn't fussy. I said, "Well, if you're not too particular, would you like to do something now? I think I can fix your problem." He didn't hesitate-he just said, where's your bedroom. Shortly, we were in bed, naked. He wanted to see how big my cock was, hard. He found out after playing with it. I slid down between his legs and took his hard rod in my mouth. He was delighted and moaned with joy. He said he was sure lucky to find someone who would help him like this. I lifted his legs and licked all around his sweet, tight little balls, tasting the sweet muskiness. He acted as if he was in heaven. So was I. I licked on down to his little pink hole, cleaned all the delicious flavor off it and pried it open with the tip of my tongue. He was so relaxed I was able to stick my tongue in and out of his hole. He just moaned and wrapped his legs around my head. His smooth hairless thighs clenched my head. Then I went back to his cock and goaded him by slowly running my tongue all over its head. He was really in bad heat now. A little sucking and his sweet little wad of cum was mine to savor and swallow. We rested awhile. He assured me that was the best-most complete-blow job he'd ever had.

Whore Caters to Cheese, Sweat Lovers

PENNSYLVANIA — Dear Mr.: I have the biggest fattest uncut cock in New York City that is blind meat and always ripe with cheese. The smell of it on a hot summer day is enough to make you moan with ecstasy. I hustle on the Times Square Beat. I get a kick out of being paid for it. I found out a lot of these Johns like dirty sex. Piss, sweat and shit. I live with a white guy and he is uncut too and digs my uncut meat. His skins back OK when it's hard; my cock is OK for skinning back only when it's soft. I can wash it and skin it if I want to but since I was around 14 and started hustling I found out the cheese paid off. No kidding. I always had a pretty big dick even as a kid but it is super big now. When I get a hard on I can't skin it back more than just enough to show the piss-hole. My cock is very black and the head is pink and when they see this pink eye looking out at them they go ape. When I stand at a urinal in a public john I see guys looking at me and like to pull back on the skin and give them a good smell of it and then slowly let it get hard. I like to have them sniff at it and run the tip of their tongue around, tasting the cheese and getting off on it. It is a real turn on for me and they say sniffing it is like sniffing amyl. Do you know any guys who like big black cheesy cocks?

Officer Swallows "Sweet Navy Spunk"

When I was a junior officer I served a tour on a radar ship with about 140 sailors in the crew. One balmy summer night I had the midnight watch. The enlisted watch consisted of four sailors under the supervision of a boatswain's mate-a husky, brown-haired, friendly guy of about 20 from the Midwest. Once while we were alone on the bridge, I glanced down and saw that he was growing a hard-on in his right pant leg. He was only slightly embarrassed; he kept up a steady stream of unnecessary talk about routine watch business to cover it. Not a word of his talk gave a clue to what was happening to his cock. I enjoyed the view of his hard-on as often as I dared look. Only a glaze over his green-grey eyes hinted that he was in heat. I suspected he was getting a charge out of flaunting his boner at an officer; that was part of the game. He stuck his hands in his back pockets, tightening his dungarees and displaying his hard-on even more. Suddenly he got tired of talking. He looked me in the eye, then down at his shameless hard-on, then back at me again. A shit-eating grin spread from ear to ear. He seemed relieved that I wasn't angry at being used as an audience for his display-that I might even like what I saw. Proud of what he had, he pushed his prick out against his pants for me. By now he knew he had me and he laughed mischievously at my embarrassment at being revealed as a cock-watcher. I wasn't sure what to do. I was angry at myself because I'd let that sailor lead me on in such a dangerous way. Relations between officers and enlisted men were hard enough without letting hard cocks complicate them further. I wished it had never happened. But he was so wholesome and so horny, and hard-ons are so interesting.

Later I wandered out onto the main deck aft, hoping that he hadn't gone to jack off. It was four in the morning and there on the deserted weather deck was my

boatswain, leaning on the rail, smoking a cigarette. We stood there for a few minutes, hardly saying a word; none was necessary. Finally he turned away and slowly sauntered toward a hatch leading below. He was safe; he hadn't made any undeniable attempt to proposition or seduce me. I hesitated. Finally I followed him, wondering what the hell I was doing. We headed aft on the second deck. We went in and he dogged down the door real hard. He glanced at me reassuringly and began slowly caressing his groin. He still wasn't offering himself completely; men often caress their groins absent-mindedly. But the unspoken message was that he was trying to display his allure. I stared at his hand slowly caressing his bulge. Then he rested his elbows on a counter; he was ready. Finally, I couldn't help kneeling down between his legs. I got his hose out. It was a beauty; fat, warm and uncut. I lifted that fat slab of meat to my nose and sniffed and kissed the puckered lips of his foreskin. I slowly peeled back the succulent foreskin, savoring those pungent odors that ferment only in such hot, moist, tender, sacred and forbidden places. The smells were maddening. I licked the juicy head of his cock; his grunts told me how tender it was. With my fingertips I caressed the silky skin of his shaft. By now he was really hot and breathing hard. We pulled his dungarees and skivvy shorts down. I tried to get a taste of his balls, but that seemed to upset him and all I got was some nice groin smells before he pulled my head up and pushed it down on his inflamed cock. I took a good mouthful and settled down to some delicious seafood. I began stroking the cock-base in unison with my sucking and the equally-important tongue-flicking; that did it. He uttered a guttural cry, thrust his groin up at my face and held my head all the way down on his cock. As his spasms of cream began to subside, I started flicking my tongue across the now super-sensitive head; I didn't want to lose a single drop of that thick, sweet Navy spunk. With each flick of my tongue he groaned in ecstatic agony and tried vainly to pull my face away from his tortured cock. After about seven spasms I realized that he'd squirted out all he could for me. I took mercy and just nursed his cock in my mouth. He seemed to understand this and stopped struggling and let it go soft in my mouth. He laid a soft fart and I picked myself up off the deck and tried to rub off some of the dirt that had ground into my trouser knee. Our eyes met awkwardly; he lowered his at once and pulled his pants back up. He confided that he'd been a little scared about letting an officer do him, but it sure beat jacking off in a rag or after taps in the head. We exchanged sacred oaths and pledges of silence. He seemed almost as worried about getting kicked out of the Navy as I was; he loved the Navy. But by now I felt fairly safe. We left the ship shortly thereafter.



Photo: REVOLT

Chocolate-Loving Pilot

FLORIDA — I was born in N.Y.C. and went to college there. I met a navigator, in uniform, who worked for an airline, in the men's room at Grand Central Station. I was on my way to Westchester to my parents' house for the weekend. He & I cruised each other & he asked me over to his apt. on 3rd Ave. between 36th & 37th Sts. It was a brownstone, not *Ale*. I thought I'd pass out from the heat. We looked at some still photos & played with each other, then decided to get into the sack. He was very good looking & about 6' 4" tall. While we were in the 69 Position he put his tongue up my asshole while I was sucking him off. It was my first experience with this. My asshole felt great with his tongue in it but I didn't expect what came next. He asked me to SHIT on him. I was reticent and really shocked. I told him I'd try. I continued to blow him as he worked his tongue up my hole. Slowly I felt it coming. He got up & made a rum drink, which hastened my shit. Back in bed & in the same position, after the drink, I pushed and pushed till finally I could feel it coming out. I looked between my legs & saw it dropping on his chest. Slowly. I looked & looked & possibly because of the drink & the fact I was well fed it slid out easily light brown and nice long pieces. As I was looking he was pushing it around his beautiful chest & up to his mouth. Sort of massaging his chin on the way up. I went back to his cock, which was drooling all the way down to his pubic hairs. Put my lips over the head & took a delicious drink of his cum. Then I pushed back and sat on his mouth and he wiped my ass clean with his tongue.

Naked in the Grass Alas

VIRGINIA — When I was in my teens and lying bareassed in the grass on my stomach, I would piss and that would give me a hard on. Even now, it amazes me the wonderful feeling it is to piss in my jeans in the car as I drive along. It's a turn-on but doesn't *really* turn me on (i.e., give me a hard on). There are some very beneficial chemicals and chemical compounds in piss. Urea (CO(NH₂)₂); Creatine (amino acid) (C₄H₉^N3O₂); sodium, potassium, ammonia (NH₃), calcium, magnesium, water. The after-taste must be ammonia. Beer piss is not so good as regular piss, as it contains so much water. Piss is good to drink every day and there is always plenty of it, if only from oneself. Piss is also good for the skin-all over the body. After a facial with fresh piss, the face tingles. It makes the skin soft and smooth. I've been doing these things for a couple of months. I want to tell you how much I enjoy *The Manhattan Review*, especially the asshole reports. Assholes are one of my favorite subjects. I am much turned on by beautiful ass and assholes and all their wonderfully sensual attributes. There are no queers or homosexuals. There are only boys and men and girls and women-and *sex*, i.e., sexual activity of all kinds. Sex urge, sex object and the need for another body (and experience).

20-Year-Old Gets His Head Under Guardsman's Kilt

[From *D.I. Y.*, "do it yourself," the London publication.]

Thought I would drop you a line & tell you about an experience I had three years ago in a flea pit of a cinema in Glasgow. I dropped into this place just to get out of the rain one dismal afternoon. The place was virtually empty but sitting in an aisle seat sleeping off a heavy alcoholic lunch was this big young stud from the Royal Highland Fusiliers in full dress uniform. He was dead to the world as I sat next to him and I noticed that as he had slumped down in his seat his kilt had ridden up quite high and I had a good (though shadowy) view of his well formed thick thighs. After 15 mins or so I placed my hand gently on his thighs (heart pumping like mad!) and slowly worked it up under his kilt. He still snored heavily, and as I went higher I was soon into his damp groin & WOW! he had no pants on underneath. Fuckin' hell, I thought, and threw caution to the wind. His balls were full and heavy. His cock felt plump & juicy & I began to work it. It started swelling. The young fusilier groaned and I quickly removed my hand. As I did so he said, "Don't stop." I slipped down between his bare knees. He lifted his kilt and covered my head with it. The smell-it was gorgeous. I set to work on his cock, licking and sucking it. He forced my head further onto it & I nearly choked (I was an inexperienced 20 yr. old then). But I went on. I felt his legs clench my sides & he pushed my head hard once more as he shot his load into my mouth. It was great. When I surfaced he still looked asleep but the lights went on as the movie finished & he looked at me in rather a stupor and said, "Thanks mate-be here next week at the same time." I have always regretted not going back.

Canadian Boot Licker

GOOSE BAY — I have been into smelling, licking and sucking smelly clothing for about four years now. I like any article as long as it's been well worn, Dirty and very raunchy. I like jeans, jackets, shorts (briefs), gloves or mitts, sox, shirts and especially boots. The bigger and dirtier the boots are the better I like them. I lick them all over every inch outside and then put my face in them so I can smell the beautiful odor. I was in a club in Montreal one time and a guy came in wearing beautiful big dirty construction boots. He saw me looking at them so he crossed his legs and put his hand on his boots. Then he motioned for me to come to his table. So I went over' and we started talking. He finally asked me if I like boots. I told him I not only like them but I loved them. Then we went to his apartment. He said they were size 12 and he had them for four years now. They were really well worn and raunchy. I licked each boot for about an hour, with stops for a drink of beer once in awhile. He asked me If I liked other things. I said I did as long as they were well worn and. smelly. I started to lick his jeans, that he had worn for two weeks. I licked them all over, each and every inch. He said his sox were smelly since he wore them all week. When he took his boots off the odor was fabulous. So I started to lick and smell his sox and feet. I sucked his toes and licked between them. Then he said he wanted to piss so I told him to give It to me. I drank all his piss and wanted more. He took off his shorts and I sucked them. When I finished his clothes I started in on his naked body. He told me he sweat a lot but didn't shower for a couple of days. I gave

him a complete tongue bath, including his fingers, armpits, legs and his beautiful smelling asshole. That was the most enjoyable night I ever had. After I was finished licking and sucking all his clothes and his whole body he fucked my ass really wild. He was so turned on and I wanted to be filled with his beautiful cock. It was a fat one. All the while he was fucking me I was licking his boots again. I have seen lots of briefs in locker rooms I would like to smell and suck. I've seen many guys on the streets whose jeans and boots I'd like to smell and lick. I never walked up to a guy and asked him if I could smell his jeans but I sure would like to while I'm jacking off. I always think about guys in smelly briefs. I always jerk off standing or lying. Sometimes I put my finger in my asshole and then smell and suck it while I jerk off. Sometimes I tie my work boots on my cock and balls and let them swing while I jerk off. I like smelling guys' sweaty armpits, cocks, balls and ass holes. I like to suck dirty cocks and assholes.

"He Spread His Legs and Sighed"

SAN FRANCISCO — I was a senior, 18, in high school and I was already an experienced and devoted cocksucker. We were doing a play and one of the technical crew was a hunky Nordic kid named Don I gave him a ride home after a rehearsal and we got to talking about the people in the play. He told me that one of the actors, Carl, had groped him in the dark backstage. He said it felt creepy to be unexpectedly fondled by unseen hands. I told Don that Carl was probably just trying to be friendly. He said, "I think he just wants to get at my dick because it's big." I said, "How would he know? Has he seen it?" "Yeah. In the locker room." I said, "Well, I haven't seen it." He got a funny look on his face, but he did unbutton his bulging fly and pull out his very impressive cock. It was about five inches even when soft; uncut, fat, and beautiful. "Jesus," I said. "How big is it when it's hard?" "It gets a lot bigger." As we drove along, sure enough, it was swelling. I turned up the road that goes behind the reservoir, near Don's place. "Where are we going?" he asked. "Well, you'd better not go home until that thing goes down." He smiled. We parked. I reached over to touch the pole jutting from his pants. He spread his legs and sighed. I squeezed and stroked his wonderful cock. My other hand was engaged in getting my own meat out of its corduroy prison. "Do you do this kind of thing often?" he asked. I said, "Now and then," and without saying anything more, I bent down and began giving him a blow job. He gasped and shuddered at the first touch of my lips and the wet heat of my mouth. I felt his cock getting even harder. His hips jerked and bucked. He let out a long hiss of breath, followed by a gulping groan, as his cum gushed out. He was taking rapid, short breaths, almost out of control. His body relaxed slowly, and he sighed, "God, that felt so good." I sat back and savored the flavor in my mouth and the sight of his glistening cock in the moonlight. He said, "I know you want me to do that to you, but I can't." I was disappointed, but I don't want people to do things they don't enjoy, so I just began jacking off. As I was about to shoot, I saw his big rod stiffen again, perhaps inspired by my own wanton intensity. As I unloaded, he began his own show, stroking himself to a second orgasm that was thrilling to behold. Only then did he begin to lose his hard-on. He finally said, "Thanks a lot."

Student Drinks His Own Piss

MANHATTAN — I have progressed from eating my own cum to drinking my piss. I have a wine goblet reserved just for this purpose. The other afternoon I was really horny so I stripped, greased up my prick and got out the special goblet. I started stroking my piece of meat until it got really hard, all the while looking at pictures of guys fucking young cunts with their big pieces of meat. (Straight porno turns me on more than gay.) I almost shot my wad but managed to hold it back. I knew I had a hot load of piss on its way. I held the goblet under my balls while I waited for my stiff prick to go down some so I could let my meat fall into the goblet. Once it got soft enough I let loose with a load of bright yellow piss. It really turned me on as the warm piss began to rise up in the goblet surrounding my cock. When I filled the goblet with piss I once again beat my meat. My hip began slowly to pump back and forth, pushing my cock in and out of my greased-up hand. I began drinking my warm piss. Tasting its unique salty flavor threw me into even greater heat. I began pumping my hand even faster as I felt the load of cum moving up my shaft. I let loose with a load of thick white cream, shooting it all over my belly.

Farmer Uses Films to Seduce Hired Hands, Aged 18, 19, and 20

Editor's note: The writer of the following letter is 34, 6' 5", 190 pounds, uncut 8".

Because of my wife & children and my position in the neighborhood I must be discreet. But there are three boys in this area that I have had sex with. I own another farm that has a vacant house on it. There I have a large collection of magazines, mostly gay-also a projector and several 8mm films. These boys are from different families, ages 18, 19 and 20. From time to time I call one of them to help me with a job. We usually end up down at the other house. I am sure all of these guys play it straight. I remember how embarrassed each of them was when I first took them in the old house. I would usually turn on the projector first of John Holmes fucking a blond girl. We would sit on an old sofa. While he watched the film on the wall I would watch the bulge in their tight Levis get so big they would cross their legs or lay their hand over the bulge to hide. Then when that film is over I put on one of two guys jacking off. Then all I have to do is reach over and rub or squeeze the bulge for them. They act like they don't notice. Sometimes one of them will do to me whatever I do to him. I usually unzip the Levis & if there is room put my hand inside & feel of everything and pull it all out & jack on it a few times, then undo the waist band & belt & pull the Levis & shorts down to the ankles & their shirt up above their tits. Then I do the same to my own if he hasn't already done so. We will then jack each other off, suck each other's cock or tits.

I remember the first time I did this with the 19-year-old. He is blond and very well built. Acts very straight. I remember I pulled his pants down as he watched the jack off film. He stood up so I could get his pants down just as the stud in the film shot a load of cum all over his own chest. It looks to be about 9 big drops, then some small rips. I got a good grip on my new friend's cock & jacked him about six times I he shot his load. The first three drops were very large, were yellow colored & went across the floor about six feet. Then there were several more drops. He immediately

got weak & fell backwards on the couch as I sucked the last of it out. He was so weak he couldn't get up for quite a while. He said he had never done anything like that before. He had played around with trying to fuck a girl once but no guy had ever touched his cock before. However he loved it and he comes by every few weeks to help me. I have a pretty big farm & am always needing some help. Ha!

Army life was something else. The army put us in those stupid looking boxer shorts which I hate. It was always fun to go first thing early in the morning & sit on the john & watch the guys come running in with those big piss hard ons. Some were enormous & were so hard they couldn't piss for awhile when they first got there. Once my buddy came in late one nite from town & was drunk. He couldn't get up the stairs and passed out on the bottom step. I went down & got him, carried him up to our floor & back to his bunk. It was 2 a.m. and all the lights were out so I undressed him as he lay on his bed passed out. When I unzipped his pants I put his cock (half hard) inside the boxer shorts and as I was taking off the rest of his clothes I would *accidentally* rub his cock With my hand or elbow until I had everything off but his shorts & he had a hard on ready to explode. I jacked him a dozen times & felt the head of his cock had some juice on it. Then I felt of his balls. They were already pulled tight up against his cock. I put my mouth down on his cock as far as I could & sucked & played with his balls with my fingers. He let out a groan that I thought sure would wake up the whole barracks as he thrust his cock up into my mouth and shot a very big gob of cum that nearly choked me. I had never swallowed cum before but I really liked this guy & wanted to make him happy so I choked & swallowed all he had. He finally pushed my face away with his hand. Said he was sore. I covered him up with the blanket, went to my bunk & jacked off, shot the cum into my hand and wiped it on the mattress under the sheet I lay on. Neither he nor I ever talked about that nite. We were soon shipped out & I have not seen him since.

"I Couldn't Resist Reaching Down ..."

NEW YORK — One of the hottest days of my life was one summer in Florence where I was studying Renaissance architecture. About 11:00 one morning I went with friends to Santa Maria Novella. While strolling about the cloisters alone, I heard a hiss off to one side. Looking over, I saw a gorgeous Italian stud, perhaps 28, with a huge bulge in his tightly- fitted uniform. He motioned me over and asked in broken English if I were American and if I were interested in art. I spoke no Italian and he spoke only tour guide English. On the pretext of showing me some celestial globes that were made for Lorenzo the Magnificent, he led me to an inner office of the Society for the Perpetuation of the Rosary, and while pointing out features of the globes, inched his hand closer and closer to my groin, until finally he was caressing my raging hard on. In no time he was on his knees giving me a thorough blow job, licking my balls, caressing my ass and all the while giving fantastic head. Suddenly he stood up. I grabbed his cock, which was shorter than mine but much fatter and with a beautiful foreskin that just covered the cock head. I went down on him, taking all I could get and still craving more. Abruptly he pulled me up by my armpits, kissed me and asked me to fuck him. He turned round and bent over one of the globes, exposing his firm, round ass to me. It was a sight I couldn't resist. I pressed my cock to his asshole and he strained back against it so that I was soon in to the hilt. His

asshole felt like heaven. There was a certain heady, musty aroma that rose up from his gorgeous ass and made me feel faint with ecstasy. I fucked him hard and he rocked back for more. In a few minutes I came in a frenzy.

That afternoon, in a bar near the Cathedral, I saw a tourist across the street, probably German with that camera; his dick was halfway down to his knees even limp. I got up and started following him down the street (he hadn't seen me yet). I followed him into the Baptistry, which was crammed with tourists. I moved through the crowd to get a better look at it. It was just as big up close as from a distance. He was tall and slender, with large nipples poking through his shirt and small, round hams, rather broad shoulders and *that*. I maneuvered quite close, until a passing herd of Japanese pushed me right up against him, face to face. I couldn't resist reaching down and grabbing his cock. He was startled a second when he felt my hand there, and then put his arm around my shoulder and motioned that we should leave. We walked that way to his hotel, speaking in fragments of French. He was from Germany and spoke no English. I spoke no German. But conversation was unnecessary. We stayed in bed nearly 20 hours with scarcely a word-a sexual marathon it still exhausts me even to think about. His cock when hard was probably a foot long, quite big around, and with a delicious long foreskin. I especially enjoyed his large nipples; I can still see them erect in the late afternoon sun.

Sailor: "Here It Comes Faggot."

Prior to moving in January 1980, I was working part-time in an Adult Book Store in California. With a naval air station, a coast guard base, a navy supply center, and a naval support unit nearby, there was plenty of young and older Seafood available. Of course while I was on duty I couldn't fool around too much, but I didn't starve either. I lost track of how many times I chased everyone out of the store, making up some excuse that I had to close for a half hour or so, then open up the back door to let in a young stud I'd snared. One of the most memorable tricks that I was able to get (it took three tries) was a young sailor from one of the aircraft carriers which was homeported nearby. I'd known he was available but other than the nights I worked at the book store, I seldom was around. He was 20-21, 5' 2", black hair, brown eyes and a most beautiful, well-defined body, plus a nice 7-7 1/2" cock, with two nicely-shaped balls. He had a bush of black dick hair; otherwise his body was hairless. When he was available, and I could arrange it, I'd lock the front door, let him in through the back door, he'd then pick a booth, strip, lay back on the bench and let me go to work. I could do anything except kiss him and fuck him. I ate that man's body from the tip of his fingers to his toes. He especially liked to have his nipples chewed on as you played with his cock, balls and ass. He has a very tasty ass, cock and balls. I always knew that I was in for a good round of sex when he showed up, and he'd always moan and groan throughout our trips around the world. He'd say, "Suck it, cocksucker," "You like that cock don't you," "Here it comes faggot, eat it all." He never got violent, it was just his way of enjoying what was happening, and I enjoyed being called those things by him. I found that not only was he a turn-on, but what he said just heightened the experience. I had him many times in the five months that I worked there, and he'd always check with me to see if we could make it before going in the back to have

someone else do him. One time he even went out and came back three times in 2 1/2 hours before he got done by someone else, as he had to get back to his ship. Guess I must have been his best cock sucker.



Tony Venezia. Photo: AMG

Interview:
Cocksucking Tires Renowned Photographer,
But Eats Ass for Hours

When you were a young boy, did you let dirty old men in their 20s suck your dick and ass? I wish dirty old men had approached me when I was a young boy. Instead I had to settle for other young boys (who really weren't that good). Even as an adolescent I had my eyes on several older guys, but had a hell of a time scoring.

You are now one of the principal photographers of male sex objects-pieces of trade, male whores and so on. Were you once a sex object or piece of trade yourself? I have been in that I have appeared in movies and magazines, but it has been 10 years ago. I have always been flattered when treated like trade. But I don't try too hard to be a sex object anymore: there are so many good ones around these days.

How often do you jack off? Nowadays only once (well, 1 1/2 times) a day, unless I'm suffering from anxiety.

What kind of sex do you like? I prefer sucking, getting fucked and rimming. I am a rim-freak. I am into assorted games and humiliation.

Do you like soapy or smelly guys? Clean balls and assholes, or their natural fragrance? I really get off on natural smells, sweat (and sweaty T shirts), an uncut cock that showered yesterday. But I am turned off by filth. Why do poor boys always have stinky feet? As a rimmer, I prefer clean ass holes. The balls can smell any way they want as long as they're bouncy.

Do you have sex with the pricks you photograph? Yes, 99% of the time. It is part of the deal, although if they're real good, sometimes I'll give them a few extra bucks. I always spell it out in front. I've had to threaten to cancel a few shootings with recalcitrant models, but they always see the light when threatened with loss of the shooting fee. When I don't have sex, it usually has to do with the smell in the room after shooting. If it's too gross, I just send them on their way. I'm still into quality. Being a prick is just not enough.

Where do you find models? The street, ads, but mostly by referral from others satisfied with their own experience.

How do you proposition them? Money is the key.

What percent of your models are 100% homosexual? About 20%.

What percent are 100% "straight"? About 50%. My joys. The remainder are mixed. Pieces of trade fall within that 80%. Whores tend to be a problem. They are too into money, always in a hurry, frequently too spent to be any good, and most of them are crooks. Most of my models and the money important, but ego is involved in over half the cases. It is important for a guy to be admired, and straight guy, get a whole lot less of that reinforcement than gays. Whores are like children. They cling, demand, steal, depend. Recently a kid I had known for four months, had supported, let stay here, etc. (but he was a hustler) said goodbye by stealing a brand-new camera worth \$250. But they're all like that these days. Fortunately, my trade contingent is altogether different and really is just a bunch of horny guys who are bored with their old ladies, and want nothing more than a little male companionship and some good relaxed recreational sex.

What kind of underpants do you wear? Jockey shorts.

What about your models? Most models wear no shorts.

Are any of them so horny they have a hard on when they pull their pants off? Usually it has to be worked up. I can't tell you the ecstasy it gives me to see them already hard when they strip. Happens far too seldom.

How are their hard ons worked up? I keep some dirty magazines around, plus a warm mouth.

Are your models clean or dirty? The typical model has sweaty armpits (nice), clean dick, the ass hole can go either way, and disgustingly filthy feet. An awful lot of "straight" boys have an absolute cleanliness fetish. Whores are the dirtiest. Too many gays still have some stranger's saliva dangling from their dick.

What positions do you like for cocksucking? Except for my regular Guatemalan trick, who has been coming for over four years (with great velocity), and who likes to do it every possible way, with all the lights on, in front of a large mirror, mostly I just suck them off with them laying back on the bed, and myself between their legs, kneeling. Easy to creep into rimming from there too. If I get very tired (a slow comer), then I lay beside him and suck leaning over. If they show any aptitude whatever, I get them to kneel over me as I lay on my back and fuck my face.

Do you think blow jobs are hard work? This is important. I like a guy who comes quickly. I do get bored if I have to suck a long time and my jaws get quite tired. I'd much rather give two quick ones than one long one. However, I can eat ass for hours and never tire.

Do you think many pieces of trade are homosexuals who don't like to suck and are tough enough to act the part of trade? I think you're on to something there. On the other hand, there are a lot of cocksuckers who could pass for trade. One other thing: most trade, new to the scene, really do want to try sucking and taking it up their ass, if only to persuade themselves that that is *not* what they want.

Are the pricks you photograph naughty-but-nice types, or are they authentic bastards? Most are real pricks and rotten bastards. I wish it were otherwise.

Do any of your models like to act arrogant? Too few. The ones who have really got it usually don't flaunt it.

Do your models like to call you names during sex? Ex-cons are good at this. Usually punk, bitch, faggot, queer. The tapes I make are full of this stuff. It's a turn-on. I like dirty talk within the sexual playlet: I didn't like it the other day when a goodlooking young blond guy passed me on the street and said, rather informationally than threateningly, "You faggots are all going to die."

How do your models act with each other? Most are not comfortable with each other when in my presence, since our relationship is so separate from the dealing they must have with each other.

Are they narcissists? Seldom. I wish they were. I get off on them posing, but you practically have to flog them to get them to show off. Cultural conditioning.

Do they know how to make themselves alluring by spreading their legs and so on, or do you have to give directions? Most require direction. I give it. They ignore it. I yell. They understand that.

Are the tapes you make of guys having sex an act or are they natural? 100% natural. I try for the authentic. Customers who buy them can usually tell. To sound like an ex-con, you have to be one.

What is the economic class of your models? Blue collar or no collar with an occasional Ph.D.

What in your opinion constitutes good cocksucking? Eagerness. That's all the flattery required.

What kinds of things do guys say to you during sex that make you hot? "Lick my fullback thighs."

Do you like to undress your models? No.

Where are your models from? All over. I've had graduates of the prisons from North Carolina all the way across the South.

What kind of trouble have you had? The only trouble I've had with the boys is that they steal. A trick pulled a .22 on me and took \$100 last February I, but I must add that he was worth it, sexually. He was 19 or so, just out of San Quentin, blond, tattooed, muscular, verbal, had a huge hard on waiting when he dropped his pants. I've seen a few other guns. Who counts knives? A kid tried to blackmail me back in March but I said no. In '72 I was busted three times in one week on trumped-up charges. That cost me a lot of money and got on my nerves, but I survived. In '69 I was in a male house of prostitution in L.A. when it was raided; we all went briefly to jail.

Have you had sex with the classical love objects: cops, sailors, Marines, soldiers, firemen, hard hats, truck drivers, guys who lead a "straight" married life? All of them. I still prefer ex-cons.

Do your men like women? Most like women as fuck of first choice, but men for convenience. I understand them better than women, and they know it.

Does being photographed give your models a hard on? No.

Do many of them have problems with impotence? Yes.

Did you mess around with other boys when you were very young? I used to wrestle and we discovered that we liked one hold best: with our dicks between each other's legs.

Do you have numbers you can call if you want to have sex? Yes, but it used to be much better. Seems like they all want to keep their numbers secret and call me, usually at a very inconvenient time.

Are ever in bad heat and need sex badly? Yes, at times I need it badly, but sedation by drugs will erase it if no cock is available.

What do you do during your leisure time? TV, read, go to wrestling, go to boxing.

Are you usually successful in approaching a guy in the street and propositioning him for a modeling and sex session? Yes, most of the time.

Do you ever get a sore throat and asshole from sex? Of course.

Do many of your models have contempt for you or for homosexuality? The contempt, when it exists, is pretty well disguised. I won't tolerate real contempt. Why should I? There's plenty more where they came from.

Have you heard of many of your models getting into trouble? Two went to prison for murder. At least one died on a motorcycle. Others have gone to jail for lesser crimes. They are a tragic lot. My biggest problem has been trying to keep my feelings divorced from the pathetic lives of the models.

In one of your brochures, you mention a model who likes to humiliate his partners. Is this compensation for feeling queer? He does this because he is making \$25, and because it is something he does well, and because he is new at being queer and

probably is reflecting on all the things he learned to think about queers before he realized he was one; he likes to get fucked in the ass. He suggests things like hiding your clothes so you have to walk home naked, and says little kids will point at your small cock and call you queer, and that if you want to know what a real man looks like look at him. He suggests that anyone who would swallow his come is really sick. And so forth.

You also mention in one of your brochures that one of your favorites is a PR. Tell us about him. He would do anything and did not steal. He did not need to be talked into anything. If you said, "Sit on my face," he would do it. And *enjoy* it. He was an ex-Marine, wounded in Vietnam. His old lady was in *jail* for hooking. He was clean and he was honest.

Whores

In the field of male homosexual whoring, America in the 60s and 70s outstripped Italy and France, which were world centers of male whoredom in the 50s.

High school boys are available for a reasonable price all over America, including towns you've never heard of, but would like to.

Little towns in N.Y. State, and so forth, offer magnificent rows of rednecks and white trash posed on the local meat racks.

As in Europe, the American male whores pass as "straight," but a difference between America and such Old World capitals of male prostitution as Spain and Portugal is that there was more economic justification in those impoverished countries for male prostitution than there is in America, even under the Republican administrations, with their falling dollar.

In America the money that changes hands has more psychological than economic value. It protects the boys from feeling "queer." They want homosexual sex, and will have it one way or another. But they find the best way to have it is to make an economic, rather than an emotional, transaction.

The cops, courts, and press go along with this, taking the attitude that the boy whores-caressing their hard ons in doorways-are victims of homosexual predators.

A new height in this hypocrisy is being reached even now on Long Island, where charges were recently placed against a man for sucking off a 21-year-old laborer "without his permission." According to this charge, the young man-though strong-was seemingly not strong enough to fight off the powerful mouth that was raping his penis.

No such concern is shown for female whores. It is they who get arrested.

-Boyd McDonald

Gets Front, Rear Licked by 2 Priests

Anyway, on to northern Alabama. Stayed overnight at my girl friend's house and met her family for the first time; typical crackers (better known as poor white trash). I'd heard of a Catholic boys' school nearby which had a print shop, and since I was at the time investigating setting up one of my own, I thought I'd visit it and see what they were doing; printers are notorious for talking shop. I was invited in to share their meal. When I told them my mission they turned me over to a nice-looking priest of about 32, slim and dark and pleasant.

We talked shop, but I began to notice that he was watching my crotch pretty carefully. This usually gives me a hard-on, so presently I moved a little uncomfortably (I was learning back against the feedboard of a press) and let my cock rearrange itself inside my pants. At that point, he stepped forward and, looking right into my eyes, ran his hand up the length of my cock then down again, squeezing slightly. I said "Oh!" and he said the priestly equivalent of "Wow!" and began to unzip me. Naturally, I was concerned about someone walking in, and he reassured me that no one ever came out there and he had my cock out and was just bending to kiss it when the door opened and another robed man came in. He grinned, turned and locked the door and came up to us, feasting with his eyes all the way and smiling to himself. It was obvious that they both were interested in sex so I slipped my pants down over my ass and let them both play with my cock and balls. They both worked at getting my jacket off, my shirt unbuttoned and my pants, shoes and socks off-they liked their meat raw! I said, "Is it all right?" and they both smiled affirmatively and knelt down, one to lick the cock head and the other to lick my balls, progressing in turn to the perineum, my legs, my stomach, my navel; one turned me around and began licking my ass while the other was licking my cock. He began to pull my cheeks apart and prod with his tongue, and move in long sweeping strokes from bottom to top, and from top to bottom. In the meantime, the one in front began nibbling at the side of the cock, then in one quick motion opened his mouth wide and took it all the way down his throat, moaning as he did. He held me by the hips and pulled me backwards and forwards so I was fucking his face, with his partner at the rear keeping up with the motion. Then, suddenly, they spun me around and each began sucking and licking whatever was available. I began to tense up and I guess they felt it, be- cause the one in back said, "I want it I want it I want it" and came around in front and tried to get my cock away from the other one, who was doing a hot number on me, taking the cock all the way down his throat (which I adore) and holding it there for a heartbeat before letting it out-back and forth, back and forth and I knew it wasn't going to last much longer. Anyway, he settled for licking my balls and I grabbed them both by the sides of their heads and came, shoving all the way into his throat and letting go. Then I pulled out and turned toward the other one and gave him a throatful too, and he moaned, and the vibrations of his throat holding my prick were sensational. It was a really fulfilling, wild orgasm, and they were really good at it. I knelt down and held my lips out to them, and they both kissed me with my cum on their lips; we put our arms around each other.

They told me about the boys-a great many were Cuban teenagers and they described them as being really hot-blooded, living up to their Latin reputations, being eager to have sex almost anytime they could away from prying eyes. Both priests were dorm masters, and they described what went on after lights out as being a mild, loving orgy, with almost everyone in the dorm entering into the fun, sucking, fucking every night till everyone had had enough. They each had a favorite in their dorm who slept with them regularly, but it was understood that anyone could have anyone else if there was mutual consent. There was one boy on campus (in neither of their dorms, though I believe they tried to get him transferred) that they claimed could come seven or eight times every night, and had about 8 1/2 inches of hot cock at age 16. They both had had sex with him, and described him as being wild in bed, but extremely considerate to those he fucked (being careful not to hurt them with that weapon) and loving and warm generally. I gather this boy was a great favorite with everyone there, sexually or otherwise, and it appeared that most of the staff was either gay or "undecided" and that the entering students were screened always for their feelings about homosexuality so they could turn down, on some other pretext, any militant homophobes. All the boys, too, were given nude physical exams with all staff present who wanted to be, so they could look over the possibilities for the coming year.

Licks Marine's Fat Ass for 4 Hours

One night, very late, I was cruising Penn Station and to my amazement I came across a partly drunken Marine. He had a body of a Greek God. He wore very tight jeans which showed off his crotch and his very beautiful fat ass. My mouth watered. I quickly approached him. He seemed startled by my approach. I quickly began some small talk, and found out he was looking for a pros. So now at least I knew he wanted his cock sucked. So I told him I would love to suck his cock. He looked surprised and told me he was straight. But I pleaded with him. I told him I would do anything to have him. He asked me if I would drink his piss. I said yes. We went down to the lower level where there was no one. He stood up against the wall as I went down on him. I unclipped his dungarees. I found he was wearing a jock strap, which turned me on even more. He was very nervous until he felt my hot mouth take his whole cock. But what I really wanted was that fat ass, so I told him to turn around. He said for what. I told him, "I want to suck your ass." He turned around and I have never kissed or sucked an ass more beautiful than his. I asked him if he would like to go to a hotel room, and he said O.K. In the hotel room he fucked my mouth for about an hour and finally came. He then turned over on his belly and there was his beautiful fat round ass. I slowly began to kiss each cheek, then parted his cheeks and raised his ass by putting my arms under his legs. Now his ass was in my face. I sucked and kissed and licked and made love to his ass for about four hours. Finally in the morning he told me he had to meet his girl. He said I am the only guy he let eat his asshole.

The Sweet Smell of Sex

TORONTO — I buy your fucking magazine regularly. It's the best mag I've ever seen. You're the only editor who is not afraid to print what is REALLY in the minds of thousands of guys. Cocks, balls, assholes-all made for enjoyment. My sex pleasure has been increased a hundred times since I found your mag.

I like to get on escalators in the department stores right behind a sexy guy and put my face as close to his ass as I can and try to sniff his aroma. I actually got a trick that way one time. He caught me looking at his beautiful ass. As our eyes met, we didn't have to say anything-he knew I wanted and he wanted the same thing. I followed him to the john and he showed me his big wet prick. We went to his apartment. He told me to get down in front of him and smell him. I put my face against his jeans and sniffed deeply, that real raunchy sex smell. "My balls are sweaty," he said; "you'll love it." He was right. Then he turned around and said, My ass too." I loved the aroma-like a locker room full of sweaty jock straps. I took off his shirt and licked his hard nipples, then licked the sweat in his armpits. I licked his flat belly right down to his belt buckle. "Strip me," he said, "and see what I've got for you, cocksucker.' I pulled his jeans down. What a cock. A big thick one. The head was oozing clear liquid. "I haven't washed my cock in a couple of days," he said. "It's nice and raunchy." I put my nose on the big head of his dick and smelled it all over. He moaned as I licked his balls. I wanted his ass too and he turned over. The cheeks were smooth and firm. I licked them all over, and then I smelled his asshole. It wasn't shiny but had a good rich smell. I spread his cheeks and began licking his asshole; he helped me spread his ass so I could get at his hole. He put me on my back and said, "I'm going to piss on you." The warm wet piss on my body was terrific. He pissed all over me, even my face, and into my mouth. "Suck me, cocksucker, like you never sucked before." Nothing beats cocksucking-that is, nothing except the smell of a guy's jeans and underwear. I love smelling them.

"All Marines Suck," Says 'Nam Vet

WISCONSIN — One of my most glorious moments was when I was propositioned by this tall, rugged part Indian just out of the Marines and back from Vietnam. After about 3 drinks together in this mixed Bar, we went to my apartment nearby. Both of us shed our clothes immediately and embraced. What a beautiful Body and rock-hard Cock pressed at my also hard 8 inches. After kissing each other, we hit the sack. From the 69, we then started rimming ass and this guy really knew how to do it. His tongue was the best thing that's ever been in my hole. His round and firm ass was also delicious. After about a half-hour of eating ass, we got back into the 69 position and shot our loads. We stayed in bed for another hour kissing and talking about sex. I asked him if he had much action in 'Nam and he said "anytime I wanted it." I said I didn't think Marines would do it, and he replied, "All Marines suck." We got together 5 times after that and then he took a job out in the 'state of Washington.

Puerto Rican Water Sports

MANHATTAN — The Mine Shaft has a corridor leading to the most squalid of its toilets. That's where I saw him, where I joined him and where we sized each other up. He looked like a tough nut of a Puerto Rican. He was wearing a Marine cap. Five nine or so. I stood in front of him wondering what he would do. Just as I started to touch him he snarled, "Get down there." I usually give the orders but for some reason I decided to follow his. I felt his piss flowing freely against my beard before I took his cock in my mouth and began to swallow. This will be over soon, I told myself, but it wasn't. Again and again I swallowed, as he made guttural sounds of relief. Before the flow stopped I knew it was more piss than I'd ever swallowed before all put together. He had me hooked. I trailed after him to the barroom. I was bone-hard. I felt my dick through my pants and let him see that my interest hadn't waned. After awhile he said, "Go get me a beer and I'll give it back to you." I followed him around on several journeys, taking two more loads of piss. Once he got down on his hands and knees, wriggled his ass at me and told me to kiss the seat of his pants. Once I located him feeling up a young man I found somewhat neuter, but when he stepped aside and motioned for me to suck the young man's cock, I didn't hesitate. Then he got down on his knees, pulled my pants down, turned my body around with his hands, lined up his face, shoved it forward and began to eat my ass. I went crazy; I started to curse, calling him every dirty name I could think of. He switched to sucking my cock, then said, "Let's get a beer." More or less naturally, I took to following him around, which seemed to be what he wanted. When he found someone he dug, he would approach him from behind, drop down on his haunches and go head-first for the guy's rear-end. Half the time he turned the guy on, the other half nobody got uptight. Between times we talked and I never lost my hard-on, very uncommon for me. I told him how much I admired his ass. "Kiss it," he said. "Tell you what," I said. "Maybe I could stick my finger in your asshole to find out what it smells like." "Wet your finger in your mouth," he said. Then I stuck it up his hole. I wanted to leave it in but he made me take it out. "You'll be up there again;" he said. My finger smelled good. We were standing at the bar.

Subscriber Says His Father "Had," As It Were, Tyrone Power

NEW MEXICO — I am 38 and gay. My father is also gay and in his sixties. But when he was 18 and a student at Princeton Univ. he was the roommate of Tyrone Power. One night my father looked over to the other bed & gave a startled gasp for Ty was totally bare & jerking off his long and very dark colored cock. It was fat and delicious looking so Dad went over, got on his knees & quickly swallowed that beautiful meat. Ty motioned Dad to get up on the narrow bed and soon they assumed the 69 position. This became a routine for two years. Then Ty was signed up by Hollywood and soon was starred in many a flick where he was dressed in tight pants. My father will always remember those good times.

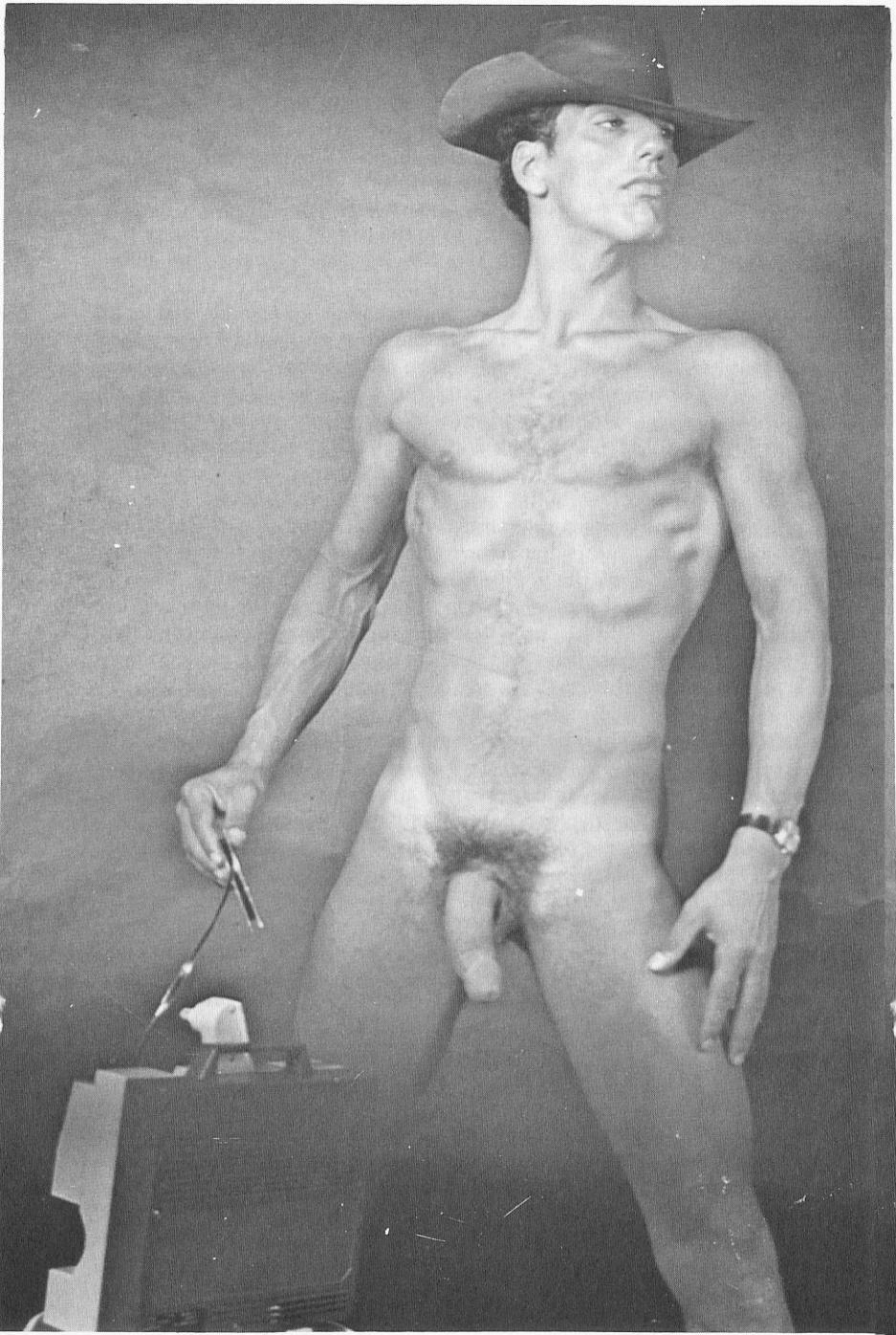


Photo: REVOLT

Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere

The difference between homosexuals and those who are playing it "straight" can be seen in the different meanings they attach to a single word. In the homosexual world, "stonewall" is the name of the New York gay bar on Christopher Street where the customers fought back against a raid by the cops; it has become a symbol for resistance to oppression. In the "straight" world, largely as a result of the Watergate hearings on TV, "stonewall" means to resist attempts to uncover crime: to evade, to lie, to stall, to "stonewall."

Turk Slaps Youth's Face with His Cock

MANHATTAN — I was in Greece two months ago, on the island of Crete, and I was staying in this hostel. I was horny as hell from no sex in over a week. I went to the men's room, really just a hole in the ground, & took a long relaxed piss. It felt sensational. I fondled my cock for a minute before I tucked it away. It rose up quickly at just the slightest touch. On the way down the hall this guy's door was open & in the room sat a shirtless, muscular Turkish man. I just sort of gazed at him for a second. He motioned for me to sit down. The guy's name was Aram and he was from Istanbul. He didn't know much English but that made no difference. He pulled out photos of naked women & said he loved for them to blow him & then he would fuck them in the cunt & ass. He got me oozing for his fucking cock as he told me this. He kept looking at the photos & rubbing his bulging groin. I said, "Sorry there aren't any women around, but I bet you my ass will take care of your cock all right." The fucking bastard nearly jumped on me. Apparently he had been waiting for me to offer it to him. He took out his meat. It was big as hell. Uncut, very thick, big low balls. He slid that tool deep in my throat & within 5 minutes he was shooting a load in my fucking mouth as thick as tapioca pudding. He unloaded globs of pasty cum. I felt each fucking squirt from his hose. Jesus Christ-Turkish cum all over my mouth & throat. I shot my load as soon as he came but had hardly noticed it, I was so involved with his river of cum. Christ, I felt fine after that. We lay down for about 20 minutes. He got hard again. He fingered my ass as he stroked my cock & I stroked his. Aram grabbed a bottle of Greek olive oil from under the bed & greased my hot hole with it. I was fucking horny again. I rolled over on my stomach and he slid that dick slowly up my tight asshole. Man, I was grabbing the bedsheets in ecstasy. Very slowly in & out, in & out. I went berserk. I screamed to him, "Please, baby, fuck me harder. Give me all of it. I can't stand it slow anymore. I need a hard FUCK." Aram pumped my ass like a drilling machine. He slammed into me harder and harder, slapping my ass, punching it with his fists. He was fucking the hell out of me. I came without even touching myself- Aram's dick pushed it out of me. I bucked under him & grabbed his ass to make him drill deeper. I really humped his cock. Aram took his dick out of my asshole & grabbed my head & pulled it over to his greasy, musky, assy cock. He shoved it in my face and yelled, "Suck it up." He screamed loudly- something in Turkish-as he emptied his second load all over my face, slapping my face with his cum-covered cock. He rubbed his salty, sticky cream all over my fucking face with his big piece of meat. Jesus Christ, the Lord answered my prayers that night.

Reader Submits to Italian Model

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB — I went to register to vote in my new district. I came in from the office early, swung by my apt. and smoked a joint to relax me' enough to face the NYC petty bureaucrats, and went and re-franchised myself. After I left the Breslin Hotel (that hole is my polling place) I started up Broadway to head up to the NYAC for a workout. As I reached the corner of 31st and Broadway, I gazed to my right and saw coming along 31st one of the hottest looking fashion models I've ever seen gracing the pages of Men's *Vogue*. I reached the corner and stopped to wait for the light. Then I hear an accented Southern European voice. "Excuse me, but which way is it to Pennsylvania Station?" A gift from heaven. "I just happen to be going that way myself; I'll show you." He was trying to make the 1:30 Metroliner. I glanced at my watch. 1:28, and we were three blocks from the station. He arranged a seat on the 2:30 Metroliner. "You want to come up to my place for a quick joint? I only live 4 blocks from here." "Yeah, I'd love to." We were in my apt. in less than 10 minutes. He closed the Venetian blind. We stripped. He had one of the most perfectly proportioned bodies I've ever seen and a long hard-on. I dropped to my knees and took as much of it as I could into my mouth. The foreskin was tight, almost unskinnable. The taste of cock cheese was wildly aphrodisiacal and I sucked madly, licking, tonguing, tasting cock cheese. He groaned. I felt his hand on my ass. His other arm toyed gently with my nipples. "Get on the floor," he said, "and spread your legs." I did as he commanded. I hate to get fucked up the ass but I was excited, and the thought of his stick rammed up my ass had me so hard I thought I'd cream without even touching it. He spat on his hand, lubricated his magnificent cock. He lifted me up and gently started to shove it 'into me. No pain at all; I relaxed completely. I felt the warmth of his cock stretching my asshole. He leaned over so our mouths could meet, kiss and nibble, tongues playing with each other. His smooth strokes grew faster. "Fuck me, fuck, please fuck me," I said. He screwed harder and harder. His breath became short; he groaned, muttered in Italian, and one of his hands cracked sharply against my ass. I started beating my cock. More groans from this hot Italian, who was in truth taking my virginity as the first man I've enjoyed up my butt. "Gonna come, gonna come, come with me baby," he gasped. That was all I needed. I let out a loud groan of submission. My load shot from my dick, splattering all over my chest. He bit his lip, let out a scream and I felt his warm spunk squirting inside me. He collapsed on me and we rolled around on the rug. By 2: 15, he was dressed. A quick kiss, exchange of names and addresses, and he was gone. I'll never forget the quickie that showed me I can love getting fucked.

Boston Belletrist Worships A Certain Sailor in Washnun

BOSTON — Your little magazine is the finest literary achievement since the letters of Madame de Sevigne. I love it. Here is a vignette, a true one. *Circa* 1956 I was living hand to mouth in Washington, D.C. Through a lacklustre acquaintance I met a 19-year-old sailor; the sailor was on leave. It was Sunday; we were at loose ends. First we visited the Episcopal Cathedral, where I groped the sailor, who was tall, and thin, and of Czech descent. Then we drove to Mount Vernon. The sailor and I escaped the boring mutual acquaintance by getting lost in an 18th-century maze of

clipped shrubs. We crouched down and kissed. The other tourists could not see us. From the maze we wandered down to the river. When we were out of sight I opened his pants. Out flopped an uncircumcised cock, heavily but not unaesthetically veined: one of the biggest and thickest I have ever seen. The head, which I hooded and un hooded rhythmically, was not unlike the dome of St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square; but the balls were still adolescent, of normal proportions. I sucked and sucked but he did not come. Apprehensive that we might be caught by guardians or tourists, I asked him to pump it until it was ready. He jacked like a king, proud of being a phallic monarch. He stuck it in my mouth when it was ready and shot his load in my mouth. It was deeply moving. We were standing on doubly hallowed ground. Washington was the Father of Our Country; the sailor was the Cock Supreme from which all felicity flowed.

"I Asked Him If He Liked His Ass Licked."

WEST VIRGINIA — I was out cruising one night and I met this young hustler. He said he was out to make some money and would suck me off or I could fuck him in the ass and that he was willing to do anything. I asked him if he would piss in my mouth and he agreed. I hadn't much more than got him in the car than he had his hard cock of about 6" out for me to play with while I was driving to my secluded parking place. It looked so good I had to pull over a couple of times and go down on it. I soon made it to where I was going and had his hard rod in my mouth sucking on it, and then I sucked on his balls, and I then asked him if he liked his ass licked and he soon had his rear end up in position for my tongue to probe his ass hole. It was nice and I licked and sucked it a long time. He went to unzipping my pants and said let him see mine. He soon had it out and was sucking on it. He said for money he would get my rocks off for me so I said go ahead, as he had me hot. It was worth it for he really knew 'how to make a man feel good. He was born with a natural instinct to suck cock, as he couldn't have learned it in a few years. We then got out of the car so he could take a leak and I got down and he filled my mouth with that delicious golden nectar and he had a good supply of it too. On the way back to town he said he had enjoyed pissing in my mouth and wanted to know what it tasted like. He wanted to know if I ever drank my own. I said yes, so I bet he went home and drank his.

Interview: U.S. Marine

What kind of underpants do you wear? Short white boxer.

Are they G I or your own? Own.

How often do you change them? 2 daily.

Do you smell them when you take them off? Yes.

Do they smell good? Yes.

Have you ever smelled and tasted your asshole on your fingers? Yes.

Have you ever smelled and tasted on your fingers the juice that oozes out of your piss-hole? Yes.

Is sleeping with a roomful of men in the Marine Corps gross or erotic? Erotic.

Do you see interesting flesh in the barracks and showers? Yes.

What strikes you as interesting flesh: round thighs, hard butts, flat stomachs, full arms, strong chests, dicks? All of the above.

What Marine personalities, apart from bodies, seem erotic to you: show-offs or quiet guys? Showoffs. Nasty.

What color is your body hair? Brown.

What kind of work have you done in the Corps? Rifleman, Aide de Camp, Plt. Commander.

Do more men make passes at you when you're in uniform than when you're in mufti? In uniform.

How often did you jack off in high school? Daily.

Where do you jack off today? In bed.

What position? On knees.

Bareass? Yes.

Do you tickle your balls and asshole when you jack off? Sometimes.

What do you think about? Other guys.

Do you pose in mirrors? Yes.

Do you like to look at yourself in a mirror wearing a jock strap? Yes.

Just a hat and nothing else? Yes.

What pose do you strike in the mirror? Standing or on knees.

Describe your butt? Round & firm.

Your thighs? Husky.

Stomach. Slim.

Arms? Husky.

Are you satisfied with your body? No.

Would you like to be a foot taller? No.

Have a dick twice as big? Maybe one more inch.

Be blond? Yea.

Are your nipples the same color as your asshole? Yes.

Is your asshole like a rosebud? Yes.

What color are your eyes? Brown.

Do you have a nice smile? I've been told it's nice.

Are you good looking? To some people yes.

How do you wear your hair now? Short how else.

How did you look in the original Marine crewcut? Like an idiot.

Is your asshole cherry? Yes.

How many times has your cock been sucked? Can't recall.

Please describe some of your best blow jobs. While I had received some blow jobs before this is the first time I actually gave one. One blow job was my sergeant in basic training. He was a good looking guy in his mid 30's and was all man. Once when I had to fire watch he came out of his room in his shorts with a hard on. I guess he saw me looking at it so he just looked hard at me and went into his room. A few days later he came into the shower when I was in it. Took the stall across from me and started to play with it by lathering it up with soap. That's all nothing else no words or looks. That night I saw I was assigned to duty over the weekend. Anyway Friday nite came. Around one he comes out of his room in fatigues and boots and calls my name. Next thing I know he opens his pants in his room and out pops 8 inches of real man. He came all in my throat. Next few days he said nothing to me but on Friday gave me a note to be at someplace on base housing. I showed up. He

was there with four other Marines and next thing I know he's on the bed asking or begging someone to fuck him. Like I said this relates the first time I let myself go besides jacking off. I guess my sarge and these guys showed me you don't have to act fern or any other shit like that to be gay. They showed me that *men* can stay men and have fun. Since then (5 years ago) I've been trying to make up for lost time. However I don't do it with other guys in the Corps. When I left basic my sarge called me over and said that there was no shame to liking to suck cock but that I had best be careful about doing it in the service since not all would approach it like he did. Funny but one year ago I hit it off with a State Trooper while hitchhiking after my car broke down and he told me the same thing.

How are your seductions made? Does a guy stare at your groin? Usually.

Do you put your hand on your groin? Yes I put my hand on it and if no one can see I may even rub it a few times.

Do you like to display your dick at urinals or elsewhere to lure cock-suckers? Yes.

Is there much fag-baiting or talk about homosexuals in the barracks? Yes.

Do you like sex with women? I've had it a few times but prefer men.

Do you see many Marines you'd like to lay but are afraid to look at or seduce? Yes.

What are most of the Marines you've known like? Quiet, ordinary guys.

Have you known any homosexuals in the Corps? Yes.

Bisexuals? Yes.

Have you suspected many Marines because they do too much fag-baiting or talk too much about homosexuals? Some.

Have you heard many Marines say they've hustled homosexuals? Yes.

Have you ever been with a group of Marines who abuse homosexuals they see on the streets? I stopped it once.

How many men have you had sex with? Don't keep track record but it is high.

What kind of sex? Usually oral.

What kind of men? Either service, construction, cops, etc. Can't be fem.

Why are you in the Corps? Because my dad is a lifer.

Was basic training difficult? At first.

Were you able to do it all? Not at first.

Were the DIs sadistic? Yes.

Are you good at any sports? Yes-tennis, swimming.

How do you get along with the other Marines? OK.

Do you have any trouble with any who consider you "different"? I go unnoticed.

What do you think of the Marine hustlers in California? Can't see where hustling your body makes you a bad Marine.

How often do you jack off now? Every 2 days.

Do you live with other Marines or do you have your own apartment? Other Marines prior to marriage/divorce:

Do you have any children? Have one boy.

What's your idea of a good sex weekend? I like gang sex.

What do you want when you visit New York? Have not been to NYC. Plan to go in Oct. and will let you know then. Love to go to a bar where there is action I can watch or take part in. I'm not on a one to one basis really, like a lot of action going on around me.

Have you ever seen a boy or man who struck you as so god-like that you could worship him? Not really.

Have you ever met a man who wants you to act like rough trade and call him a cocksucker? Yes.

What kind of men do you like? Military, uniform types, const. & college students if athletic-looking.

What are your cultural interests? Hybrid pop & classical music. Don't like too many operas. Some are OK. Enjoy old movies.

Do you like to get high? On what? Poppers; not into anything else.

Do you look and act and pass for "straight"? Are you glad? Yes.

Are there too many sex questions here, or are you really interested in sex?

Interested in a lot of sex. Sometimes I think about it often, like every minute.

How often are you in heat? Sometimes I am in a perpetual state of heat especially if a guy is in uniform, boots, jeans, etc.

Have you heard of guys thrown out of the Corps for homosexual activity? Yes and I've been at bases that have had them.

Has anyone ever bullied or suspected or fag-baited you? Not yet.

How do you get along with the others when they talk about sex with women? Fine. Usually say my sex actions are between me & my partner and don't like to go telling tales. Most guys accept this and they think I'm protecting the girl.

What interests you in The Manhattan Review? Experiences of others guys in uniform.

Do your Jockey shorts have a little yellow polka dot of dried piss on the fly? Don't wear Jockey but they do have a piss stain.

Does the Marine Corps issue jock straps? No.

How do you look in one? Great.

How do you reject homosexuals who make passes at you but don't interest you? Just tell them not interested at present time.

When you see a drooling cocksucker who's really hungry for you, but you don't want him, are you disgusted, excited or what? I'm excited that he would want me but try to be polite in getting away.

When you jack off, how many squirts do you produce? Where does it land? Never counted until this question. Just did and had 6 squirts on my chest.

Have you ever fucked a man in the mouth? Yes.

What position? With him on his knees.

Do you like to fuck men in the ass? I've done it; prefer cock sucking.

Do you ever stick your finger up your asshole? Yes.

Please describe your cream. White and thick. Hope I answered enough questions for you. Thanks again. My ass enjoyed your kiss.

Editors note: The kiss he refers to was but an epistolary one, contained in the way I frequently close my letters, "With a kiss for your ass." Since he has put out and come across with so much data already, I hereby send him a kiss not only for his ass but on his actual asshole, In hopes he will respond to hideously detailed questionnaires about a dozen subjects he mentioned briefly here, which warrant a more penetrating, in-depth, even ruthless probing.

The Heartbreak of Butt Pimples

The New York Times ran an account of a skin rash among hockey players which leaves their hairy hind ends so tainted with what the players call "creeping crud" that even sports reporters would hesitate to kiss them. The article reports that the "rough, red rash" resembles the heartbreaking psoriasis and has landed at least five National Hockey League stars in hospital. "At first," says Tom Reid, an ass-scratching member of the Minnesota North Stars, "it was just itching, but then the skin started oozing." Oooh. "You start scratching so much," Reid added, "it's almost like taking a layer of skin off." To make matters worse, Reid's therapy included taking as many as 30 injections a day, turning his already nauseating butt skin into a pin cushion. Jean Petvin, a New York Islander, had a severe outbreak on his thighs and rump, but Billy Harr is of the same team had his rash under control with "a cortisone-base lotion that has menthol and a moisturizer in it." Medics believe that the players' excessive sweat, in congress with their excessive padding, may produce the ailment, and the Atlanta Flames were reported to be changing their underwear "between periods" to attack this problem. I have always advocated that jocks change their underthings between periods. One player, Jacques Lemaire, attributes his rash to his garter belt. The *Times* added, as I must, that hockey players wear garter belts. No one is more fully aware of the gravity of the problem than Dr. William F. Schorr, who says, "We need cooperation nationwide to crack this thing." I'm willing to cooperate; these toothless masochists do enough scratching even under ideal circumstances, without this added itch. Certainly the *Tunes* did its part, devoting 41 inches to this national crisis, or almost seven times the probably length of the average hockey player's pee-pee thing. The *Times* has not, however, had space to record some of the recent murders of homosexuals by athletic yute fighting sexual temptation.

-- -Boyd McDonald

Smoldering Seminarians

I was in St. — 's Seminary in New York from 1969 to 1974. An aura of raw sexuality was always present & just as powerful as the spirituality & the rigorous schedule we had to follow. There was a lot of peeking at each other in the drying & locker room outside the showers. First-year students slept in a dormitory. After lights out I would listen for sheets rustling & underwear elastic bands snapping or being slid off as many of the generally upper middle class, good-looking guys jerked off. One of my duties, in the first year, was working in the laundry. The students' white briefs were always stiff & spotted yellow. Often, jock straps were sent to be washed-so full of cum I would be forced to soak them for hours to soften them. In the novitiate I got a private room. One day I noticed that the whole electrical outlet panel under my bed could be pulled right out of the wall-it was fixed so that the wires were disconnected. Bill, my neighbor, was not in his room at the time so I pushed on his companion outlet panel & it fell out on his side, under his bed. At night, I would quietly remove the outlet box and wait for him to strip. I could only see his legs & watch his clothes coming off. I would listen to him jacking off late at night. It was super. Bill was a popular seminarian; small but well

built & sort of cocky-very handsome & self-conscious about it. Once, when I overslept, Bill came to my room to wake me up in time for Mass. He pulled the covers off & I woke with a start. I slept nude. He stood there for a moment while I scrambled for my shirt. I noticed a huge lump in his black pants and he hurried out the door. Many of the guys wore tight jeans & slacks after class was out. Great pains were taken to show off your groin & look good.

One Sunday evening I brought dinner to Roy in his room, as he was ill that day. The door was unlocked so I just opened it & went in with the tray. I caught him by surprise, standing in front of his mirror with his v underpants around his knees & working on his prick. It was like a pink cucumber. I apologized & suggested that he keep his door locked. I wanted to leave, but couldn't, as my own cock got stiff & poked out in front of my cassock like a tent pole. (It was summer & I only wore under- wear under the cassock, which is a long black habit worn with a belt; we donned them for meals and chapel.) Roy said I shouldn't go out into the hall with a boner. I was in a daze of heat and lust & just sat there on the edge of his bed. Roy was about 6' tall, blond, erotic in wire-rim glasses & regulation short-cut hair. Even more erotic in his briefs. "The one thing I miss most," he said, "is the feel of a mouth on my thing." He pulled my face to his groin. I was sick & dizzy & excited. His groin gave the faint odor of wool & slap. His cock was about 7", thin & smooth. After I took it in my throat, he gave about 9 shoves and shot his juice. His cream was watery & tasted like hay smells. Quite a bit dribbled out on my chin and cassock, so I stayed to clean up the mess. My heart was pounding. I didn't say much to him; I complimented him on his build & his cock. "What about my rear end?" he asked. I had always liked the look of his butt. "Beautiful," was all I could say. "Did you ever do a guy before?" he asked. I hadn't. He got some Vaseline & soon, with my cassock pulled up around my waist, I was plunging into Roy's fat ass. I came with a muffled scream. Roy & I got together about twice a week after that. In secret, usually late at night, we had sex, compared jack off techniques and had piss fights. He showed me his porn collection as well as photos he had taken of other guys in the Sem. I never let on to them that I had seen their beautiful photos. I regret that we never *all* got together with Roy. It would have been too risky. Roy is still there & we still write. Bill left the seminary the same year I did and I'm still trying to locate him. I jacked off three times last night, about 45 minutes apart. Last load was almost empty. My cock is sore as hell-but hard again now.

"I Was So Hot I Came in My Shorts"

CALIFORNIA — There was a guy I knew in New Mexico that had the nicest, cleanest body. He was in the Air Force and he used to come and see me because he liked blow jobs. He was married and he used to want me to lay with my head between his legs and he would say, .. I have to let some air out," and I would tell him to go ahead and fart and he would raise his leg and fart and it really didn't smell bad. The cleanest farts I ever smelled. I dig a good-looking, well-built guy who has a nice ass (nice round, firm buns) that sticks out but is not flabby and fills a pair of jeans or cords. Back in Ohio I ran into a guy one night who wanted to take a piss in my pants pocket. We came out of a bar and he pissed in the parking lot. He was a

good-looking guy who wore a football jacket so I assume he was on the local college or high school team. We went to a hotel room and he had a beautiful body and I was licking his balls and the inside of his thighs when he suddenly raised his leg and let a big fart right in my face. I didn't say anything and neither did he and it really turned me on and I kept right on licking his balls. Then he said, .. I have to fart again," and I said, "Turn over and stick your ass in my face" and he did and I stuck my tongue up his asshole and he farted right in my mouth. I was so hot I came in my shorts. Then he asked if he could piss on me. He stood over me and pissed all over me and then squatted down on my face and let another fart. I have never since run into another guy who was so delightful. I like to collect jock straps and Jockey shorts but not raunchy ones. I like them when they have only been worn a day or two and have just a faint odor of cock on them. I loved that picture in Issue 42 where it looked like the Detroit Tigers' Alan Trammell was sniffing Rick Burleson's ass. This almost got me off. When I was a youngster I used to go downtown to the local department store and go into a toilet stall and sit there and wait for some guy to come into the stall next to me, and he would drop his pants, sit down and let a couple big farts before taking a crap, and this used to excite me and I would jack off while listening to the farts. I dig husky athletes and college students. When I was younger, it was the Navy and Marines. I can drink piss but I prefer to have a guy piss in my face and on my bod, wearing just boots or athletic shoes and socks, and I like him to tell me he wants to fart in my face. This really turns me on.



Sonic. Photo: Sierra Domino

College Life: I ***Shaving It***

NEW YORK — In 1972, I was at the State University. At the beginning of the term all of the houses had their rushes and I was accepted by one of them. One requirement for this house was that you had to either be on a team or be a phys ed major, and as I was on the swimming team I was accepted. The nudity and physical contact that are a large part of hazings in other fraternity houses were not the case in ours. The reason for this is that the guys were all jocks; they were constantly trying to affirm their masculinity. All had girl friends; nothing was said or done which might even suggest that a guy wasn't 100% jocko-macho. It was all right to walk around the locker room, showers or pool bare ass; this was expected. But anything like that in a non-athletic environment, especially involving physical contact, might be considered queer. However, the year after my initiation (it was my last year in the house), we had an initiation for 4 new members. The 4 new guys were made to strip naked. Then each one had to lie on top of our poker table, and while all of the other guys crowded around watching, they had their pubic hair shaved off. The guys were shaved completely bare-nothing at all was left around their cocks and balls. Of course, during the shaving process, Paul, the "barber," had to handle their cocks and balls. Well, each one of these 4 new guys threw a rod, to their embarrassment and our laughter. They were told to remain naked for the rest of the evening so that we could look at their "baby cocks." One of the new guys, Allen, was in my swimming class, and for weeks after, the guys in the class would make sure to look at his crotch to see how his hair was growing.

College Life: II ***Fooling Around with a Football Player***

Despite the paranoia about homosexuality that existed among the guys in my house, I did have sex with one of them. One weeknight during my sophomore year, I went over to the house to play cards. There were a few other guys around, including a senior named John. John was on the football team, a big, good-looking guy from Upstate. After the game was over and the other guys left, John hung around to help me clean up. During the process he very playfully slid his hand over my groin. If I didn't want to play around, it could be brushed aside as a joke. But I did want to play around. I got a hard on. We started to feel each other up, and he suggested that we go over to the couch. First I locked the door, then he and I got undressed. We fooled around awhile; we kissed and sucked each other's cock. He was very aggressive. He acted like he was in solitary confinement for a year and I was the first person to come along. While I was sucking his cock he asked me if I wanted to fuck him. I thought it was strange, coming from him-one of the most macho guys I'd ever met. I had fucked a few girls before, but this was the first chance I ever had to fuck a guy. Anyway, I accommodated him. He rolled over on his stomach, with his ass up. As a matter of fact, I accommodated him for the rest of the year, while we were going out with girls and putting on our super jock act for everyone. Either John would come to my room or I would go to his, depending on who had their room to themselves. We would strip bare ass, kiss and feel each other up, suck each other's cock for awhile, and then

I would turn him on his stomach. He would spread his legs and put his ass up. And that's how I would fuck him until we both came-I in his ass and he all over the sheets.

College Life: III

Is It True What They Say about Swim Teams?

During my first year in college, I joined the swimming team. One night during my first week on the team, five of us got together in a dorm room that was shared by two guys on the team. We decided to have a game of strip poker. I had seen guys naked in the locker room in high school and I had seen all of these guys bare ass that week during our workouts, so a game of strip poker wasn't any big deal. Out of the five, I was the second to strip off my underwear. The game continued until only one remained in his Jockey shorts. Since that was the end of the game I thought that it would be all alright if we got dressed again. But instead, the one guy left with his briefs on took them off, and much to my surprise, the four of them got down on the floor and started to fool around-the whole thing, feeling each other up, kissing, sucking cock. I was amazed that these straight-looking guys, all athletes, were going at it like a bunch of faggots. But they seemed to be enjoying it. Besides, I had sucked cock once before, and I too had enjoyed it. So I decided that it must be alright, and I joined in. Later that evening I was talking to one of the guys who had been on the team since his freshman year. He told me that some of the guys on the teams in school fooled around like that and they didn't think anything of it because they were doing it just to get their rocks off. Most of the time the guys spent going with chicks.

A Visit from Willie

CHICAGO — Had a friend Willie over last night. We got into bed. He's black like I am. I started off sucking on his dick. I could smell his hairs around his dick. What got me was the smell between his legs coming from his balls. He started pushing his big black dick into my mouth. I could only take so much. He held my head and said take it all; suck my dick good. I try to take it all too. Then I let go of his wet dick. I kissed it for about 1 min then I went for those balls. I kiss them, ran my tongue all over them. The smell from his asshole was so close. I wanted to tongue that hole to death. I couldn't stand not smelling it any longer so I slowly ran my tongue from his balls to his asshole. I let my tongue just touch his hole. He jumped and said, I like that. I wanted to hear that. The smell was like Heaven. It wasn't shitty but like he hadn't had a bath for 3 days. I loved that smell. After I licked his asshole, I kiss the round of his ass. Juice was leaking from my big dick. I didn't have to suck long on his dick before he creamed in my mouth. But I wanted some more of that asshole. I hadn't cum yet. So I told him to just lay on his side and let me cum. I put my face in that ass of his. First I smelled that wonderful smell from his asshole. I then pushed my nose into his hole for a better smell and my tongue went to work again. He just lay there like he was sleep. I started to jack off myself. Didn't take long for me either. I could feel my cum coming up out of the head of my dick. Cum went everywhere. Then I got into bed. Every time I smelled that ass or looked at the ass and his thighs I got hot. I'm sitting here at work writing this. I'm about to cum in my draws. Willie went to sleep. I got up, looked at TV & drank some wine for about two hours. They

went back into the bedroom where Willie was laying on his back. I got into bed. I ran my hand on his dick. He didn't move. After all he had cum and drunk a hole bottle of wine. I touch his thighs. He didn't move. My dick got hard again. I started sucking on Willie's dick again & his balls. Then it happen again. The smell from his now really clean asshole met my nose again. Like a dog at a bone I rise his leg up and put my head down to that ass hole and my nose & tongue went to work again. I had to cum again. I got on the floor by the bed and turned Willie on his side while I jacked off and tongue fuck Willie's ass again til I creamed again.

Hard Hat Takes Shower Before Tongue-Bath

MANHATTAN — How about a word for those of us who go in for squeaky-clean sex? Does it all have to be sweaty armpits, cheesy cocks, smelly assholes, dirty jock straps and stained underpants? Might we start some correspondence from others like me who still prefer squeaky-clean sex? Isn't anyone concerned about hepatitis? It isn't that I prefer my partners powdered and smelling of cologne. Soap-clean is enough. On my way to work I have been passing a construction job and I've been seeing one striking macho hard hat with a body straining to get out of his clothes. He never seemed to be working, but rather directing another group of workers. Over a period of two weeks eye-to-eye contact went to "Good morning" to pleasantries about the weather until one morning during our conversation about the weather his hand slowly fondled his groin. Not wanting the moment to pass, my eyes stayed on that hand. The next morning our conversation was more direct. He said he knocks off about 4 and asked if I live in the neighborhood. I was prepared and had the address on a piece of paper which I slipped to him. That afternoon he arrived at 4:20, sweaty and encrusted with cement dust. I was tense and offered him a drink. He said "No, I'd rather take a shower if you don't mind." I welcomed the suggestion; it gave me an opportunity to get over the excitement of actually seeing him at my door. He stepped out of the bathroom with just a white towel around his middle; I noticed tattoos on both biceps. I had the drink waiting for him and indicated the bedroom as I ducked into the bathroom to again collect myself. When I entered the bedroom, he was sprawled out on the bed, legs spread. The cock, circumcised, was soft and fell over two perfect balls. I crawled up between his legs and bent down and kissed the head of his cock. There is not one inch of his body, smelling of the delicate aroma of soap, that I did not kiss and lick. I saw him one other time; his crew have now moved on to some other construction site. But we both enjoyed our two meetings very much. Would he not have been turned off if I had suggested we have sex in the condition he was in when he arrived at my apartment? Perhaps you can get a pro and con about squeaky-clean vs. smelly sex.

Editors note: I think many readers like to read about, but would not especially like to go to bed with, unwashed males. A middle-of-the-road position is unscented Ivory Soap, which, like *The Manhattan Review*, is 99-44/100% pure, and makes you clean without giving you that Discount Drug smell.

Belletrist Likes Flavors Of Black Youth's Hard-On

My fear of exposure prevents me from subscribing to your truly living newsletter, an outlet for creativity and a rare organ of social commentary, but I buy them in Boston. This is very paranoid, but as a fellow queer I know you must understand. I have the luck of having a good face and body and a generous endowment. Somewhere along the line I developed a keen taste for Blacks. One day I spotted a deep black young man sitting on a windowsill in a bath in New York. Probably in his 20s, he was more of the ghetto type than any I had ever had a sexual chance with. His hair was "corn-rowed" and, when I asked him where the showers were, he threw me a pass whose feel and execution had a bold elegance which I immediately associated with a dangerous place where there is no time for coyness: he calmly cupped a big warm hand around one of my ass cheeks. I was struck with desire but also timidity, so I just gave him a smile and went to the showers. After a frenzied but thorough shower, I hurried back to find my man seated on the same sill, only with two white men on one side of him. I sat on his free side, and after one sentence our legs were pressing against each other passionately. Two minutes later we were in his room. For awhile we kissed while I ran my fingers over the hard knobs of his sculptured hair. After some 69ing, I made him stand by the bunk while I, sitting, slowly ran my hands, lips and tongue all over the numberless beauties of his smooth, cast-bronze, muscular body with its well-defined areas of dry, steely hair. His powerful hard-on was intoxicating in all its flavors and scents. I suddenly felt released into the passive realm, the one usually most threatening and difficult for me. On my back, I let him enter me with some initial pain. When my rarely awakened anal erotic sensations welled up inside me, he bent down to my groin, tilted up my lower half as far as his position inside me allowed, and to my surprise began to suck off my rock-hard cock while he thrust his own in and out my ass. After some ecstatic moments of whose duration I am unaware, I came off in a triumphant shout. He withdrew, obviously saving himself for more play later on. We said 'bye to each other like two people devoid of romantic illusions but with a genuine appreciation for beauty and virtuosity.

"Romance of Century" Has Hidden Homosexuality

Older readers-and young ones such as John Mitzel, the Boston historian who is an authority on the biggies of the 1930s and 1940s-know that King Edward VIII of England turned in his resignation in order to marry "the woman I love," a commoner named Wally Simpson of Ballmer, Maryland, who became the Duchess of Windsor upon Eddy's demoting himself to Duke. (His brother George took over as King, and was replaced upon his death by his daughter Elizabeth II, who was recently the guest at din-din of a *Manhattan Review* reader.) Now it turns out that Eddy's "Romance-of the Century," as the pop press called it, was like so many heterosexual romances and marriages, a cover for secret sodomy. C A. Tripp, a psychologist, sex researcher and author of *The Homosexual Matrix*, which I am ashamed to say I relentlessly call *The Homosexual Mattress* long after such faint humor as there once was in the

malapropism has evaporated, told the *Metro Gay News* (Detroit), according to *Gaysweek* (New York), that Eddy was nabbed by the dirt (vice cops) in a raid on male whores in Manhattan; those of us in the upper classes have always found our inferiors superior. "I was present at the George Henry Foundation," Tripp told *Metro Gay News*, "when Henry was called in to ... get the Duke out of trouble." CA. ran this as a blind item in his book.

Clergyman Wipes Cop's Ass

CHICAGO — I had known Ralph for years and had bugged him to introduce me to some other Chicago cops. One day when I answered the door bell, there stood Ralph and another uniformed cop. "Are you available for company?" Ralph asked. The two came in and we went into the living room. Ralph immediately unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants below his butt. "Here," he said, "I got a treat for you." I knelt down behind him and in front of the stranger kissed and sniffed his ass. I was told to undress and serve some beer. When I returned to the living room, both cops had removed their pistols, pants and underpants. Even though Chicago cops do not wear boots, Ralph had put on a pair for the session. They both kept on their shirts and jackets. A little comic under other circumstances-two cops sitting bare-assed wearing only the tops of their uniforms. Ralph told me to lick his boots, which I promptly did. When Ralph and I were alone I generally followed my boor-licking by polishing his boots, but I omitted it this time. "Lick my legs now," Ralph said. As I began to lick his leg, he raised it and slid his butt forward, and soon I was again sniffing and licking the cheeks of his ass, then the crack, finally his asshole itself. When I brought the third round of beers, Ralph set mine aside, rubbed his groin and said, "I got your drink right here." I knelt at his feet, hands on his thighs, face upraised with mouth open. The golden stream poured from its spigot into my mouth. I just about had my fill but Ralph suggested his friend also take a piss in my mouth. I took turns sucking one cock, then the other. Ralph went to take a shit. When he returned, the other cop and I were sucking each other. Ralph stood a moment watching us. Then he lifted his leg and placed it on a chair. I knew the sign. I pulled away from the other cop and knelt behind Ralph. I felt up his legs, ran my hands over his big butt, and with one hand on each cheek, gently spread them apart. Slowly, as the other cop watched, I moved my face into his slightly dirty ass. I sniffed awhile, then stuck out my tongue and wiped his asshole clean. When I finished, Don, the other cop, said, "Come here." He got on his hands and knees, his butt up in the air, and I sniffed and licked his ass. "Suck it," he said; "show me what a suck-hole you are for cops." I sucked noisily, for Ralph's pleasure. Ralph was into S&M, taking out his frustrations on me instead of his wife and son. I discovered later that Don, too, liked S&M games to release his own frustrations. But it is all fun and games; we have a respectful, friendly relationship between our sessions of game playing.

"The Smell of That Sweating Ass ..."

UPSTATE NEW YORK — This summer I met a big truck driver in a tavern. He was in the toilet pissing out of a soft cock. By the time he finished it was half hard and I was looking at it. Then I looked at him in the eye and licked my lips. I went

back to the bar and he moved his drink and sat next to me. His hand was between his legs. I suggested going out for a snack. He said he had a snack in his room if I cared to join him. Knowing what the snack would be, I licked my lips again.

He hadn't showered and that's how I like a guy's body, nice and sweaty. When he pulled off his pants I was on my knees. I pulled his shorts down. His cock was nice and hot and ready for eating. I spread his legs and buried my nose and tongue in those wonderful big balls. The aroma and taste was out of this world. I played with his asshole. The smell of that sweating ass really got to me. I got around behind him and kissed both cheeks of his butt, then spread them gently, licking and kissing right into the pink lips of that delicious asshole. What an effect this had on him. He just moaned, "Beautiful," and "Suck me."

I crawled around in front and managed to get his drooling 8" cock into my fucking mouth. I grasped (he cheeks of his sweaty ass and held on as he gave me a mighty fuck, filling my mouth with delicious, thick, creamy, slimy cum.

After we had a couple drinks I had to piss. He came with me and when I splashed his leg with piss I apologized. He just laughed and as he stood there stark naked, took my cock and aimed my piss right on his cock hair. Then he started pissing at my stomach.

We were drenched with piss as we lay on the rug and had a kissing session. I shot my load on his stomach. He pushed me down on his body. I sucked on his nipples, lapped my own cum off his stomach, and had a real good suck on his prick-nice and easy this time.

After more drinks he wanted us to go in the shower stall. We were feeling no pain and had a piss fight. He asked me to suck his cock while he was pissing. I knelt in front of him and took his pissing cock in my mouth. The force of his piss going into my mouth was out of this world.

Cantabrigian Gets Big Surprise In Puerto Rico

CAMBRIDGE — During my first trip to Puerto Rico, early this year, most of my time was spent in the small towns on the South coast, which is a relatively unspoiled area. Into an unprepossessing place-soda fountain, cafeteria behind that and then a bar. At the end of the bar I spotted two Japanese youths, one obviously gay and handsome -black hair, creamy skin, piercing black eyes. His companion seemed straight and was guarding his treasure. When the gay one began to grope me, subtly, the dragon came over to break it p. Followed beauty into the *caballeros* and got a glimpse of a nice brown cock, and I was able to wave mine around a lot. But if you've ever been in a certain class of Puerto Rican men's rooms, you know you can't hold your breath forever. Was told that they were sailors on a Japanese tuna boat then in the harbor, and given names, but I knew I would have no time to follow it up. After the Japanese left, I was greeted profusely by a Puerto Rican who turned out to be a medical student. As soon as I sat by him at the bar, there was his hand in my lap. I tried to buy him a beer, but he wouldn't accept anything. I didn't speak Spanish well, he didn't speak English well, so nothing to do but take him back to my hotel room.

The desk clerk looked but said nothing. He knew. In the room, we started to strip after a few preliminary kisses. When we got down to our underwear, he wanted the light off. I didn't, but he insisted. And so to bed. He frantically began to suck my cock. He must have been starving for months. Up over him, banging away hard at his mouth, and he loved it. Deep throat. Lovely tongue. Wanted to kiss me and lick me all over, and be loved in turn. Hot. Hot for dick in his mouth and hot to be kissed and touched. While all this is going on, I'm trying to get his cock unleashed (he had it locked between his legs and resisted me fiercely when I said I wanted to suck him too). Finally I got his thighs apart and out popped one of the biggest cocks I have ever seen, including a few horses. I got the light on. Yes-massive, a good 11 inches. And hard as hell. I fell on that thing and tried to get it all in my mouth. No way could I do it. But we sixty-nined for awhile, with him taking my 7-5/8" easily and me trying desperately to get his monster into my throat. I wanted that cock, any way I could get it, so I rolled him over on his back and mounted him. Slow. Easy. Careful. Finally all the way in, and then he wanted to fuck. So he rolled me over on my back. I was screwed by what assuredly is one of the biggest cocks in Puerto Rico. Not long after he came, he was ready again. This time I got on top, riding his meat very carefully but all the way in, twisting my body, tightening my sphincter, up, down, around, in, out, with his stick producing thrills and chills I've never had before. Stopping to kiss occasionally and he trying to keep my cock in his mouth while he had me impaled. He said, would you like to come live in Puerto Rico with me? We'll get an apartment and- But I'm just a tourist, I said, I have to fly home day after tomorrow. After he came again, he said he had to go, but first he wanted to take a shower with me. He soaped my back and front and cock and balls and ass, holding me and kissing me and telling me how good I am. He got hard again. I leaned into the water, holding a towel bar, while he stuck his cock into my tender asshole again. He held me tight, fucking in deep, long strokes, and took my cock in his hands. We came together. Just the way I like it. When he had dressed and gone, I looked at my watch. It had only been two and a half hours. Pure pleasure. And I wasn't really tired. A little limp around the edges but still so horny and excited about him that I jerked off all over the sheets before I went to sleep.

3 Brothers Get Their Asses Kissed

MISSOURI — One Saturday three young men came to my door and asked if they could shovel the snow off my sidewalk. My heart skipped a beat when I saw the three bent over, showing their lovely asses. The oldest, about 22, had one of the most beautiful asses I have ever seen, well rounded and a large lucky crack between the cheeks. After they had finished I invited them in to get warm, and got them hot with my eyes. The oldest said he had heard of me from friends and always wanted to visit with me but he had to have an excuse and the job was his excuse. The youngest said they were brothers and very close. They don't use dope. I asked for their names. The youngest said, "My name is Delno. I am 19 years old. The guy sitting next to me is Richard, who is 20, and we call him Dick, and that big kid in the chair is Piss." I said, "Piss-what a sweet name." The oldest said, "Not Piss, Press or Preston. They call me Piss when we are among friends." Delno said Piss was real strong, so I felt of his arms, and then the arms of the others. I said, "How about your leg muscles, are they strong?" Delno said, "If you want to see something big you should see Piss's cock

muscle." Preston said, "Td rather not pull my pants down here; he might not approve of such action." I said I would love it. So Piss pulled his pants down and Delno reached over and pulled Piss's underpants down. Piss just stood there. Delno asked if I wanted to feel of Piss's cock. I felt it all over. Piss said, "You guys have to come across too." The other two took their pants off for review. I kissed Piss's ass and kissed the assholes 'of the other two as they bent over the back of the sofa. Delno was nervous but I managed to get a good lick; his buns are nice and firm and easy to get to the hole. No hair around the hole. He told me he was sorry his ass was dirty. I told him that was the way I liked it, with him. We went to bed. I sucked Delno first. He had just under 7 inches, uncut. It didn't take long until he cracked his nuts. What a sweet load, with lots of starch. Then I took Richard on. He had a nice long slender 7 1/2 inches (Delno's was fat). He too was uncut and his foreskin was rather tight; he told me to take it easy. I did. I enjoyed his wad-good, sweet, but not as much as I had from Delno. Piss's cock was large, 8", not too fat, though. He was cut. He didn't have many hairs. I really enjoyed his cock. I took my dentures out and got the entire staff. Piss liked to be sucked at intervals-sucked awhile on his cock, then his balls and asshole. I was a long time in cracking his nuts and the load was big and sweet. They all have good jobs working 5 days a week and they do "odd" jobs for certain people. The reason for shoveling my walks was to get acquainted with me.



Photo: AMG

Marine Gets Bishop's Amethyst

FROM A PRIEST — By now it is common knowledge that right up to the end the late Frank [Francis] Spellman, Cardinal Archbishop of New York, was actively gay. Not so widely known is the fact that at the death of George Mundelein, Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago from 1915 to 1939, four cops were needed to eject the harem of bumboys which His Eminence had lodging right there in his palace with him.

But the cardinal with the most flair, the real playboy of the Sacred College, is John J. Wright. [He died in 1979. — *Ed.*] A handsome and brilliant youth from Boston, he was chosen by Cardinal O'Connel for education in Rome. (In 1883 O'Connel himself had been expelled for "effeminacy" from the old St. Charles College in Ellicott City, Maryland. Or so it is written.) After Wright's ordination, O'Connel chose him as his secretary. Richard Cushing succeeded O'Connel in 1944, made Wright a bishop in 1947 and then, to get him out of his hair, created the diocese of Worcester and installed Wright as its first bishop in 1950. Wright cut a wide swath in Worcester. Still only 41, he drove a jag, which he wrecked, wrenching his shoulder so badly that for years afterward he always needed a handsome young valet to help him in and out of his clothes. Gossip about Wright spread throughout Worcester —indeed, throughout the whole state. Boston police and journalists were hardly surprised in the spring of 1968 when a pawnbroker reported the acquisition of a heavy gold ring with a huge amethyst. Turned in by a young marine, it proved to be Bishop Wright's. How did the marine get hold of it? Your guess is probably right. (Which reminds me of the hierarch who told me with a smile that he had once lost his Episcopal ring while wiping his pontifical ass on the toilet-flushed it right down the drain. "But I just went down to Woolworth's and bought me a duplicate," he said, "and nobody ever knew the difference.")

Adultery in the Men's Room

HAWAII — I went down to a beach to watch the sun set, but was distracted by a tall, curly-headed young guy. He went into the restroom. I followed and sat in a stall with a glory hole, and soon he was stuffing his thick meat through. It was huge, cut and sweet-tasting. After I sucked on it for awhile he came around to the door and I let him in. He was even better looking up close. His cock was dripping and he pulled his jeans down so I could suck his heavy balls and smell the dampness between his legs. His cock was resting on my ear as I licked his balls. Then he pulled back and asked me to change positions. I stood up and he sat down and sucked my cock. He spread my butt and started to rub my asshole. He said, "It's dark now—let's go down to the beach." Before we left he stuck his tongue in my mouth and I was surprised, because he was married and most married men I know don't like to kiss the mouth (but kiss other things). We spread a blanket near the water and stripped and I started sucking that thick cock again. He put his legs up so I licked and sucked his balls. The smell from his asshole was shitty. I could tell he wanted to get fucked so I licked his hole till he begged me to stick my dick in. I spit on my dick and slowly put it in and bent way over to lick his dripping dick at the same time. He wiggled his asshole and I started fucking him hard. He said, "Fuck me harder. Make it last." I'd fuck his ass hole until I was ready to explode, then stop and tease him, lick his dick and pinch his nipples, until he'd say, "Fuck me, fuck me." Once my dick slipped out but I shoved it

back in all at once. He started beating his meat. He said, "I'm glad you can fuck so long." We came together. One afternoon, I walked in to cruise a toilet in the Mall. I found both booths occupied and an enlisted man standing suspiciously in front of the toilet doors. I loitered by the sinks and sized him up. His sunglasses prevented me from looking him in the eye. I went outside to sit and watch the comings and goings. Soon I was back on the inside, ass on the toilet seat next to the enlisted man. Through a hole I could see his pants were pulled up to his thighs and his shirt covered his crotch, so I couldn't see anything but his hand between his legs, and he wasn't just scratching. I sat back and played with myself; I wanted him to know I was interested. He was slow. Several times we were interrupted by legitimate customers (though I don't know what could be more legitimate than sex). After awhile, he gradually exposed his cock. I was awed at the size and thickness of it. It was cut and reddish. The biggest cock I've seen in years. He beat off slowly, but he still didn't expose his cock hair or balls. My balls ached to dump their heavy load, but more than that I wanted to taste his fat cock. Suddenly he lowered his pants and pulled back his shirt. I was dizzy with excitement at the sight of the soldier's heavy cock poking out of a self-cut hole in the red women's bikini underpants. The top and sides were edged with lace. As he leaned back to stick his rod in the air, I caught a glimpse of a black garter belt attached to dark brown stockings. He was pounding his meat and my heart was pounding. I moved fast. I sent him a note: "I want to suck your cock. I like your red panties." Here is a piece of toilet paper with his reply. It's a collector's item. We met outside and that was where I found out he was married. At my house, I could see he was extremely nervous, being out of context. He responded to my questions: he had never done this (go home) with a man; his sex with men had been limited to toilets, where mostly all he did was beat his own meat. He admitted to some fear because "most gays want a man," and he usually had underwear drag on. I asked him what he'd like me to do. His eyes dropped and he said, "Well, I'd like you to suck my tits and play with my cock." I asked him if he'd like me to stick a finger up his ass and he said he'd like that and maybe I could fuck him. He pulled off his trousers and his cock flopped out, swaying from the red bikinis. It grew hard automatically. He pulled off his shirt and he was wearing a white satin-like bra under a cute aquamarine half-slip-it ended just below his panties. He lay back on the bed and closed his eyes while I played with his dick. I sucked on it a long time, then pulled the panties aside to feel his balls. They were average size, but full. I slid my finger down and felt of his moist asshole. He looked at my cock and asked me to try fucking him. I greased his hole good and was excited to find it so tight. I spread his ass and rubbed my wet cock against his hole, getting him used to the feel of it. As I gently started to stick it in him he tensed up and asked me not to fuck him. He got up on his knees and began jacking off with his eyes closed. I pulled his bra off and sucked his tits and tickled his balls. He was tense and took a long time to unload, with much energy and moans expended. I couldn't stand it any longer and stuck my finger in his ass. He loved it. I jacked off too. His hole made numerous spasms as he squirted his load on my chest. We agreed to do it again but so far we've never connected. I wonder if I can stick my meat into his ass.

"Pretty" Bricklayer Lies on Belly At Beach, Takes 18 Up His Ass

AUSTRALIA — The magazines arrived on Friday. My balls are dry. I have jerked off so much, spunk all over my mattress. It mixes in with the piss from some of my more excitable fucks. The smell is the closest thing to heaven on earth, especially in this warm weather. I only have a mattress on the floor in the room I rent. That is all I need, somewhere to sleep and fuck. Guys are really surprised when I get into heavy scenes-they say I look too pretty. In my job (bricklayer) I don't wear underpants. Just an old pair of jeans. I am very interested in jock-straps since I have read some of your horny mags. Maybe some of your readers could send me a piss-stained, cum-hardened strap I could chew on and wear. My horn is raging now just thinking about it. I am going through a good time sexually. Last night at the sauna I went with a young guy whose cock was even bigger than mine. He had about 9 1/2 inches and thick. He fucked me for 20 minutes. My arse loved it. He had his tongue right up my nostrils. My other lover at the moment loves having his ring penetrated by my dick and his nipples chewed-hard! I'm a tit man from way back. Hope you like my pic! STH is the juiciest magazine in the world. My ring tastes and smells so good. I can't get my own tongue down there which is a shame. I love rimming. On the 26th I went down to our local gay beach. Lots of hilly sand dunes and plenty of undergrowth to provide handy little hiding places. I just went down there at about 11 in the morning, stripped off and lay on my beach towel on my belly. I didn't move all day until I went home about 3. About 18 guys came by and jumped on board my ass and fucked me without a word being exchanged. If any of them wanted anything else I just pretended to be asleep. All I wanted was fucking. I was feeling too lazy to become involved in anything else. By the time I was 13 I was out and about cruising the tea-rooms and looking for sex. Of course, I used to tell the guys that I was older, about 15 or 16. This was in Scotland and there was lots of good sex around and I even made a few pounds in cash from some of the guys. When my folks were out for the night I would strip off all my clothes and get my mother's eye shadow pencil out and it was black. I would use it on my nipples. Then I would fill a china bowl with my piss and completely cover my cock and balls by dipping them into the piss. We had a huge full length mirror in my bedroom and I used to sit and watch myself. After doing this for about half an hour I would then jerk off into the piss and mix in my cum. After that I would sit in the bath and pour the mixture all over my chest and cock and balls. Thanks for sending the kiss for my asshole. Wish I was over there so you could kiss my asshole personally. You'd love the Australian flavour.

"If That Cocksucker Talks, I'm Going to Land in Jail."

"Bisexuality was once our culture's norm and ... Christianity's perversion of this human fact is the aberration and not the other way around." "A peculiarity of American sexual mores is that those men who like to think of themselves as exclusively and triumphantly heterosexual are convinced that the most masculine of all activities is not tending to the sexual needs of women but watching other men play games." "According to a W.H.O. report the American male is the world's fattest and softest. this might explain why he also loves guns-you can always get you; revolver up." The only place where you can find this kind of thing in the Big Time is the work of Gore Vidal-this time, *Matters of Fact and Fiction* (\$10; Random House). Other important writers see life as bleak; Vidal sees it as bleak in a specifically heterosexual way. "From the beginning, Louis [Auchincloss] was a writer, word-minded, gossip-prone, book-devouring. In other words, a sissy by the standards of the continuing heterosexual dictatorship that has so perfectly perverted in one way or another just about every male in the country." "A *Time* cover story on Auden was killed when the managing editor of the day was told that Auden was a fag." Truman Capote "refused to surrender his virtue to the drunken Errol Flynn."

President Johnson speaking: "John, that son of a bitch is going to ruin me. If that cocksucker talks, I'm going to land in jail ... I will give him a million bucks if he takes the rap." (Lyn Johnson was referring not to one of his sexual partners but to one of his partners in skulduggery.) On subversion: "The only group of any importance that has come near to overthrowing the Constitution was the Nixon administration." The cops get "kinky pleasures in busting boys and girls who attract them."

At West Point, "an entire company once masturbated together in the showers." A homosexual with a heart can enjoy the sexual act the West Point types put on without extending approval to them as people; Vidal regards them as dangerous. He showed his independence early by changing his name from Eugene to Gore, thus demonstrating that he was not going to follow his parent in all respects, even though his father was from Madison, South Dakota, which is considerably more erotic than New York, and "a lovely athlete," and might theoretically have been followed for those reasons alone.

Interview: Male Stripper

You appear in your photograph to have an imperial prick. How big is the thing? It's about 9 inches long and 6 inches around.

Are you have a Size L dick? Yes. An L is just right to hang between my legs.

Have you used it to gain maximum pleasure from it? I've always gotten pleasure from my cock, ever since I was 5 years old and discovered that "rubbing" it felt good.

Do you like to show it off? Yes.

What sort of work to you do now? I make sculpture and build houses.

How did you happen to-become a stripper in a bar? Quite unintentionally. One night I saw the show and took home the star performer. We hit it off very well and I went back to the bar the next night to see him. I offered to help him by doing a strip, so I did one which was awful. I tried it again another night and did better. I applied for a job with the manager. It was hard adjusting to being a paid sex object because I had just become open about my homosexuality, and my first night I got fired for being so nervous. But I got rehired the next night and got used to being looked at, which I liked.

What did you wear at the start of your act? I dressed like a hot-looking customer who'd got caught up in the action and was stripping for fun. I'd wear jeans, a plaid shirt of flannel and boots. Sometimes I'd wear a jock strap so as to prolong the strip. One night I wore a tuxedo. No one recognized that I was anything but a customer. The tuxedo was from Paris, made of silk with a beautiful vest to match and had cost a few months' rent. I looked super in it and when I got down to a pair of shorts the guys in the audience were taking bets on whether or not I'd take them off. The bar was packed to beyond capacity. Guys were standing on top of chairs and tables. The strip was working. Two guys at stage-left were sure they'd never see the dick but were cheering me on. The gold cuff links were a gift and I tossed one to each bartender. The audience cheered their loudest when I finally pulled off my shorts. About 300 guys were there and every eye was on me during the whole thing.

What kind of stage were you on? It touched one wall of the room and extended into the crowd. It was at a height just right for most guys to rest their elbows on. The crowd watched from all three sides so the performers had to work three sides.

Were you well groomed? I tried to keep well groomed so as to be good to look at. Sometimes I'd oil up to catch the light.

Did you sweat while stripping? I always worked up a sweat in my act.

Did you toss your underpants to the men watching? Yes. I tossed away every pair of shorts and jocks until I got tired of that. One guy in particular enjoyed catching them and he told me he sniffed them and jacked off with them.

Were you nervous at first? Yes, but I got over it after awhile.

How big was a typical audience? On the weekends the audience was capacity house, 300-400 or more, with a line outside around the block hoping to get in. During the week, depending on the weather, never less than 100.

How did the audience appreciate your show? They were agog. They would applaud at each trick. As the act built up the guys would build their response from clapping to hooting, foot-stomping, cowboy howls.

Did any of them become so inspired by your act that they had sex? There was sex being had in the crowd on some nights. A guy told us that one night he got a suck job right next to the stage.

When you come, how many squirts does it take? About 12.

How many men would you guess have seen you strip? About ten thousand.

Do you consider yourself a full-time homosexual now? Yes.

Is this a change from when you were married? Yes.

Did you consider yourself bisexual then? No.

How long were you married? Three years.

Did you get married in an effort to lead the "straight" life? No.

Did you have sex with men before you married? Yes and I liked it.

Did you have satisfactory sex with your wife? My wife and I had terrific sex together, sometimes as many as four orgasms a day. But I got trapped in the role of "husband" and became rebellious at having to be a "type."

Did you have sex with other women before your marriage? I had sex with many women and had long affairs with three women in particular. One is now an up-and-coming TV actress on *Laugh In*.

Were either you or your wife harmed by your marriage? Both my wife and I were harmed by our divorce, but the marriage was fine until I decided I didn't like to be a husband. We were monogamous. It was monotonous.

Did she know the full story of your sexuality? Do I?

Do you think it's a good idea for a homosexual who likes respect, likes children and enjoys women's company, to marry for those reasons while having sex with men? Why not, if the wife knows the score. Never marry a woman who doesn't know the story.

Do you have a live-in lover? Yes.

Were you ever just a piece of trade for cocksuckers? Yes, when I was 18 I used to go to the trucks and whip Out my always hard cock to get it sucked off. I got good head there every time.

Have you had any period in your life when you'd rather suck than get sucked? Yes.

Have you had any period when you like both? Yes. Now. I like to reciprocate with my lovers. I'm repelled by the idea of being used for sex by someone who doesn't think I'm good enough to eat, and I get angry with myself when I resort to taking someone I don't want.

Were you ever bullied or baited in school? In school I was awkward and always got teased for having a big dick.

When you're at home, do you like to wear sexual costumes? Yes. I enjoy walking around naked or in a jock. Sometimes I wear torn Levis or a pair of chaps.

Do you smell your clothes when you undress? I like the smell of my jock when it gets cheesy and my T shirt when I take it off sweaty.

Do you smell your asshole on your fingers? Yes, often.

Please describe your first sex-who said and did what? Does sniffing assholes at five years old count as sex? I said, "Hey, let's sniff each other's asshole."

Are you interested in politics? Yes. It's the greatest show on earth.

What are your other interests? Driving cars and traveling around. Read a lot.

Did you make full use of the sexual allure of your boyhood? I had guys falling at my feet in my teens and twenties. I should have taken those opportunities and played with them more than I did. I was very afraid of being queer and I ignored a lot of opportunities.

How often did you jack off as a boy? Four times a day.

Did you jack off with other boys? Yes.

What have been the main sexual periods in your life? Adolescent jerking off, adolescent cocksucking (poorly executed), fucking pussy and gay trade in late teens, affairs in colleges with girls and fraternity sex with guys, marriage, monogamous until 28, a lover and affairs and one-night stands and orgies and some SM and stuff like that since then.

How do you handle the hassles of living in Manhattan? I go out of the city a lot. I

go to Fire Island almost every weekend or out west, San Fran and Arizona.

Would you rather have sex alone with your partner, or with guys watching you?
Alone with my partner.

Do you let several guys suck on your cock while holding back your cum for later?
I don't withhold cum from someone who works for it.

What's the most sex you ever had in one day? When I was 20 a cock-sucker took me home and worked on my cock for three hours. He knew how to suck my cock until I was ready, then he would back off and come on again. He did it for three hours before he took my load. Another cocksucker blew my young mind once by deep-throating me. I was 21 ; the surprise I felt was so strong that when he swallowed my whole cock I bolted upright from the bed and asked him where it went. After that I found others who could do it and wanted to learn how to do it myself. But the most sex I ever had was in an orgy room where I once spent all night fucking and getting sucked and sucking and getting fucked. I was in heaven.

Shows Them Their Come in His Mouth

CHARLESTON — My first stop was the local bus station late at night. After about 10 minutes' wait, a likely prospect in the form of a young man about 20 came in. He hesitated in front of my booth, so I showed my hard prick. He stepped up to me and let me unzip his fly and pull out the most perfect uncut prick I'd seen in a long time. It was just right for my mouth-about 7" and rather slim, so I knew I'd enjoy both sucking on it and swallowing the whole cock while awaiting the outpouring of sperm from his two nuts, which I was now fondling. I sucked greedily, at the same time flicking my tongue lightly over his shaft and piss-hole. I was rewarded with spurts of thick cream which tasted a bit like walnuts. I got so much of it that even with two big swallows, some still ran down on my shirt. I tenderly cleaned his piss-hole with my tongue, then pulled up his trousers and zipped them for him, which I consider as part of my servicing. I asked if he had any friends with him and he said his younger brother was awaiting the same bus and he would send him in.

A blond, beautiful youth soon appeared. I started feeling his ass and asked him if he had ever been sucked off before. He said he had not, but by this time I was caressing his cock in his pants and it was hardening. I hurriedly took his cock out and plopped it into my eager mouth. As I had suspected, he shot almost immediately and filled my mouth with a burst of cum, which was tasty but somewhat more watery than his brother's thick offering. Before swallowing my load, I showed it to him on my tongue, then let him observe my obvious enjoyment as I rolled it around, savoring it, before letting him see me swallow the sperm with obvious enjoyment. I told him that he had delicious cum and he seemed pleased.

I then moved to the local theatre offering male films and continued looking for cock in the lounge behind the screen. My first piece was a young black man, whom I solicited after he finished pissing. There were about 5 others in the lounge, but as I always enjoy sucking men off in front of an audience, I took the young black over to the sofa, unzipped his pants and lifted out a very large bagful of nuts. His cock was

long but, again, of a size that I could take in its entirety. All eyes were on me as I commenced my best cocksucking. I worked quickly, as I wanted to suck on more pricks that night. I took my mouth off his black cock and told the spectators to get lined up and I would suck everyone of them off. This served to get them excited. Usually I like to take my time, in order to excite the men I'm sucking so they will shoot larger wads, but tonight I had a lot of sucking to do so I gave my best performance at once. When the black's sperm shot out, I pulled away a bit, keeping only the cock-head in my mouth so that I could taste his cum before it trickled down my throat. I rose up and let him see me swirl his cum around on my taste buds and see me swallow it, and thanked him profusely for the tasty load. I kissed him full on the lips, which surprised him, but also gave him a thrill. His limp cock commenced hardening again. I asked him if he wanted to come again and he said yes, whereupon I duplicated my ministrations and was soon rewarded with another, but smaller, squirt of his cum, which I ate greedily.

I now told the onlookers to pull their pricks out, as I would go down the line and service each one of them. Although I was getting a bit tired, I sucked mightily on one after another, and added five batches of good-tasting cum to my stomach-ful, as each of them seemed excited by the scene with the black and each shot a nice big wad. By now my appetite was sated by the eight wads of delicious cum I had eaten, and my jaws were tired, so I sat down in the theatre to watch the show. However, the man on my right was jerking off while watching the screen, and I leaned down over his pumping fist and took his tool in my mouth, just as he unloaded a huge wad which he had worked up. I got up and left. My jaw was tired. I decided to repeat the experience the following night and gradually build up my jaw strength so I could take on more cocks in an evening. Also, as I serviced so many attractive men, my own cock had shot off and I needed to change my underpants. My love to all you men who squirt your sperm into hungry mouths.

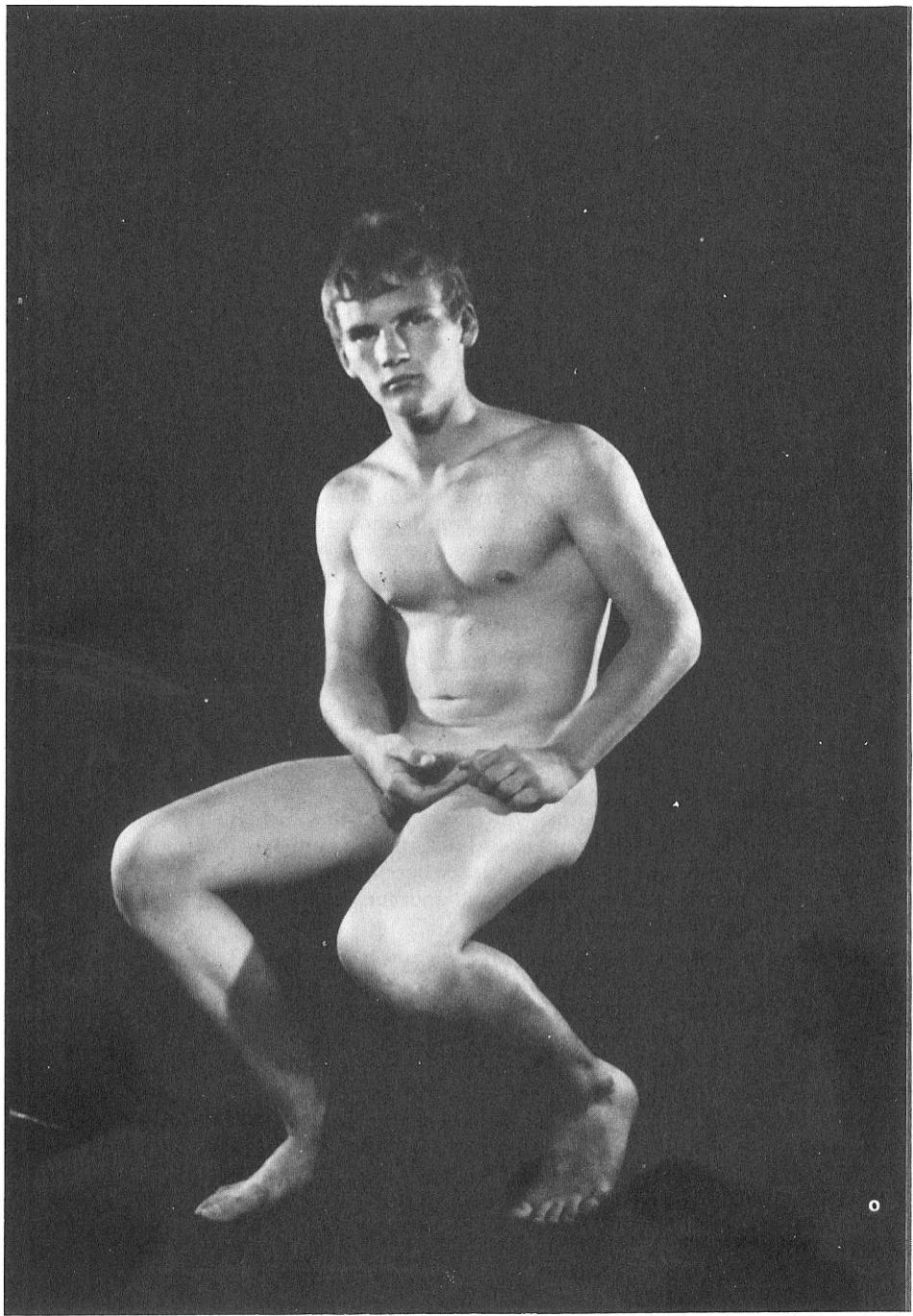


Photo: AMG

Professor Examines *Etudiants'* Underpants

LONDON — Thanks for pointing Out that "asshole" is a misnomer and that it is a slit rather than a gaping hole that we see when we spread the cheeks. I suppose an anus after hard fucking, when it is still oozing slime, may remind us more of a hole than the prudish puckered slit that is normally visible on ass-spreading. My mind could hardly be termed innocent but, search as I might, I still had not reached my sexual peak until STH came into my life. The bombardment of experiences from men sniffing jocks, sucking stained underpants, licking foreskins and eating assholes has had its effect. Thank you, STH.

The gymnasium changing room is sheer wonderland. The smell of groins intoxicates and here and there in the discarded outerwear is the treasure trove of discarded underwear. An alarming number of students keep their underpants on beneath their gym shorts, thus depriving underwear-sniffers of their satisfaction. Fortunately, a careful search reveals hidden underwear from time to time and if you happen to know to whom the treasures belong the thrill of intimate examination grows. I've discovered in my researches that the better-looking guys have almost spotlessly clean white underwear whereas the less beautiful have pissy and often shitty knickers. This is sad, because sniffing the pissy fly and seat of an Adonis's briefs beats sniffing the less beautiful guys' underwear, but sniff them all I do. One guy does balletic exercises that are graceful and yet convincingly masculine. Like all young men worried about their cleanliness, he hides his briefs, stuffing them into the seat of his jeans or into a large bag, but I am adept at sniffing out the secret hiding places. One beautiful-arsed lad, with smooth golden buns, had sadly clean briefs for me to enjoy, but I sniffed until I could at last detect the secret scent of a beautiful man's asshole.

The lavatories yield their own delights....

I've had the extreme good fortune to pick up two careless washers lately. One was quite sensationally sexy-a 21-year-old blond with a face at once innocent and vicious, probably psychotic, shy but foxy, withdrawn but depraved. Like many of the golden youth on both sides of the Atlantic, he felt it was enough just to be young and desirable-which of course it is, heaven knows-and simply allowed himself to be worshipped. But he made a good idol and his skin was moist with sweat. I found his naked body (he stripped everything off at top speed when I suggested I'd like to see him nude) edible in its entirety. His armpits were freshly sweaty, all his skin was delicately salted with fresh moisture. His cock was enormous and equipped with foreskin, which I would lick. The real perfumes were on his balls and perineum, which tasted subtly pissy and groiny through the little golden hairs. He had lovely blond cock hair. His bottom had been washed, perhaps in the hope of an arsefucker's loving attentions. It was almost odourless when I sniffed so I licked at his tight pink hole. Though the slit itself was prettily pink and clean, the hole just inside the outer lips was richly smelly. An exploratory finger found the moist warm mucus-lined shithole a real treat; I surreptitiously sniffed the fingertip that I would withdraw from time to time before more poking about in his young ass. It reeked of boy-bum. Sucking him off was slow but easy. Nipple-sucking, armpit-sniffing, ball-sucking and hole-licking were part of the variety his nakedness offered. Last night I got out of a

taxi a few hundred yards from my home, seething with lust, after drinks at work followed by drinks at a gay but dull party, and made for the local tearoom, crazed with desire for cock and arse, any age, any colour, any condition. Though I'd have gone with anything that had a cock, I was in luck. Two cubicles, the two with a peephole carved in the wall between, were occupied. I spent the first five minutes kneeling on the floor looking under the door while a white-legged fairly slender guy tossed his small blunt cock off, exhibiting it through the hole and exposing his neat hairless buns to me. When his spunk splattered on the floor, he quickly pulled up his pants and left red-faced, possibly guilty at his animalistic performance. I went in ready to give at least as good as that, whoever my voyeur would be. He was just fine, young, dark, moustached, with a slightly decadent mouth, slightly greasy black hair. Out of his fly stuck an impressive poker, uncircumcised. When I realised that I could actually smell it, I had to have him. When I offered to take him to my place, he assented keenly. A definite catch. He was wonderfully unwholesome in hygiene; though his well-muscled body looked clean, he smelled and tasted sweaty. His armpits had been deodorized but, mercifully, ineffectually. His nipples tasted salty as did every part of his charming body. His balls reeked of stale sweat and piss, and I licked and sniffed with alacrity. His asshole was not shitty but heavy with stale anal sweat. I became almost literally intoxicated and sniffed and inhaled more and more. Squeaky-clean is fine, but the venture into the forbidden -sweaty balls, dirty cocks and smelly assholes-is powerfully rewarding. His load, as I knew it would be, was bitter and copious, and I loved it. Like the charmless type I knew him to be (precisely what drew me to him), he began to hurry me up in my wanking as he wanted to be off. I loved his ill manners and the continuing fumes of his sweaty, unwashed bod. I tossed myself off while he stared at my busy groin, slightly bored by the view but with nothing better on offer. When I at last unloaded over my belly, he grunted and got up, pulling on his clothes. The rudeness and indifference of the man added to my joy. He was a real louse and I loved having degraded myself with him. He claimed to be a writer. About what? "About people," he replied, adding pretentiousness to his impressive list of repulsive characteristics. I now adored him; I sincerely hope it was a rotten experience for him. After he had gone, I still had something to enjoy: the rich aroma of my fingers, which I kept to my nose as I drifted into sleep.

"He Would Do Anything I Wanted"

FROM A CLERGYMAN — In the early summer of 1965 I stopped in Bangkok, Thailand. I stayed at the Hotel Rama. About 6: 30 one morning I strolled out by the swimming pool and sat in a chair to watch a stunning Thai youth cleaning the pool. He noticed my interest, laid aside the suction hose he was using and came over and in very good English said, "Good morning, sir. Are you enjoying Bangkok?" I replied that I would enjoy it more if I could have a little fun. "I can arrange a very clean young lady, if you wish." "No, thanks, I'd rather have a boy." He looked surprised, walked off and began his work again. But he kept glancing at me. He was wearing only a pair of tight white tennis shorts. He came over again and asked, "How old, sir?" "You'll do," I replied. "I don't do that any more," he said. "But I have a nice friend that might be willing. Come in here to the locker room where we will not be seen, and I'll bring him to you." In about five minutes he brought back a lovely Thai boy with delicate

features, dressed in white duck pants and a T -shirt, who had obviously been yanked straight out of the kitchen. The youth spoke no English; the pool boy translated. The kitchen boy held my hand all through the interview. The arrangement was, we were to meet a block away from the hotel, have supper at a restaurant, take the pool boy home, go to the Hotel Bangkok where the kitchen boy would make arrangements for us to have a room for two hours-and he would do anything I wanted. He was to receive a small amount of money from me, and the pool boy, as pimp, was to have an even smaller amount.

The three of us met at the corner at 6: 30. The boys ordered dinner. There must have been 20 dishes put on the table, and they really gorged themselves. Phing (I think that was his name) and I dropped the pool boy off at his house and continued on to the Hotel Bangkok, a place which had seen better days. We were ushered into a ground floor room (no check-in at the desk) by a porter who collected the money. Suddenly Phing grew shy. I stripped off immediately, having been "felt up and kissed by him in the cab. I was ready for action, although I did want us to take a shower together before we went to bed. Phing wanted the light out while he undressed, but I insisted it remain on. (Remember, neither of us spoke a word of the other's language.) Since I was the customer, I won. He turned his back and removed his clothes. He was about 5' 5" and had a beautiful body. His eyes popped when he discovered what I had between my legs. I'm not that large, but compared to him, I was hung like a horse. We turned on the shower and washed all each other's parts and went to bed. I let him turn out the lights, since there was enough light coming through the closed drapes to illuminate his beauty. He kissed passionately, probing his tongue deep into my mouth. Then he began to kiss my ears, darting his tongue in, and began the journey down my body, kissing and licking all of it until he reached my cock. He licked it and finally took it in his mouth. He had been well taught. I swung around into a 69 position. He resisted at first, puzzled at what I was trying to do. When I grabbed his cock and took it in my mouth, he showed such shock and joy that I knew no one had taken him this way before. I came first, and then he pumped his seed into my mouth. It tasted delicious.

He lay back as satisfied as I was, and began a very soft song. We lay and fondled and kissed. In about half an hour, we were at it again. His cock swelled to about the size of my thumb. I could suck it all and even get his balls in my mouth. That really sent him into ecstasy, so I stuck my tongue up his cute little ass. He went wild, and came; that triggered me, and we collapsed in a wet heap. The next morning I met the two at the pool and paid the pimp and gave the kid more than the agreed-upon fee. He took me into the locker room and kissed me.

Slave's Descendant Whips White Ass

MANHATTAN— His name was Willie. I met him in a bar in San Francisco the 1st night I'd arrived & I was beginning to feel the jet lag. It was after midnight (which would've been 3:00 NY time) & I'd been up for 20 hours, six of them drunk on an airplane. He was very solidly built, muscular and very dark. His face had a dangerous evil expression even while we were cruising & he was trying to look friendly. Some would say he had an ugly face but I think everyone would admire his body. He had on very tight jeans and a black leather jacket but no shirt. We first made eye-to-eye contact

in the downstairs john; he rubbed the bulge in his pants & went back to the bar. I followed. He bought me a beer. I was staying with friends & he lived in the suburbs; that sort of brought the conversation to a halt. He said, "Let's go upstairs." There was a private john upstairs with a door that locked. He pissed, then invited me to go down on him. I sucked him with enthusiasm. The man was very hot. Abruptly he said let's go. We drove in a convertible across the San Francisco Bay, past Berkeley to his house in the suburbs. I was sucking his dick the whole way & he would sometimes take one hand off the wheel to push my head further down. There was always further to go. His cock was very fat and he would growl, "Watch your teeth." When we got to his house he got at some more beer & told me to go into the bathroom & wash out; I'd find everything I needed. What I found was a very wide plastic tube. It felt good to wash out. When I got out he was laying naked on his back in bed with one knee up playing with himself. He had put on a leather cock ring. I continued what we'd done in the bar & the car, while he sometimes pushed my head down. I made a date to meet him again in another bar & found him in an evil mood because I was 10 minutes late. He asked me what background I was. I said Irish & other European. He said his ancestors were slaves under an Irish master in Louisiana. He had come from a large family in Mississippi. When he drove home he pulled out his dick & told me to pull my pants down. As I sucked his dick he slapped my ass, slowly & deliberately. Between slaps he ran his fingers very lightly over my hole, then slapped my butt again. When we got to his house he built a fire with a Duraflame & brought some pillows out onto the living room floor. He opened his pants to let his dick & balls hang out. I continued to suck & suck. My jaw was sore but I got used to it. He would talk about how a lot of white boys can't get enough of his black dick and how they'll spend hours sucking on it. My jaw was very tired. We went into the bedroom. He fucked me. I was on my hands & knees & he was standing. Then he took his leather belt & started whipping my ass. I was screaming in pain. The belt across my ass made me come. The next morning he told me he was a teacher at one of the community colleges & I was drinking coffee & reading student papers about Hitler while he was getting ready to go to work. I got to my friends' place at about 11. We mixed gin & tonics & went up on the roof to sunbathe. My ass was black & blue and covered with welts. I wanted to show them to my friend but he said he wasn't interested in my ass.

I Was Scared of Choking to Death

TEXAS — About 7 a.m. picked up a hitchhiker named Roddy close to L.A. heading East. He was about 20, had on a T-shirt and a type of dungaree and he was a sailor on leave. He was about 6' 2" with large biceps. His first remarks included a statement that the last guy that picked him up gave him a "nob job." He felt 'his groin but I pretended not to notice. He worked on his prick, getting it in an erect state within his clothing. He asked if I would like to see the "one-eyed monster." He pulled it out and for another five miles kept it hard. He asked if I would like to "deep throat" it. Inasmuch as he was muscled and I hardly knew him, I failed to answer. He reached over and fingered my nipples inside the shirt. In a mile or two I was excited and caught a road not so crowded. I licked the head of his "poker" and worked on it for about five minutes and he squirted five or six times. In an hour he was ready again and reached his hand inside my shirt, playing with my chest. "Suck my plonker," he said. In as much as it was about 8 1/2" and fat I again licked the head and piss-hole vehemently. He pushed my head toward his

balls and I gently licked them. By 11: 30 I had already sucked him off three times. "How do you like that sweet meat," he said. As I worked on it again around 12:15 or 12: 30, he held onto my head to push it further down on his dick. He unloaded much less than the first time. We stopped to eat and he told me he had a bone on. He told me he had a regular cocksucker in Long Beach. He had a hard on during lunch and it was a little embarrassing but he pulled his shirt outside to cover it. It was almost 2 p.m. when he asked me to suck on it again. We finally found a secluded spot at a rest area. He kept hollering, "Suck it, suck it, suck it!"

I knew he was oversexed but it didn't occur to me how much until after a 3:30 session he insisted we stop about 4:30 at a motel. We got into a motel room and he stripped. This was the first time I enjoyed it, and I spent a long time working on his big tool. He asked me by supper time if I wanted to get pregnant. Hell no. "Come on, let me invade your back passage." "No." He got on top of me and tried to forcibly inject his wiener in my throat. I was scared of choking to death, but he went kind of easy. He finally gave up and I rapidly licked his cock head. "Eat it, cocksucker." He pulled my head down hard when he was about to come. But he didn't come. We stopped to eat in the restaurant, and he didn't have a hard on this time. When we got back to the room he sucked on my nipples. I was pretty tired and so I worked a "wrist job" into the act. Even at that, when he came I had to take the spunk in my mouth, He fell asleep on top of the bed. I undressed him and he slept until midnight. He woke me up by sucking on my nipples. At two in the morning my asshole had been punctured. At 4: 10 a.m. he woke up again and it was hell to get him into a shower. I wanted to suck him off in the shower, I told him. He finally bathed, and I worked on it for a long time in the shower, slipping quite a bit. I sucked him again at 6 a.m. and through the next three days many more times. I had to go Out of my way to take him home. When he got into the West Texas area he took me into his home and his wife was waiting for him. He breast-fed on his wife and performed cunnilingus on her, pushing my head down on his dick in the process.

Ass Licking

The first tongue that ever licked between my thighs was still wet with communion wine. His name was Father —, long since dead, and he seduced me when I was 14 in the parish house of St. — to which place he had lured me to help him carry some church materials. He introduced me to the tongue-licking pleasures which I still crave. He didn't lick my ass-only my balls and groin before sucking me off, which must have lasted all of 15 seconds.

The first time I had a tongue in my ass was in high school. A friend named Leonard used to come to my house pretty often, and we were in the habit of "wrestling," as many kids were and still are. I was pretty wise by this time, though, and I knew that old Lenny looked forward very much to that moment when I would invariably clamp my thighs around his face in a scissors hold and grind my groin against his mouth. We stayed fully clothed for this game for a long time, but the day came when I stripped down to my jockies for our matches, and that seemed a lot better. Len never undressed at all, but was content to have my damp groin pushed against his open mouth while I held his head tight between my legs.

Eventually, I got to the point where I wore only a jock strap, and when I would get him in a thigh lock then, I would grind my groin against his face so wildly that his

mouth worked down toward my bare ass and I could feel his hot breath in my crack. It really turned me on, but he wasn't ready for that. I sort of forced his face into the crack of my ass and clamped him in there, ignoring his struggling and muffled noises, but he started to cry violently and scared the hell out of me, so I released him. He took off and I didn't see him again for a long time.

When he did come by, he himself suggested that I put on a jock strap and wrestle. I told him that if we did, I was going to pin him down and sit bare-assed on his face. He only looked down at the floor without answering me. I think that that submissive gesture and the subsequent inept rimming he did in my ass were the two most thrilling moments of my life, and I know that it was then and there that the desire to dominate men and make them submit to ass-licking was born in me. I had two long years of Lenny's tongue and he got to be quite expert, even going so far as licking my ass after I'd dumped a few times.

Sucks Italian on Train

When I first went to New York the IRT subway was still using the old cars with vestibules at the ends. It wasn't long before I learned to stand in the vestibule riding into Manhattan to work each day. In the crowded vestibule, where little light from the single overhead bulb penetrated, you could "accidentally" bump your hand against the groins of the guys near you. Some would turn away, but a surprising number (at least I was surprised) would not only push their cocks back into your hand, but wriggle around so they could feel you up at the same time.

Particularly during the long ride under the East River, you might get a guy's fly open and really get a handful of meat. And occasionally-very occasionally-the whole group would be groping and somebody would go down on somebody else.

There was one really hot-looking Italian kid. I saw him several times and pretty soon I discovered that he not only liked being groped, he liked to grope back.

The last time I saw him was the best. It was obvious that my whole side of the vestibule was feeling each other up, and I wasted no time in getting my hands on this kid's meat. He was about 18, with a big cock. We were both up against the door and he could see that the guys next to us were playing with each other's cocks. So he let me pull down the zipper on his jeans without any hesitation. It was the first time I really had seen his cock and it was too much for me. Since I had nothing to fear from the guys around me I wormed my way down until I could get his cock in my mouth.

It was a hot morning and his groin was already a little sweaty, although he obviously had showered. His cock was the kind that feels soft on the outside and hard as steel underneath-like a nightstick with a satin padding.

He shot his load almost at once, but I stayed down nursing out the last drops until I could feel the train beginning to slow down for the next stop. When I stood up he was grinning. As the train pulled into the station, he squeezed my arm. He was still grinning as he got off the car.



Photo of STH subscriber who sent in accompanying article. "**Ass Licking:**"

Interview

[The respondent is a 26-year-old ex-sailor with green eyes and a "small amount of body hair." He lives in Florida.]

How often do you jack off? About twice a day. when I don't cruise.

Who taught you to jack off? Some guy in high school.

What is your favorite kind of sex? Sucking a sweet, juicy cock.

What was your: first sex scene? This boy from school and I were just fooling around. We noticed we both had hard ons and we started to feel each other. We stripped and started sucking each other off and pretty soon we came. After that we had sex together on a regular basis.

What's the best sex you ever had? Where I was 69ing with another guy and one guy was fucking him and a fourth guy was fucking me.

Do you like to give or take complete blow jobs—that is, tongue baths, trips around the world, asshole-licking, and so forth? You bet your sweet ass I do.

How many cocks have you sucked? About 2,000.

How many cocksuckers have sucked you off? About 50.

What is the biggest number of cocks you ever sucked in a day? Twelve.

What is the biggest prick you ever sucked on? About 14 by 5 inches.

What is the biggest number of cocksuckers that ever sucked you in one day? Three.

What is the biggest number of wads you ever shot in one day, through jacking off or any other means? Seven, when I was first introduced to sex.

How many dicks have you taken up your asshole? About 250.

How many assholes have you fucked? Two.

Do you like the taste of men's bodies? Yes, especially the guy's cock and asshole. I prefer them clean—not necessarily washed.

Do you like the smell of men's bodies? Yes, especially the balls and asshole after they have engaged in some sport, like football.

Have you ever swallowed piss? Yes. About three times. Most guys are too hung up to piss.

Do you like to smell and taste your partners clothes? I like to smell and taste his skivvies. I like to move my nose from side to side, taking in that good, manly ball smell.

What kind of partners do you like? I prefer homosexuals.

Do you prefer nudity in sex? In parks, just an open fly-In private, complete nudity.

Do you like glory holes? Yes. I cruise them often.

Do you like SIM, physical or psychological? A little of both, providing it doesn't get out of hand.

Do you have any unfulfilled fantasies you'd like to act out? I dream of being forced to service a motorcycle gang, catering to all their far-out sex desires. I especially dream of being gang-fucked. As long as I stay in my home town, close to my family, there's no chance.

What would be your ideal sex life? Sucking cock and getting fucked etc. 24 hours a day.

Do you prefer big cocks? No. They're hard to take.

Do you prefer young guys? Yes. Their cocks and cum aren't bitter.

What occupational types do you like? Service men, hard hats, truckers, motorcycle gangs.

What physical types do you like? Husky, hairy guys.

Describe any trouble you've had. I was cruising a park when I was approached by two guys. They represented themselves as gay, even to the point of feeling each other (and me) and sucking me. We were joined by two other guys (who also said they were gay) and we decided to retire to their hotel room for fun and games. They decided to skip the hotel and go to a more secluded park. Once there they proceeded to jump me and beat the piss out of me and rob me. The police intervened at this point and they spent two or three days in the local jail before I decided to drop all charges against them.

Do you like jock straps? I like to smell and taste them.

Describe your Navy experiences. I usually got turned on in the showers. I would playfully feel a guy's ass or make a remark like "You sure have a nice cock." I would tweak his nipples and usually he would let me have the privilege of sucking his cock, balls, and ass.

Describe the locker scene in school. I often cruised it when I was in high school. Some of the guys knew I was gay and they let me look at them stripping for gym. A few let me go so far as to suck their cocks when no one was around. Some would just caress their cocks and look down at them. One guy would always tell me that he was dying to get me alone so he could show me a good time with his cock. He told me to ignore the hair and just pay attention to his cock.

Have you fulfilled yourself sexually? Yes, quite often.

How often do you think about sex? Constantly. I get three or four hard-ons a day. They happen partly because my mind causes them and partly because my hand and fingers help the cause along.

Who causes more trouble in our society, homosexuals or "straights"? Straights, especially hung up cops and "fag baiters."

"Straight" Queer

DENVER — In the 11th grade I signed up for a Russian class with five girls and one other boy. He was a brooding, blue-eyed athlete, a gymnast, who was a handsome All-American with a magnificent, muscular body. His specialty was the rings. All the girls wanted to get to know him but he was impervious to anyone's attentions. After awhile and for no apparent reason he started getting friendly with me. I was bewildered but flattered. Though I daydreamed about physical contact with him, it really didn't matter to me; it felt great just being around someone so attractive. We started going to movies together and after a few months he startled me one night by calling me up after we had been out someplace and telling me that that evening he had felt like putting his arms around me. My heart pounded for hours afterward. The next night we embraced for the first time, real hard. After that, he embraced me as a matter of course, and he would get erections. This bothered him (but delighted me) until he went to the library and found in a book called *Sexual Variants* that fear and love cause arousal, too—not just sex. He said he was sure he loved me but was concerned that I might think we were "just a couple of queers."

Not long after that he told me that we should drink each other's blood to seal the bond between us. I was willing to do anything to indulge him. We slit our wrists and sucked up a fair amount of each other's blood. Hell, this was almost as good as sex. The next night he told me that as a logical extension of drinking each other's blood, we should further our bond by drinking each other's sperm. This had never even occurred to me. One at a time, we went into his bedroom and masturbated onto his sheets and then the other went in to lap it up. I thought it odd that he didn't stroke his cock by hand but got off by rubbing it against the sheets. This was his way of getting around his mother's stricture when he was a child against touching his cock with his hands and playing with himself. His come, which formed a formidable puddle, was copious and as cold as Elmer's Glue by the time I got to it, but I swallowed it all. I almost threw up. He decided we should sleep together in the nude. This led to French kissing, sucking on each other's cocks and asses, and soon we were doing everything except fucking each other in the ass.

The thing that always drove me wild about him, besides his freshly showered fragrance, was that his mouth, armpits and groin were always redolent of raw meat. We always separated before we ejaculated and lapped up each other's come. I loved to lick the clean ripe sweat of his armpits anduzzle around in his groin. I was in paradise for the next six months and I let everything else in my life slide. One day I got carried away and accidentally came while we were entangled, He was in shock. He couldn't fit this into his notion of a love that transcended common perversion. It was as if I had betrayed him. He started calling me a queer.

Soon after this, one of the girls who was after him suggested to him that there was something unnatural about his relationship with me. He was so afraid of being found out, his masculinity was so threatened, that he became crazed. One night he pinned me down by the shoulders on the lawn of a police station and would jump up and land on my chest on his knees; then he started to strangle me. Another time, he pushed me through a plate glass window of a department store. That night, repentant, he took me home, removed my clothes, and carefully looked for glass splinters. I had become a living embodiment, a perfect scapegoat, for a part of himself which he simultaneously enjoyed and feared. I was convinced he was right about me—that I was a queer who had corrupted him; I had no experience that convinced me otherwise. He said I shouldn't mind that he had taken to beating me because a lot of men beat their wives and still loved them. I put up with this because I was sure if I let him slip away I would never have another chance again. It was first love, and I thought it might also be my last love.

Fortunately for me (because I would have done anything to stay with him), he joined the Navy. He was discharged for possession of LSD. I ran into him five years later and he made a point of telling me that he had never had a physical relationship with another man, that he had fathered a child, and that I had corrupted him; that I had somehow bewitched him (that was his exact word), and that he would never love anyone else as much as he had loved me. I no longer cared.

The Cadet

PHILADELPHIA — At the end of my first year of teaching at -- military academy, one of the few cadets who hadn't gone home yet stuck his head out of a window and shouted goodbye to me. He was a cute kid and I had admired his ass (my divorce was approaching rapidly that year!) when I had his English class during the regular instructor's illness. He never took intramural swimming in the nude, which I monitored during the winter, or I might have gotten a divorce earlier. Now I asked him what he was doing.

"Packing. What are you doin'?"

"Waiting for the faculty party."

"Come on up. You can watch me pack."

He was a brash youngster. He was at least one grade behind where he should be. A toughie, but with an angelic face. Not very bright, I guess, but very lovable. The few times I conducted his class, I never called on him for an answer and he never volunteered to give one.

When I strolled through his open door, he was leaning over a suitcase, his basketball shorts stretched tight across that young ass.

He smiled so beautifully and stripped off his tank top. "I guess I can't take that home." I didn't know a physique could be so beautiful at that age: his pectorals were amazingly well defined on his perfectly smooth, hairless chest. A few whiskers of hair appeared under his arms when he raised them. The biceps were full for his 18 years and the thighs powerful. His hair was cut short-the military fashion at the time.

"You have a nice body for one so young," I said.

"Wish I was taller."

I told him he should be proud not to have any fat. He came and stood in front of me. "Feel them," he nearly commanded me as he pushed a bulging biceps in my face. I know my cock jumped. I wanted to lick his arm, but just felt it.

He abruptly asked, "Want a drink?"

This unnerved me as much as his biceps. A cadet with liquor! I brought all my sophistication to bear as I ignored the impropriety of it and asked, "What do you have?"

"Just some whiskey."

We each had two shots. My inhibitions were fleeing. I said, "Are those pectorals as tight as your biceps?"

"My what?"

"Your tits,"

"Oh yeah, yeah." He came over and thrust his chest forward. This time I did not hesitate. Both hands went to his pecs. "Beautiful," I said. I wanted to be forced to seduce him. Fuck the school, fuck the rules, fuck the hands off policy: this kid was too exciting.

My hands left little of his torso untouched. He was smiling and breathing heavy.

"Turn around," I whispered. He obeyed immediately and I ransacked his back with my maniacal hands. I got bolder and grabbed at his ass through the thin shorts. I remember muttering something about "Beautiful ass ... firm ... solid ... small ..."

Then he shot out, "Wanna see it better?" He didn't wait for my answer, but slowly pushed down his pants, revealing the jockstrap, which I had noticed he was wearing, and the skin-so smooth and pinkish and very, very delectable. I even slid my hand down the lovely, warm, dark crack. He twitched a little, but did not move away.

He turned around and I could see the typical and expected bulge in the pouch of the elastic jock. I brought one hand up underneath the bulge. "You fill it well." He put a hand on my shoulder and said, "It's gonna bust out soon."

With his free hand he started to pull off the elastic contraption. I helped him. He kept his other hand on my shoulder. I was glad. It gave me the needed courage to continue.

It was beautiful. Five or six inches, not entirely hard, fairly thick. It was neatly circumcised and nestled in a fairly dense bush of curly brown hair. I massaged it slowly. He began to gyrate his hips a little.

"When did this come off last?"

"With my roommate last night. Our last time-for awhile, anyway." I had admired his roommate's long, slender cock in the swimming group. I asked how long his roommate's cock was. "It's longer than mine but not as big around."

"Did he ever suck you?"

"No."

I immediately took it in my mouth, all the way to the curls. He groaned loudly. "Oh shit, that's great. I see what they mean now." He started heaving his body and saying, "Great! Great!"

I stopped for a moment and looked up at him. "You like it?" "Do I? Shit! It's the best yet. I've never had this done to me before." "And I've never sucked a cock like this before." I wasn't sure what I meant. I was not entirely "out" then and had only sucked a few cocks of my peers. I never let any of them shoot in my mouth. But I wanted this load.

He grabbed me traditionally by the ears and pushed his cock in my mouth. "Will ya

take it? Will ya?" he was screaming. I knew he wanted me to and I wanted it just as badly. He pulled his prick out of my mouth, to my amazement, and said, "If you don't want to take it, tell me now." I answered by sucking him off. His sweet, sweet cum poured and poured into my hot, eager, and oh, so willing mouth.

He lay on the bed and asked me to join him. He unbuttoned my shirt and noted that I had hair on my chest. He wanted hair at that time. Seeing the trail of hair from my navel down, he unfastened my belt.

He looked at me and smiled. "You're hard too."

He jerked me off and just tasted the tip of my cock to see what it was like. Maybe next time," he said. I sucked him off again before I left to join my wife. I also got a finger up his asshole this time. He squirmed. he let me kiss him goodbye. He smiled and said thanks as I left.

He did not return in the fall but he wrote me and we spent Thanksgiving in NYC; my wife and I had separated. Those three days in New York were beautiful ... His family moved and I never got a forwarding address. Since the academy did not consider him an alumnus, they do not have his address.

Boy Pulls Shorts Down in Porn Store

LOS ANGELES — Last summer I was in Washington, D.C. They have an adult bookstore there (I think it's on M Street) with a backroom. On both sides of this room there are viewing booths for porno flicks: on the left side "straight," on the right side gay. I quickly saw that a lot of gays came there to cruise, and if you found the right guy, you went into a booth together and made it. There wasn't anyone who turned me on when I first went in, and then the area became empty except for me. Suddenly a kid of about 18 or 19 came in, wearing nothing but a pair of white boxer swim trunks and Adidas track shoes. He'd probably been jogging. He was tall, slender, tan and had tousled long blond hair. I was quite taken aback by his presence. It surprised me that he went into a "straight" booth (although the photo on the outside showed just two girls getting it on). He spent about 15 minutes inside and kept feeding the machine money to prolong the film.

Meanwhile, a few government types in business suits wandered in. They would look suggestively at the gay booths and then over at me, but I was waiting for the blond kid to emerge. When he did, he had a full hard on inside his trunks, pushing straight out. He noticed me staring at his hard on and didn't seem to mind. In fact he seemed to enjoy being stared at. So I asked him "Do you want a blow job?" He looked a bit startled and thought it over for a moment, then gave me a smile and said sure, you want to blow me? By now a few more guys had come into the back room, including some pretty good-looking young guys, but nobody as strikingly handsome as this kid. Instead of going back into the booth, as I had expected, the kid, wildly hot by now, simply pushed down his trunks right in the middle of the room and stood there with his stiff prick sticking up. I got on my knees in front of him and began sucking on his long, firm, beautiful prick, while everyone else looked on. I'm sure some of the businessmen were "straight," but even they seemed to enjoy watching such a hunky young kid standing there bare ass and getting

sucked off. I kept pulling away from time to time to expose his prick in all its' stiff splendor. I would nibble at his ample balls, while the kid looked down in fascination. I kept sucking and pulling away, so that it prolonged the blow job as long as possible. The kid was really getting off on himself, on his own sexuality, his own beauty, his own heat, his own daring. Finally he began to whimper and shoot his load into my mouth, holding onto my head and jabbing furiously. Then-suddenly, abruptly-he was terribly embarrassed. It was as if he'd been hypnotized, and coming had broken the spell. He now found himself bare ass with a semi-stiff prick in front of a bunch of horny young guys and formal older businessmen. It seemed to scare the hell out of him. He quickly pulled up his trunks, stuffed in his prick and went tearing out of the room.



This is the photo mentioned in the accompanying interview.

The Sweetest Ass in the Sophomore Class

How did you happen to take the picture? It was his idea He saw me with a camera when he was drying himself off and said, "Why don't you take my picture?" He was being Hercules. I asked him if he wanted a print when I got them.

Did he? Yes.

What color was his butt? White. Creamy.

What was its texture? Perfectly smooth. Flawless.

There is something about him that makes men want to put their finger in the crack of his ass and feel of his asshole. Did you ever have this desire while living with him in prep school? No.

From having lived with him, do you think an examination of his asshole would reveal an excess, or an insufficiency, of bouquet and flavor? Not enough. He was very clean.

Did you ever see him soap the crack of his ass in the shower? Of course; several times a week.

Did he do so carelessly or with conscious care? With care. He was very careful about keeping himself clean.

Were any hairs visible in the crack of his butt when he stood in a normal position, or would he have had to display them to anyone curious about them? He would have had to display them. He had a hairless body; you couldn't see any hairs in the crack of his ass when he was standing.

What color was his prick hair? Light brown.

Was it a generous bush? No. Just a medium amount.

Did he have a line of hairs leading from his belly button down to his dick? No.

What kind of belly button did he have? Concave.

Was it the kind of belly button men like to lick? I guess you would say so.

Were his nuts large or medium-sized? Medium.

How about his dick? It was medium-sized. Cut. There were only three uncut cocks in school. One of them was extra large and the guy who had it was an exhibitionist. He'd walk naked around the dormitory every day about 7 p.m. He was from San Francisco. He had a sinewy body. The other guys teased him about showing off. He was the only one who wandered around completely naked. The rest of us all wore Jockey shorts. We spent a lot of time just wearing Jockey shorts.

To return to the boy in the photo: did you ever see his armpit hairs? Of course.

How did that happen? It just happened naturally. I saw him naked twice a day, when he dressed in the morning and when he undressed at night, plus in the showers.

Did he have sparse armpit hairs? Yes.

Did he mask the natural fragrance of his armpits with deodorants? No.

I don't think he had any aroma to mask.

Was his chest utterly hair-free? Yes.

And his thighs? Yes.

Was he vain when he sheiked himself up? I think was more vain than most. But I think most boys who have beautiful bodies are. He had about the most perfect body in school. He looked at his body in the mirror a lot, right in front of me, wearing just his Jockey shorts. He took a long time combing his hair.

Did his Jockey shorts have encrusted urine deposits and embarrassing

fecal stains? No.

Didn't he even have a little yellow spot on the fly of his briefs? No.

But he must have. How often did he put on a clean pair of Jockey shorts? About every two days.

What did he do with his soiled Jockey shorts? They weren't soiled.

Well, his used ones. He put them in a laundry bag.

Who did the laundry? We had a laundry that did the school laundry.

Because of the extremely harsh winters at your school, did your room-mate wear long johns in winter? Yes.

What kind of pajamas did he wear? Striped pajamas.

Did he talk about homosexuals much or do any "fag"-baiting? None at all.

He couldn't have had a homosexual problem, then, unlike so many New York Irish, for instance. What did he say about girls? He was hot for them. He'd come in the dormitory at night and talk about how he'd made out with girls. That meant kissing and feeling of them. He'd say, "I can't believe what happened to me tonight," meaning he'd felt of a girl's "boobs," as he called them. He'd say, "I bet tomorrow night I get into her pants," meaning get his finger into her pants.

Would it be safe to assume he was a virgin when this photo was taken?

Yes. We were sixteen. But I don't think he was a virgin for long after that. He went with a girl who had a reputation for being very loving.

Do you see him, at sixteen, as a typical American tragedy, a body well worth sniffing and licking, but one whose secrets, such as his armpits, asshole, balls and so on, remain unkissed, unlicked, unsucked and unsniffed? No.

Was he foul-mouthed? No, but he was loud. He talked a lot and he talked loudly. You could hear his laugh all across the campus.

Do you have any reason to suspect that he grew up to lead the "straight" life? Yes. He became a corporate lawyer here in New York and married a girl from one of the old New York families. I think he's 100% straight.

Do you think he had any idea how alluring his body was? I bet he did. He wouldn't have wanted to pose for photos otherwise.

How did he happen to have a powerful body-was it natural or was he an athlete who developed it? It's funny-he was strong and graceful but he didn't try to be known as one of the school athletes. I don't even remember what sports he was in.

Did he eat a lot? Oh my God, he broke the pancake record. I think he ate thirty.

Did his body have trouble processing that much food? No.

Was he patrician or ordinary? He's descended from one of the most famous 18th-century English authors, and bears his name, and he's fairly proud of it.

Did his socks ever smell bad? No, but the exhibitionist's feet stank.

Editors note: The exhibitionist, nevertheless, warrants further research, which I hope this subscriber will supply for a forthcoming issue.

Fan Letters to S.T.H.

CALIFORNIA — Your publication is indescribably intriguing and with an originality that gives it a unique freshness among periodicals of the day. Its erotic stimulation at first almost stunned me with the vivid descriptions; but believing that everybody is entitled to his own thing and in his own way, I've come to accept it and its contributors as basically kindred spirits and brothers in sexual pleasures. I promise you I shall always wish you well in your gallant, unselfish enterprise.

LOS ANGELES — Your readers see you as a man who is not cringing in a closet but facing the straight world with a defiant leer. You are not just providing entertainment. You are providing mental and emotional therapy. You give us hope and courage. Your paper tells us that we are not alone; that we are not freaks; that we need not be ashamed; that we are as good as, no, better than, hers whose only virtue is that they are more numerous.

CONNECTICUT — I've really never seen anything quite so beautiful as your publication, and I've seen many.

NEBRASKA — Dear Brothers, I surely do love you. Your *Straight to Hell* is by far the most satisfying and elating of anything-but anything published. Far and away above all its contemporaries.

THE OZARKS — Caught my teenage son reading some old copies of STH in the basement. Now I know why he's been walking around with a hard-on most of the time. It also makes me wonder now why he's been taking the young kid next door down in our basement so often. You have a most wicked and delightful publication.

OTTAWA — You spoil me with sending me an advance copy of your ever and endlessly delightful magazine. It is the only truly authentic and thoroughly unpretentious and unexploitative publication I've ever seen. Nothing hidden and nothing faked. When will pornography be seen as an art form, a universal expression of delight in the body, and given the respect it is due? I've taken to jacking off with a safe on, first of all lubricating with Vicks Vaporub. Your magazines makes me go ape whenever it arrives. I've had some good luck at the baths of late-four nice experiences away from home, and hit a five-guy-in-one-night evening a couple of weeks ago, not getting home until dawn. Forgive the anonymity, but then, you know who I am.

SAN FRANCISCO — Dear Brother, please send me a subscription to your outrageous magazine. It's the best toilet seat reading in the world & who would ever dream that fantastic jerk-off material & consciousness raising stuff could be found in the same rag. Right on & keep on turning on. My neighbors & I are all creaming over it.

Yours for Gay Power & Gay Love.

A COMMUNE IN CANADA — We read STH every issue. We get it from a bookstore. Gay, straight, male; and female in our commune enjoy reading STH. We read it from the points of view of identifying with the experiences and

fantasies, and of understanding the manifestations of repression in our society. We are now 40 people, men and women, gay and straight, black and white, and ranging in age from 17 to 45. Our aim is to nourish what is alive in ourselves and others and to confront what is deadening. Life originates inside each person and flows freely outward if it is allowed. Life does not need to be pumped into people from without. In conventional society life is repressed; we are alienated from our inner cores, and we displace our energies into externalized identities. In our commune, minute-to-minute, we stress self-expression and responsiveness by giving attention to how people feel inside.

SAN CLEMENTE — Received 10 back issues. Must admit to being a little disappointed-I got nothing done the rest of the day except beating my meat incessantly while I devoured each issue. Didn't know I could still produce like a teenager. Would have started my subscription right away except I was leaving for the Summer.

Editor's note: I hope this subscriber will supply some of the inspiring details of his day-long debauch. I feel it my duty to print that he is not Richard M. Nixon.

QUEBEC — *Newsweek* is a cheap rag compared to STH which is a classy rag; if everybody in the whole world were fucking with anyone he prefers, there would be much less tight asses and minds around and we would live in a joyful and warless world. STH is the REAL THING because it speaks the TRUTH.

SAN FRANCISCO — Got the sample copies of your fucking great magazine and have shot so much cum looking through them it seems I'll never come again, until I get horny once more and pick up one and start jacking my hard, sweaty cock all over again. It's about time someone started something for us MEN who dig other men and sweat and jocks and cum and assholes and that beautiful warm yellow piss.

A lot of my buddies and studs I meet here in San Francisco are just beginning to hear about STH and I'm doing my best to spread the word among super-sexed studs who are ready and eager for the unique reading and jack off experiences STH offers. My special trip is old, dirty, cummy, pissy, smelly jockstraps. Love that ripe funky man odor coming up from a good old one after a long day's sweaty wear. I have a good collection here and keep a lot going around the country to other studs who dig them, and it's a trip to get a nice one in the mail still wet from the last jack off and piss.

In the mornings I always jack off into the jock I'm wearing that day, to feel the cum on the pouch drying as the morning goes by, and STH is the best Jack off rag ever made. I sit on the toilet, let some warm piss wash off my chest and run down to my groin and legs and then start to jack off while reading the great raunchy stories and ads.

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